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A First Look at the New Penn Station By Michael Tomasky

MAY 17, 1999

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BY MARK JACOBSON,
MICHAEL WOLFF, AND
NANCY JO SALES

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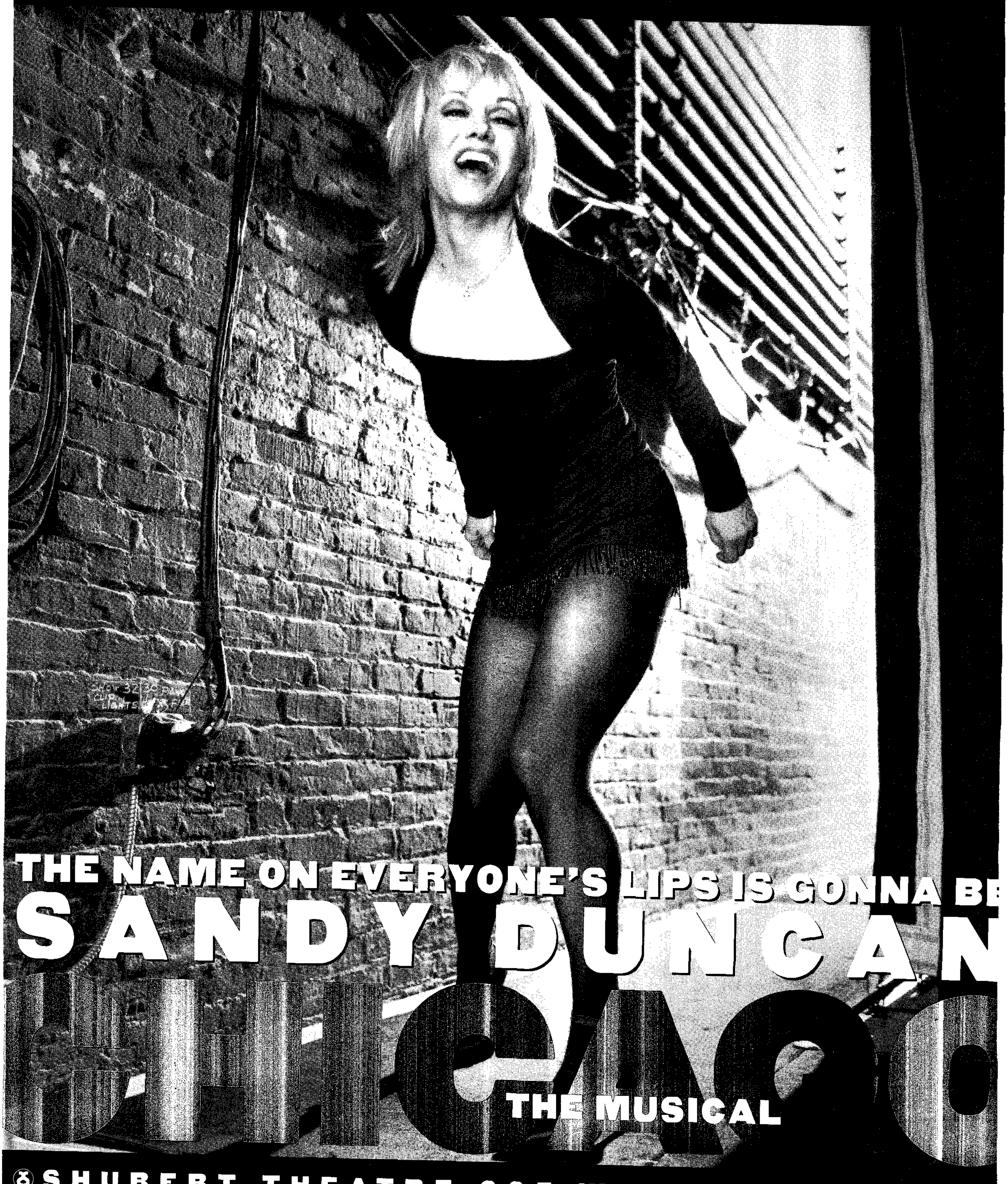

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"In Colorado, there's nothing going on—those kids just download a bunch of stuff from the Internet and watch TV—there's nothing to look at but suburbs."

TED ROURKE, AGE 18, PAGE 24

24 It's a Teen Thing

In the weeks after Columbine, the focus has come home, as parents agonize over their own elusive children. Mark Jacobson gauges the meaning of the massacre to his wired kids. Kids tell Nancy Jo Sales why it can't happen here; New York is much more tolerant of outsiders. And Michael Wolff reflects on the media culture's generation gap.

34 Funny Girl

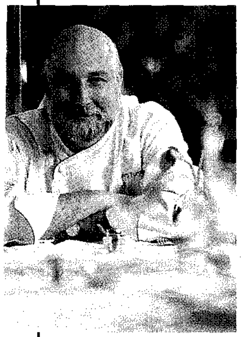
By Jennifer Senior

Veronica Geng was known for her sharp editing, her sultry persona, and her biting humor pieces, just collected in *Love Trouble.* By the time she was diagnosed with cancer, she had either quit or been pushed from her sixteen-year job at *The New Yorker* and had cut off many of her friends. Still, they rallied around Geng, as prickly in dying as she was in life.

40 If You Build It . . .

By Michael Tomasky

One day in the coming weeks, a horde of pols will crowd the Farley Post Office for the most eagerly awaited unveiling in 35 years—the new Penn Station, shown here for the first time. Now that we're on a roll, what about the airport link? The waterfront? The Second Avenue subway?



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By Gael Greene

Bored with foie gras towers and Peking-duck empanadas, the Insatiable Critic finds herself craving deviled eggs. Biscuits. Pot roast. American cooking, in all its fresh, regional, *unfussy* glory, is making a comeback at places like Wild Blue and Larry Forgione's revived Coach House. A cause for celebration.

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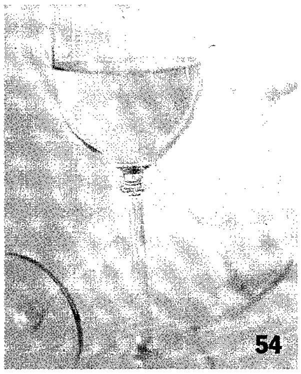

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Hail to the Chief

Boos and bravos for Giuliani's aggressive tactics. Sure, the streets are safer, but does that require the services of a certain Yankees-loving megalomaniac?

RUDY GIULIANI HAS SUCH AN ASTONishing lack of social skills that if, as a New Yorker, I weren't embarrassed by him, I'd be embarrassed for him ["Fall of the Super-Mayor," by Craig Horowitz, April 19]. I've always felt that he was the sort of person who didn't have any friends in high school, and now the rest of us are paying for it. I never thought it would be possible for someone to actually create more racial tension than already existed in this city, but Giuliani has made stunning inroads in a few short years. Streams of tourists may be showing up to see Broadway musicals because of the low crime rate, but the rest of us have to live here, with one another; our mayor gets more divisive as the days get longer.

Beth Lee Segal
MANHATTAN

SINCE AGAINST THE FOOLISHNESS OF NEW York lefties the gods themselves contend in vain, what can a mere human administration do—even if Mr. Giuliani has seemed occasionally to pretend to quasi-divine status? I'm referring to the foolishness that conflates two tragic, but vastly different, police incidents and uses both of them to preen before the TV cameras and deny the changes for the better of the past few years—changes that have saved many lives. Of course, leftist types are pissed: They muffed the biggest question of twentieth-century geopolitics. Do you think these folks wouldn't try to roll us back to the dim days of Dinkins just to justify their investment in sixties-based ideas?

Jeffrey M. Gross
BROOKLYN

THERE ISN'T A SECTION OF THIS CITY'S WONderful urban body that isn't being plumped up, massaged, face-lifted, clipped, curled, and exercised. The price one pays for such incredible vitality—in direct opposition to the mayor's stated desire of returning the city to the feeling of the thirties and forties—may, ironically, be the destruction of exactly those kinds of neighborhoods. On the corner of 66th Street and First Avenue, for example, within the past six months, the fortune teller, cat shelter, pizza parlor, Korean deli, Lotto store, snack bar, and gallery-framer have all disappeared. On the wooden scaffolding of the new high-rise apartment building, someone has written RUDY SUCKS! The city *is* a better place to live in than it was when I came here in 1984. I don't need to like the mayor; I just need to know that what he does, he does because he loves the city as much as I do.

Dinah Hatton
MANHATTAN

WATCHING THE GIULIANI ADMINISTRATION is sort of like watching an old Western. There is a town out of control, rampant with crime and vice and much that isn't nice. So the town elders decide they must hire a marshal and give him dictatorial powers. At first, the plan works great: The slime has left town; there is order and peace. But it is short-lived: The marshal becomes arbitrary and doctrinaire in his enforcement of the law. Soon the town elders are at their wits' end trying to figure out how to get rid of the man, hired to save them from themselves, who succeeded too well.

Gary Schwartz
FORT LEE, N.J.

MAYOR GIULIANI'S DECLINE BEGAN THE DAY after he was re-elected in November 1997. Most elected members of the Democratic Party who endorsed his re-election bid or stayed neutral are now returning to their own party's fold. Notice how more and more members of the City Council are openly critical of our mayor? These former friends will now be supporting a fellow Democrat in the race to fill Senator Moynihan's seat in 2000 and the mayor's office in 2001. Giuliani's failure to actively campaign for like-minded candidates for public advocate, city comptroller, or borough president (with the exception of Staten Island) has left no elected official in a position to succeed him. Talented members of the current administration can read the writing on the wall and leave early for jobs in the private sector. Just as the ocean tide ebbs and flows, so, too, has the Giuliani era begun to end another chapter of history at City Hall.

Larry Penner
GREAT NECK, N.Y.

WHEN I WALK AROUND MY BRONX NEIGHborhood, the streets are clean, and I feel safe—even after dark. When I take the subway downtown, the ride is brisk, the trains are clean and comfortable, and I feel safe—even after dark. New Yorkers of every race and income level are no longer afraid to stop when a stranger asks for directions (remember the "wolf packs" that used to roam Manhattan?); to take their children to the playground (remember the crack vials and used condoms that used to litter the parks?); and to let the breeze waft through open windows (remember when inner-city children were at risk of being struck by stray bullets as they slept in their beds because of the drug-turf wars?). Rampant crime and the helplessness it engenders brutalize us all. Where you see a crisis, I see a catharsis.

Ruth Papazian
THE BRONX

I ARRIVED IN NEW YORK CITY FROM PUERto Rico 35 years ago. I have seen with pride and joy the wonderful things Giuliani has done for this city. Because of Giuliani, I am not afraid to walk the city at night, even in Central Park. The sidewalks are no longer congested by pesky illegal street vendors. I no longer panic at a red light, though I remember being accosted and terrorized many times by the squeegee gangs. I know many people like me who admire and respect Rudy Giuliani and are dreading, with much sadness, the end of his term.

L. R. Zayas
MANHATTAN

AS THE MAYOR AIMS FOR HIGHER OFFICE, we are dusting off the old campaign posters from 1989, '93, and '97: RUDY FOR EMPEROR OF STATEN ISLAND!

Allan Hoving
WESTPORT, CONN.

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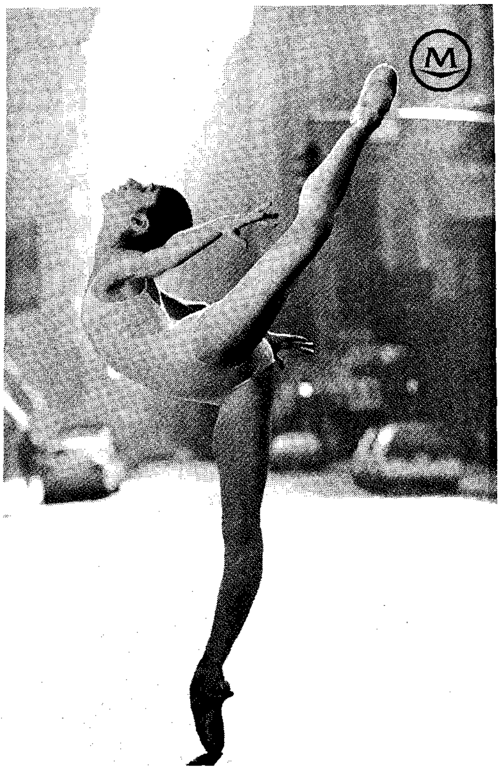
Correction In last week's "Fashion Moment," the December 1998 *Allure* cover of Gisele was styled by Lori Goldstein, not Polly Allen Mellen.



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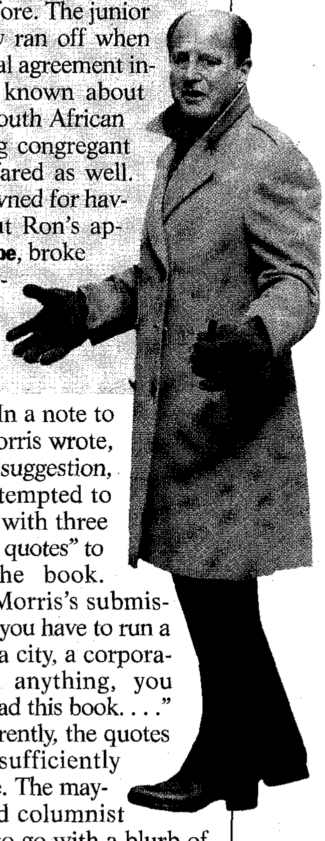
Michael Eisner: Cat and Mouse

DID MICKEY MOUSE SIGN THE CHECKS?

Writers are generally assumed to be careful readers—a truism that doesn't seem to hold in the case of **Tony Schwartz**. The co-author of **Michael Eisner**'s "autobiography" says he can't remember who signed his checks for the decade he spent laboring over *Work in Progress*. That puts him in good company: Eisner can't remember, either. When the head of Disney was being cross-examined by **Jeffrey Katzenberg**'s lawyer **Bert Fields** last Tuesday, Schwartz was a key topic. It was in the author's notes that the explosive quote about Katzenberg—"I think I hate the little midget," Eisner told Schwartz—was revealed. The head Mouseketeer told Fields that he didn't remember how Schwartz was paid for the book, which had disappointing reviews and sales. Did Disney shareholders unwittingly bankroll the ill-fated project? "I don't know the answer to the question," replied Schwartz. "The way that I got paid made it impossible for me to know." Huh? "I don't know whether I was paid by Michael Eisner or by the Disney Company," Schwartz repeats. He doesn't sound too happy about his notes' being subpoenaed, either. "If this had been an ordinary journalistic situation, obviously I would have fought it," explains Schwartz. "The notes belonged to Disney, and it was Michael Eisner's book, so I was advised by counsel that I could not exercise ordinary journalistic privilege." Disney did not return calls for comment.

THIRD TIME'S A CHARM?

Divorce has been thrice-married **Ronald Perelman**'s albatross but he's never had a hard time finding his way to the altar. Not so, however, son **Steve**, who last week announced his third engagement in the past four years. A beaming Ron was on hand as 30-year-old Steve's engagement was announced at the Fifth Avenue Synagogue, though some temple members experienced a sense of déjà vu, having heard similar happy news celebrated twice before. The junior Perelman's previous fiancées reportedly ran off when their attorneys cried foul at the prenuptial agreement insisted on by Perelman *père*. Little is known about Steve's latest flame, who is said to be South African born and in the words of one clucking congregant "very sweet." Steve's siblings haven't fared as well. Steve's brother **Josh** was reportedly disowned for having the temerity to get hitched without Ron's approval. And his 27-year-old daughter, **Hope**, broke off with the owner of a Brooklyn dry-cleaning chain last month, after she had already picked out her bridesmaids and her wedding dress.



STANDING PAT IN THE FACE OF A ZAREM ZAP

Not content to do battle with, say, gossip columnists, flack catchers are fighting among themselves these days. After **Bernard Weinraub**'s tribute to superpublicist **Pat Kingsley** in the New York *Times* last Monday, longtime nemesis **Bobby Zarem** fired off a letter to the reporter (cc'ed to, among others, Kingsley herself), purporting to correct her version of history. The two worked together at Rogers & Cowan almost 30 years ago. Zarem claims Kingsley "literally attacked me with a letter opener" after she suspected him of moving in on her client **Marcello Mastroianni**. "I agreed not to prosecute as a result of Warren Cowan's intervention and the promise that she would change or augment her psychiatric treatment," wrote Zarem. "However sordid this sounds, it is all one hundred percent true, a word that is unfortunately foreign to the people in and covering the industry." Zarem claims he's still "chilled" by the incident, adding, "She came around my desk, and I had to crawl under it." Soon after, Kingsley left Rogers & Cowan to found her own company, eventually becoming a partner in PMK. Cowan calls Zarem's account "totally insane," saying he was not aware of the contretemps. "I remember they were not getting along," he adds. "I don't even remember working with Marcello Mastroianni. I don't believe he was our client." Says Kingsley: "The incident didn't happen."

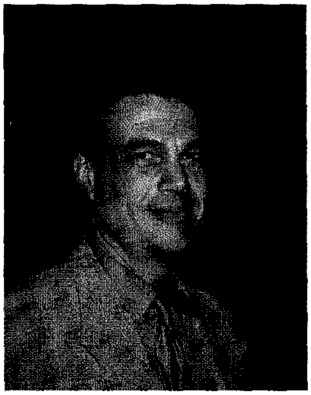
"THIS ITEM IS FANTASTIC": ED KOCH

Stumped for words? Maybe **Dick Morris** can help. When the frisky consultant asked **Ed Koch** to say a few words about his latest tome, *The New Prince*, the former mayor gave the political pundit license to write his own epitaph. In a note to Koch, Morris wrote, "At your suggestion, I have attempted to come up with three Koch-like quotes" to praise the book. Among Morris's submissions: "If you have to run a country, a city, a corporation, or anything, you should read this book. . . ." But apparently, the quotes were insufficiently Koch-like. The mayor turned columnist decided to go with a blurb of his own creation, which will appear on Morris's book jacket along with no doubt equally sincere quotes from **Trent Lott, Donald Trump, Arianna Huffington,** and **William F. Weld**. Koch insists there's nothing wrong with a writer's supplying his own kudos: "These are just suggestions; I use my own language to make sure the quote is me." Adds **Michael Dougherty**, marketing director for Renaissance Media, publishers of the Morris book,

Photographs: left, Fitzroy Barrett/Globe Photos; right, Lawrence Schwartzwald/Gamma Liaison.

HITCHENS PASSES THE PEACE PIPE

Christopher Hitchens is eager to break the ice with his former friend **Sid Blumenthal**. Even **Bill Clinton** alluded to the war the *Vanity Fair* scribe incited when he ratted out his old friend to the House Republicans. "Last year, Sid Blumenthal swore he would get me into the *Vanity Fair* party," quipped the president at the White House Correspondents' Dinner. "This year, I have to take *him*." In fact, the usually bouncy Blumenthal didn't bother to mingle with **John Kennedy Jr**., **Sean Penn**, **Sherry Lansing**, and **Claire Danes** at the magazine's after-party. Instead, he told **Christopher Buckley** that he was going home to watch a rerun of, yes, *Friends*. In friendlier days, it turns out, Hitch and Blumenthal always greeted each other as *cousin*, since the columnist's mother was born a Blumenthal. At the dinner, Hitchens reports, he had "a brief moment" with his former pal: "I saw him before he saw me, and I said, 'Cousin' . . . and he bowed." Hitchens says he doesn't regard his breech with Blumenthal as irreparable. "He's never libeled me," says the columnist. "He's never said a mean or abusive thing—in *public* at least." Blumenthal did not return calls.



Robert Isabell: Nipping it in the bud

Sidney Blumenthal: Friendly fire

"This is by no means unusual. People are busy. Maybe someone only had a chance to scanread a book. Or they feel the author might have a better way with words. I don't know how good a writer Mr. Koch is, but Mr. Morris is a great one."

POLICE BLOTTER; FLORAL FODDER

SAFIR SAILING: Maybe **Howard Safir** will be able to buy a new boat called *The Marcia* to dock alongside his current one, which could well be dubbed *The Geraldo*. The city's top cop—who's an avid sailer—very quietly settled his $20 million lawsuit against CBS over **Marcia Kramer**'s report that he'd used a city check to pay for a $1,000 dinner at a reputed mob hangout. In fact, the bill was picked up by New York's Finest Foundation, a nonprofit that claims its mission is to provide scholarships for cops and their kids and to "educate the public to the dangers, difficulties and problems" of the police. The settlement has a confidentiality clause, and no one involved in the case would say whether CBS paid the commissioner. But ABC paid Safir $235,000 in 1984, just as his $10 million lawsuit against *20/20*'s then-correspondent **Geraldo Rivera** was about to go to trial. Safir's attorney, **Raoul Felder**, had no comment, and a CBS spokesman would only say, "The matter is no longer pending."

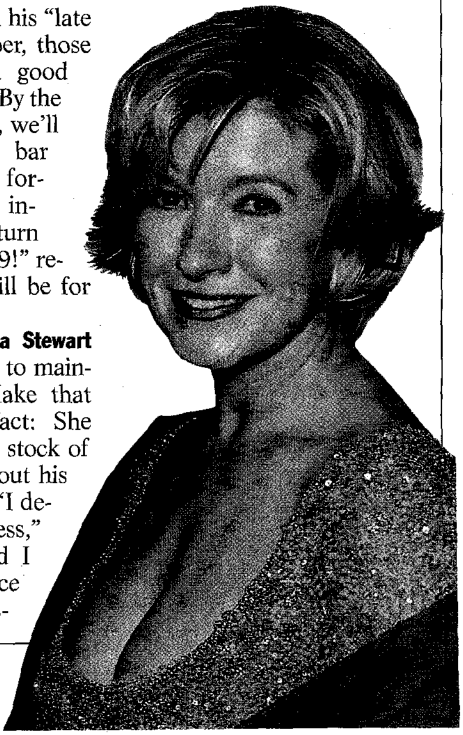
WEEDING OUT THE TRUTH: Former florist **Robert Isabell** now creates *environments*, like the English estate he transformed into a Greek temple for **Marie-Chantal Miller**'s wedding to Prince **Pavlos**. But his greatest creation may well be himself. Turns out *Robert* grew up as *Bruce* in Duluth, Minnesota. "That was a name that was dropped 30 years ago, and it's not even *legal*," sniffs the tony tastemaker, who insists that he be called "Robert Isabell, *period*." He's not as particular on the question of his age. For years now, reporters have listed Isabell as 41, but when he told the New York *Times* he was in his "late thirties" last December, those in the know had a good laugh. "We just said, 'By the time next year comes, we'll be doing Robert's bar mitzvah,' " recalls a former employee, who insists that Isabell will turn 47 on June 2. "I am 39!" retorts Isabell, "and will be for the rest of my life."

AGIT PROP: **Martha Stewart** just got another prop to maintain her lifestyle. Make that 20,000 props, in fact: She bought out the entire stock of **Vito Giallo**, who rents out his antiques to stylists. "I decided to sell the business," explains Giallo, "and I thought, well, since she's our biggest customer, maybe she'd be interested." Was she ever. The next day, Stewart wrote a check for the entire inventory, lock, stock, and plate. She flew in her own packers from Maine and put them up at the Barbizon. The antiques were packed in bubble wrap (Martha hates wrapping in paper), inserted into huge tubs, which were ferried by stretch limo from the Bowery. Stewart's spokeswoman explains that the style queen's company bought the props for a use "still to be determined."

Additional reporting by Ian Spiegelman.

SIDNEY SHELDON: MAN OF LETTERS?

Devoted fans of trash novelist **Sidney Sheldon** may soon be able to lick the back of his head. The best-selling author of countless hausfrau fantasies is about to grace his own stamp—in Guyana. The proposed stamp is part of a series called Great Writers of the 20th Century organized by the Inter-Governmental Philatelic Corporation, which also placed **Maya Angelou**'s mug on a stamp in Ghana. But seriously, Sydney Sheldon as one of the century's great writers? "He's *not* Hemingway," admits one IGPC spokesperson, adding quickly that Sheldon *is* the most-translated author in the world and that Guyana is "very selective as to which living people they put on stamps." Undoubtedly. After all, the nation's postage also features no less a luminary than **Sly Stallone**.



Photographs: clockwise from left, Robin Platzer/Twin Images; Jamal Wilson/Sygma; Robin Platzer/Twin Images.

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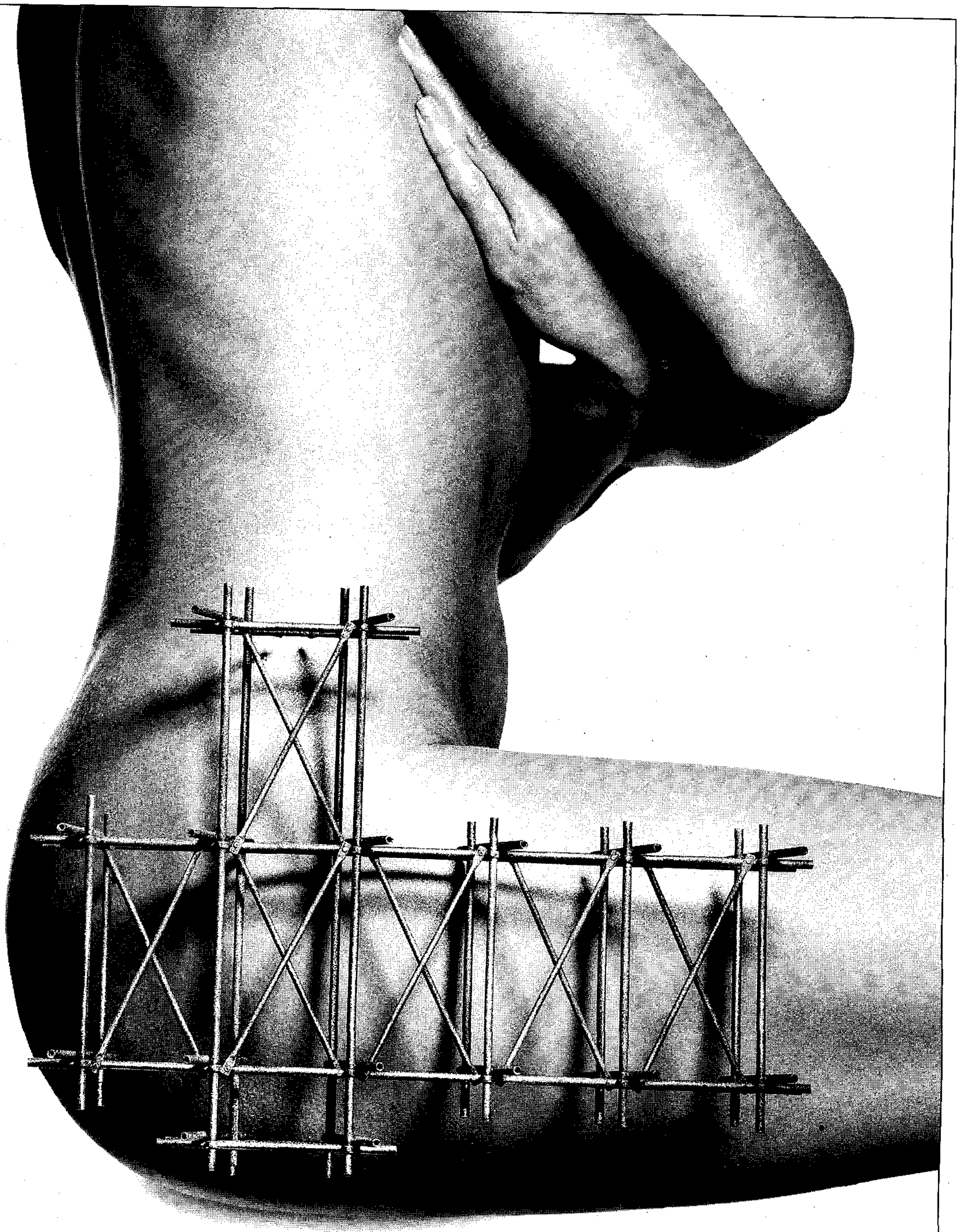

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THEY APPEAR TO BE A FRIENDLY PEOPLE, BUT ARE MUCH INCLINED TO STEAL—*HENRY HUDSON*

GOTHAM

Bad *Vibes*

Keith Clinkscales leaves behind big questions.

BEAT-DOWNS. BAD PRESS. And big breakups. Hip-hop magazines, usually the subjects of glowing business stories, have been surfacing lately on the crime and gossip pages. Last week's resignation of Vibe Ventures president and CEO Keith Clinkscales caught seasoned media insiders—and even some of his colleagues—completely off guard. "It was a total surprise," says Bob Miller, CEO of Miller Publishing, the company that owns *Vibe*. "I didn't find out until Monday, when Keith showed up in my office in L.A. He said, 'I want to be you. I want to build my own media company.'"

Clinkscales, 35, began his *Vibe* tenure in 1993, when the title was co-owned by Time Inc. and Quincy Jones. The magazine was bought by Miller Publishing in 1996; the company added *Spin* to its stable in 1997 and launched hip-hop magazine *Blaze* in 1998.

Clinkscales would neither confirm nor deny rumors that he is buying hip-hop start-ups *Honey* and *XXL* from Harris Publications. "I'm in discussions with a lot of different magazines," he asserts, adding that his partner in his new venture will be departing *Vibe* associate publisher Len Burnett.

Clinkscales's reign at *Vibe* was not without controversy. Insiders maintain that he exerted undue influence. "I've never been at a magazine where the ad people had so much control over editorial content," says one source. Clinkscales counters, "I have a passion and a respect for the editorial product," but adds that "people sometimes like the suits to shut up and go away. I won't do that." Miller Publishing editorial director Gilbert Rogin acknowledges that "Keith had very strong opinions about the music we cover . . . but I *don't think* he *put* anyone on the cover."

Nonetheless, until recently, *Vibe*'s editors-in-chief answered to both Rogin and Clinkscales, an arrangement Miller characterizes as placing editors under "two masters." In March, Miller consolidated all editorial authority under Rogin. "I realized that I had been putting editors in an awkward position," Miller admits. This decision effectively placed Clinkscales out of the loop, a move some regard as key to his resignation. "I might not have handled it the same way," Clinkscales says pointedly.

More problematic are allegations that Clinkscales brokered a hush-money settlement from Def Jam Recordings to *Vibe* editor-in-chief Danyel Smith after Foxy Brown, one of the label's artists, allegedly assaulted Smith in a restaurant in October. When asked whether money was involved in the deal, Clinkscales says only, "I will confirm that I arranged for a settlement." Smith, reached on vacation in the Bahamas, insists that "there has never been any agreement about me keeping quiet about anything."

Even in the sniping environment of magazine publishing, Clinkscales seemed to cultivate more than his fair share of enemies. "I've always suspected that Keith was the architect of my demise at *Vibe*," says Jonathan Van Meter, the magazine's first editor-in-chief. Another magazine insider holds Clinkscales responsible for turning *Vibe* into "a shallow industry publication."

Clinkscales's resignation is just the latest high-level exodus from Miller Publishing. Michael Hirschorn, editor-in-chief of *Spin*, was dismissed in January after the magazine posted lackluster 1998 sales numbers. In March, Jesse Washington, editor of *Blaze*, was fired after hiring Montoun Hart, the man acquitted of murdering Time Warner chief Gerald Levin's son Jonathan. (In a fax sent to music-industry offices, Washington claimed Clinkscales had approved Hart's employment.)

There are rumblings that Clinkscales's departure won't be the last. Bönz Malone, who will resign from his longtime post as *Vibe*'s "consigliere" later this month, says that "there is a strong possibility of mutiny" at the magazine. "With the names that are now running things," he says ominously, "*Vibe* is doomed."

ETHAN BROWN

Small-Minded: Hollywood Comes Up Short

Not since the making of *The Wizard of Oz* has Hollywood been so focused on midgets. Technically, six-foot-three-inch Michael Eisner was referring to moguls, not munchkins, in last week's trial-testimony slighting of Jeffrey Katzenberg. The public at large already knows that stars are short. But inside the industry, it's a distinct advantage for the suits to have small statures to go with those big egos. While many showbiz leaders claim to measure up to the national average (five feet eight for men), their dirty little secret is a missing inch or two—or more. Some of Hollywood's Napoleons: Warner Bros.' Bob Daly and Terry Semel; Universal's Ron Meyer; DreamWorks' David Geffen; producers Mark Canton and Ray Stark; William Morris Agency's Norman Brokaw and Walt Zifkin; United Artists' Jeff Kleeman; managers Brad Grey, Erwin Stoff, and Michael Ovitz; and MPAA's Jack Valenti. *Now* we know why Eisner's been hiring Randy Newman for Disney soundtracks.

NIKKI FINKE

hotographs: top, Stan Godlewski/Gamma Liaison; bottom, Allan Tannenbaum/Sygma.

Eat at Dick's

From punk rock to soup stock.

'When I was a kid, maybe 10 years old," reminisces Handsome Dick Manitoba, "my father took me downtown to Jack Dempsey's. It took up a whole block on Broadway, and Jack waved to us through the window. Right then, I knew: *That's* what I want to do with my life." En route to fulfilling his childhood fantasy, Manitoba (then known as Richard Blum) got a little sidetracked, joining Bronx proto-punks the Dictators in the mid-seventies, first as the band's roadie, then as its rasping, wiseacre lead singer. "I thought I'd make a million bucks, and then open my bar," he cracks. "Of course, I didn't." That's an understatement: In 1978, after four years and three albums, the seminal, if determinedly lowbrow (and even lower-selling), Dics broke up, leaving Manitoba barless *and* bandless.

During the next two decades, the singer drove a cab, dabbled in heavy metal (with a new band, Manitoba's Wild Kingdom), and, most recently, tended bar at 2A. A few months ago, though, Manitoba partnered with his bosses from the latter gig, buying a stake in the Avenue B Social Club and revamping it as Manitoba's. "I want it to feel like a second home to my customers," he says. To that end, Manitoba added personal touches like dark oak paneling and warm, recessed lighting, Dictators CDs on the jukebox, an autographed Dion album cover, and photos of pro-wrestling legends like Killer Kowalski. He also transformed the basement into the ultra-atmospheric "Manitoba's Makeout Lounge," complete with a mural of twenties-style flappers and red Chinese lanterns.

Manitoba, who recently turned 45 (and who rejoined the Dictators in 1995), spends three nights a week presiding over his bar with proprietary charm. "This place is my baby," he says at the taps—a surprisingly unscuzzy selection running from Brooklyn Lager to Boddingtons.

Right now, the closest the singer comes to serving food is the sack of dried pigs' ears he keeps behind the bar—treats for neighborhood dogs—but Manitoba and his partners are at work on a bistro, tentatively named the Five Points Bar & Grill ("after the toughest neighborhood anywhere, ever; it still sounds a little classy, though"), that's under construction and set to open this month. Located on East 10th Street between Third and Fourth Avenues (the same block as yuppie brunch fave Danal), the 1,400-square-foot restaurant looks to be a sort of East Side Florent—but hold the drag-queen waiters and fluorescent lights—with extra tattoos and leather and mood-setting wood stain. "It's gonna be a classic meat-and-potatoes menu," he says. "Not pretentious, but not cheap, either. You know, when it's two or three in the morning, and you want a bite to eat, but you don't want to go to the Greek diner? Rockers sometimes like a nice meal, too, you know." ETHAN SMITH

THE SMOKING GUN

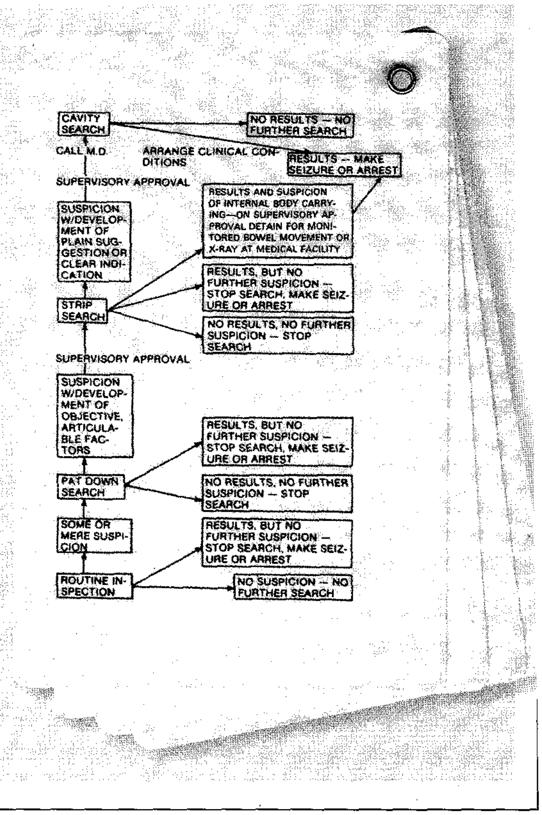
Pocket Protector

U.S. Customs inspectors get up close and personal.

Last week, New York cops began receiving those handy preprinted courtesy cards reminding them to respect civilians and even call a perp "sir." And while the forms—printed on white bond paper and sized for a patrolman's memo book—are new to the NYPD, other law-enforcement agents are already familiar with such palm-size crib sheets.

U.S. Customs Service inspectors, responsible for drug interdiction at area ports, mail facilities, and airports, are issued a two-sided, four-paneled plastic wallet insert containing various agency policies and procedures. Along with offering the Miranda warning in four languages, the Customs card guides investigators through the dos and don'ts of the most sensitive of criminal probes—strip and cavity searches.

While reminding inspectors to "Think Courtesy," since the person being searched is "a human being and must be treated as such," the card also contains a detailed flow chart tracking a "routine inspection" from the "mere suspicion" stage—where a pat-down is conducted—to the point where more . . . *intrusive* governmental measures may be required.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NO RESULTS — NO FURTHER SEARCH
CALL M.D.
ARRANGE CLINICAL CONDITIONS
RESULTS — MAKE SEIZURE OR ARREST
SUPERVISORY APPROVAL
SUSPICION W/DEVELOPMENT OF PLAIN SUGGESTION OR CLEAR INDICATION
RESULTS AND SUSPICION OF INTERNAL BODY CARRYING—ON SUPERVISORY APPROVAL DETAIN FOR MONITORED BOWEL MOVEMENT OR X-RAY AT MEDICAL FACILITY
STRIP SEARCH
RESULTS, BUT NO FURTHER SUSPICION — STOP SEARCH, MAKE SEIZURE OR ARREST
NO RESULTS, NO FURTHER SUSPICION — STOP SEARCH
SUPERVISORY APPROVAL
SUSPICION W/DEVELOPMENT OF OBJECTIVE, ARTICULABLE FACTORS
RESULTS, BUT NO FURTHER SUSPICION — STOP SEARCH, MAKE SEIZURE OR ARREST
PAT DOWN SEARCH
NO RESULTS, NO FURTHER SUSPICION — STOP SEARCH
SOME OR MERE SUSPICION
RESULTS, BUT NO FURTHER SUSPICION — STOP SEARCH, MAKE SEIZURE OR ARREST
ROUTINE INSPECTION
NO SUSPICION — NO FURTHER SEARCH

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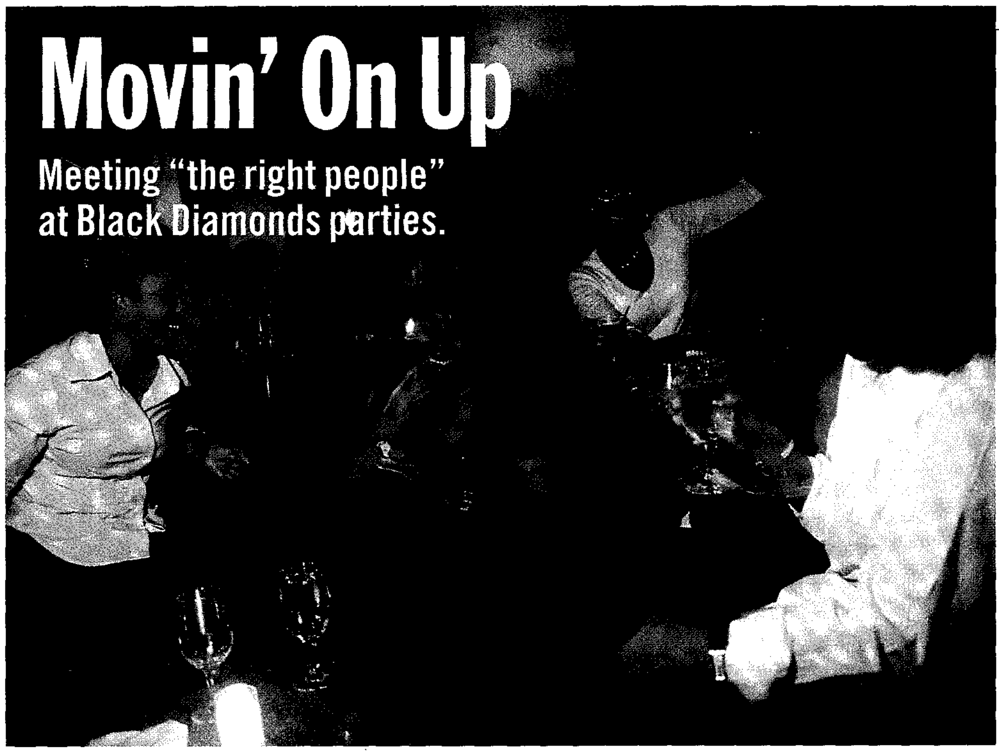
Photograph by Terrence Miele.

Movin' On Up

Meeting "the right people" at Black Diamonds parties.



"YOU'RE THE HIGHEST of the high," Maxwell croons as a group of investment bankers in thousand-dollar Barneys suits holds court with two fashionistas in Manolos and Richard Tyler. It's ten o'clock at Aubette, a slick lounge on East 27th Street, and the Tuesday-night after-work soirée is in full swing. Cell phones are ringing, the handshakes and hugs are getting warmer, and the crowd begins to sway as D.J. Cosi cues up Sade's "Smooth Operator." In a candlelit corner of the dining room, Xavier Wright, a 28-year-old political consultant, and his friends hold up their martini glasses. "Let's make a toast," Wright deadpans. "To getting out of the ghetto!" The table erupts in laughter.

"When I go to a white place, I'm more sedate," Wright explains. "I don't want them looking at me like I'm crazy. But here, I can be loud, I can feel the music, and I know no one's peering down at me, like, 'Who is *this*?' "

Black Diamonds Entertainment, a close-knit consortium of ten African-American promoters, has been organizing after-work get-togethers and other social events for New York City's "black diamonds"—young, upwardly mobile African-Americans—since 1997. Within the past year, the group has thrown parties for NBA star Reggie Miller at Metronome and rapper Q-Tip at Speeed; sponsored a 7th on Sixth fashion show saluting African-American designers; and, most recently, thrown a celebrity-packed birthday bash for model Beverly Peele.

Unlike other successful promotional teams, many of which operate on if-you-can-pay-you-can-play principles, BDE doesn't let just anyone into its parties. Those in the know usually hear about events from their colleagues. "We like to operate on six degrees of separation," says Pam Pickens, one of BDE's founding members. "The right people will spread the word. It's like a little community." Those six degrees of separation are often coupled with a strict door policy ("No jeans, no sneakers—you come correct or you're not getting in," says Derek Corley, head of BDE) to ensure that the crowd will be passing around business cards and not blunts.

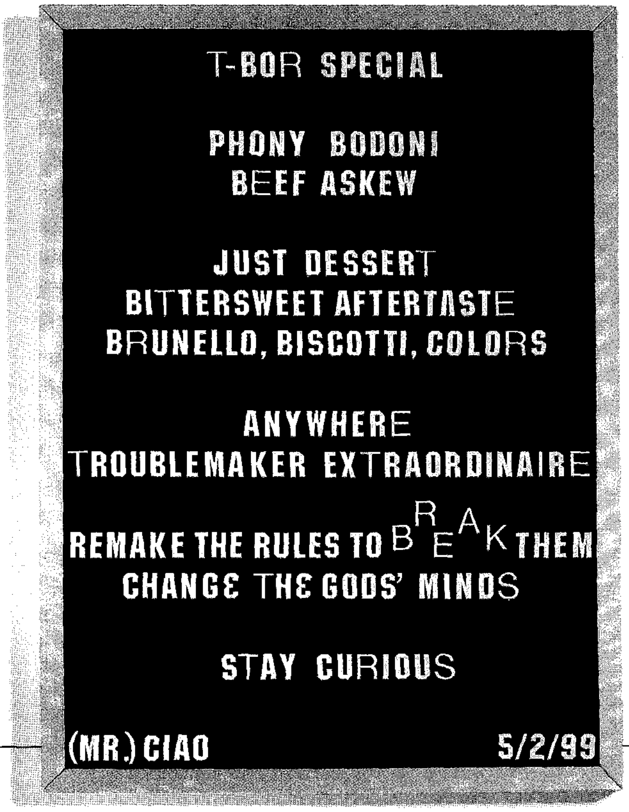
Which is just fine by Kelvin Sparks, the 36-year-old owner of a computer-consulting firm, who's grown weary of the ghetto-fabulous party scene served up at places like the Tunnel and NV. "It's hard to find a majority-black event in the city," he says between puffs on his Cohiba. "The average black person making money doesn't want to hang out with—and I hate to put it like this—the rap crowd."

"At things like this, I don't have to worry about guys grabbing me and making me feel cheap," chimes in Karen Walton, a 25-year-old contracts lawyer in knee-high suede stiletto boots. "I can actually have a conversation with someone on my intellectual level."

It could easily be argued, of course, that members of BDE and those who attend their functions are nothing more than elitists, the type of people Lawrence Otis Graham rhapsodizes about in his ode to the black bourgeoisie, *Our Kind of People.* But don't try to get a rise out of the black diamonds by suggesting that—they'll just look at you like you're standing outside with your nose pressed against the window. "Look, if this isn't your style, go to Justin's or the Shadow," advises Corley. "But don't knock us for trying to elevate ourselves." LOLA OGUNNAIKE

IN MEMORIAM

The last supper: Carl Magnusson, director of design at Knoll International, created this tribute to graphic-arts guru Tibor Kalman, who died last week, in the spirit of the menu board Kalman himself made up for the restaurant Florent.



T-BOR SPECIAL

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BEEF ASKEW

JUST DESSERT
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BRUNELLO, BISCOTTI, COLORS

ANYWHERE
TROUBLEMAKER EXTRAORDINAIRE

REMAKE THE RULES TO BREAK THEM
CHANGE THE GODS' MINDS

STAY CURIOUS

(MR.) CIAO 5/2/99

Photographs: top, Patrik Rytikangas; bottom, Steven Freeman.

Tea Time

Photographs by Patrick McMullan

On the menu after *Tea With Mussolini* was dinner with Zeffirelli. After screening the movie, the director walked a block to Osteria del Circo, even though he'd just had hip-replacement surgery a few months before. But his star, Joan Plowright, took a limo to join archaeologist Iris Love, author Gay Talese, Barbara Walters and Lynn Scherr of ABC, and Broadway's Nathan Lane. The flashbulbs went off when Judi Dench arrived with her daughter, actress Finty Williams. She played Princess Helena in *Mrs. Brown* ("In the swimming scene, I'm the one who looked spherical"), and this summer, she'll star as the second Mrs. Charlie Chaplin—his teen bride, Lita Grey—at the Edinburgh theater festival. Then is she off to Hollywood? "No, I wish I was," says Williams. "Can you put the word out?" But the undisputed star of the evening was octogenarian Dorothy Strelsin, the model for the flamboyant American played by Cher. Strelsin allows that Cher "was all right. Maybe a little subdued. But that's the way Franco directed her. I'm rather feisty, you know." Franco Zeffirelli was the last to leave, and Maggie Smith arrived just as he was walking out. She wound up going back to his hotel room for a nightcap, ending the evening on a thematic note: mini-bar with Franco. DEBORAH MITCHELL

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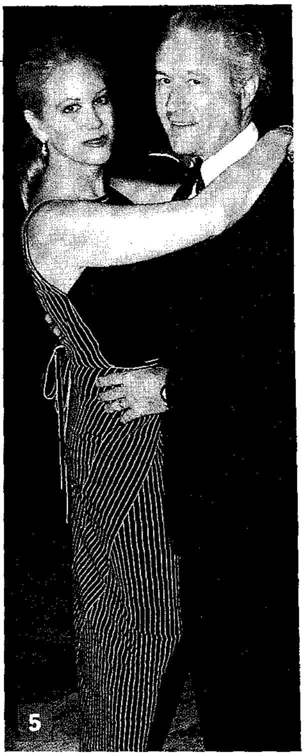
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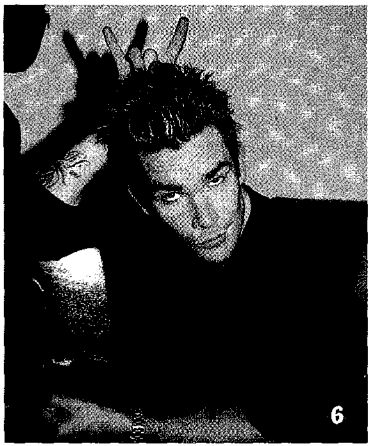
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1. Ron Howard, Tom Hanks, and Steven Spielberg at the Waldorf-Astoria for the American Museum of the Moving Image salute to Hanks. **2.** Christopher Durang, Terrence McNally, and Wendy Wasserstein being honored at "The Playwright's the Thing" for Broadway Cares/Equity Fights AIDS. **3.** Meryl Streep, Mike Nichols, and Carly Simon at Lincoln Center for the Film Society's gala tribute to Nichols, held at Avery Fisher Hall. **4.** Joan Plowright and Judi Dench at the premiere of Franco Zeffirelli's *Tea With Mussolini.*

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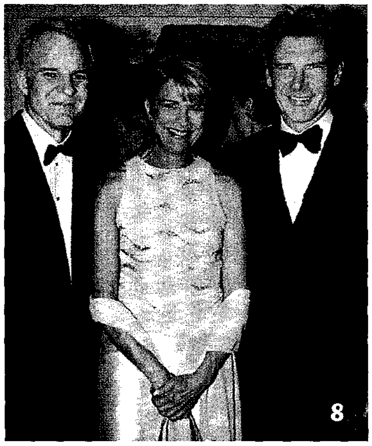
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5. Nina Griscom and her husband, Dr. Dan Baker, at the New York City Ballet's spring gala performance of *Swan Lake* at Lincoln Center. **6.** Mark McGrath of Sugar Ray at James King's birthday party at Lot 61. **7.** New York Botanical Garden president Gregory Long and Jessye Norman at the Antique Garden Furniture Preview Party. **8.** Steve Martin, Candice Bergen, and Harrison Ford at the Nichols tribute. **9.** John Mellencamp and his wife, Elaine Irwin, at the WPLJ party at the China Club for Mellencamp's new album. **10.** Brice Marden, Anne Bass, and Francesco Clemente at the NYC Ballet gala.

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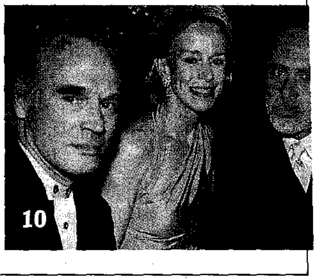
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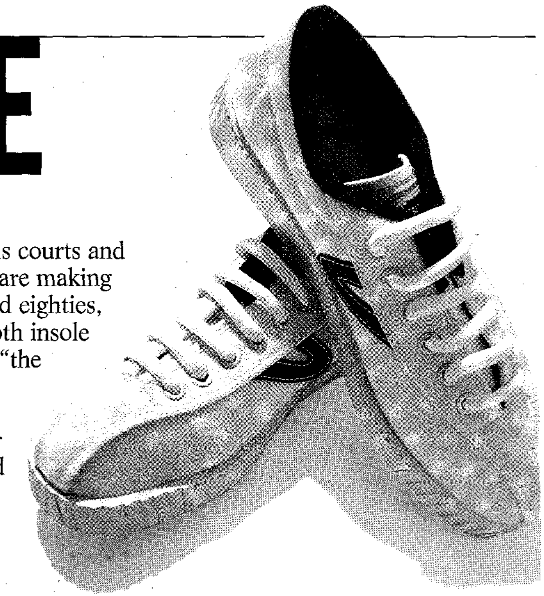
GOTHAMSTYLE

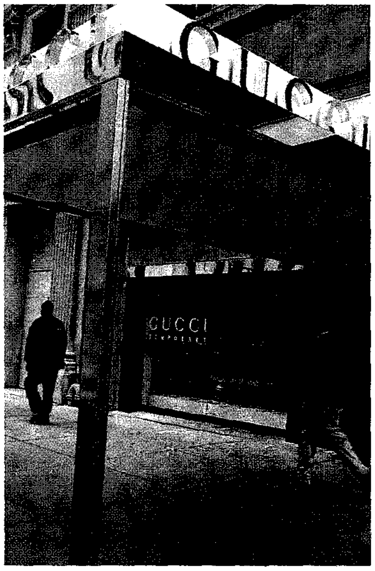


Old-School Sole

After a decade's absence from tennis courts and 10021 sidewalks, Tretorn sneakers are making stylish strides again. During the Izod eighties, the slender model with the terry-cloth insole and wing-shaped logo was deemed "the must-have shoe" by *The Official Preppy Handbook.* But once the preppy movement died, the sneaker could be spotted only on the tanned feet of Nantucket mothers and the occasional Swedish tennis pro. Now, though, it seems only natural that after geeky New Balances stole last season's sneaker spotlight, Tretorns would re-emerge as the summer's "It" shoe. At Paragon, the Hamptons-bound crowd has abandoned high-tech cross-trainers for the New England classic ($49.99–$54.99). Martha Stewart special-orders her favorite tennies directly from the company; Brandy wears the Adventure II version on *Moesha.* Just remember that while revivals are fine, overkill isn't: Pom-pom ankle socks are *not* acceptable. MAURA EGAN

Headbanders' Ball

Remember those stiff plastic tortoiseshell headbands with the razor-sharp teeth? Tibi Hyland beaded elastic bands are giving such torture devices—and those ubiquitous rhinestone barrettes—a run for their money. The brightly colored bands, worn doubled up or even right across the forehead, are showing up on well-coiffed heads all over town. More important than their hippie-chic cachet is the fact that their soft grip won't give you a migraine. Amy Smilovic, the line's designer, travels incessantly (she designed her fall collection in Prague, her spring in Indonesia). On a recent trip to New York, scores of stores asked to buy the headbands she was wearing, including Scoop, which ordered 1,500 and started selling them last week for $32 apiece. "It's fun to wear beads," says Smilovic, who is weaving bands in hot pink and yellow for summer. "Most of us haven't done that since we were in third grade." SARAH BERNARD



Gucci to Go

Despite Gucci's rapid rise to the apex of fashion-chicdom, the company's flagship Fifth Avenue store has been hopelessly stuck in an early-sixties time warp: The aged interior, with its gray carpet and cheap lacquered-wood fixtures, seemed to complement the old red-and-green-striped logo rather than Tom Ford's sexy designs. Now that the company has finally shuttered the store for an eighteen-month overhaul, where will desperate shoppers go for their feathered thong sandals? A few blocks north on West 57th Street, it turns out, where the company will temporary house its luxury goods. William Sofield, Gucci's resident architect (who just put the finishing touches on the Beverly Hills store), has designed the 20,000-square-foot interim space with suitably sleek trappings: "Cinemascope-style" dramatic lighting, floating Plexiglas clouds, a private VIP room on the top floor. The final sign that Gucci New York is firmly embracing the present? Attendance at the store opening is by invitation only. M.E.

Beach-Blanket Bingo

Along with pricey flip-flops and designer mineral water, now stylish towels are being packed by urban sun-seekers for seaside getaways. At her spring show, Cynthia Rowley furnished front-row seats with multicolored terry-cloth numbers, which became Fashion Week's coveted giveaway among editors. At Hermès, Madison Avenue shoppers can pick up a fluffy cotton towel in the signature scarf motif for a cool $380. Chanel offers two striped versions with the Chanel name printed boldly along the borders. Bathers can lounge on the "plain cotton" ($140) or the luxurious *eponge* (French for terry cloth; $265). For smaller vacation budgets, APC sells an oversize towel in navy, khaki, and Day-Glo orange for $85. The Paris-based clothier frets that the orange one is selling out faster than it can be ordered. How do you say "rip-off" in French? M.E.

Photographs: clockwise from top left, Amy Freeth (2); Andrew Goldberg; Amy Freeth.

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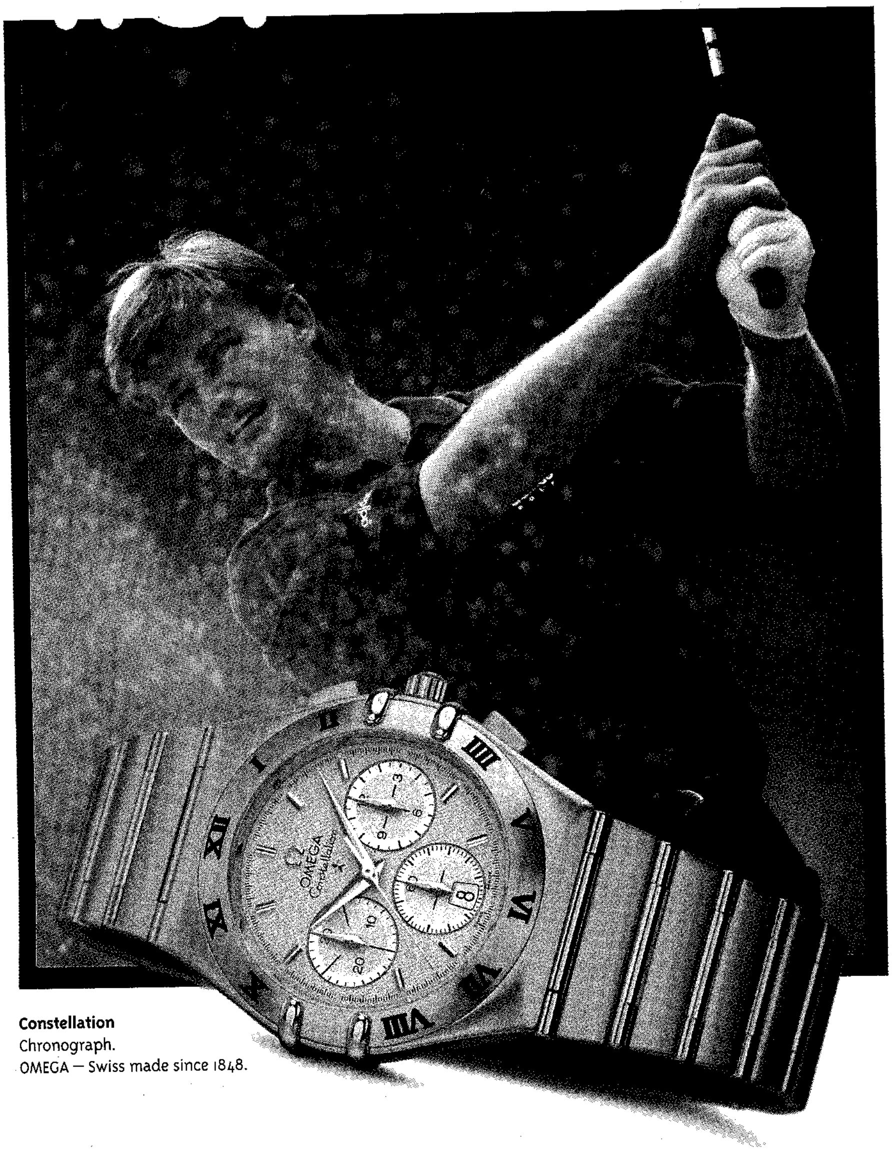

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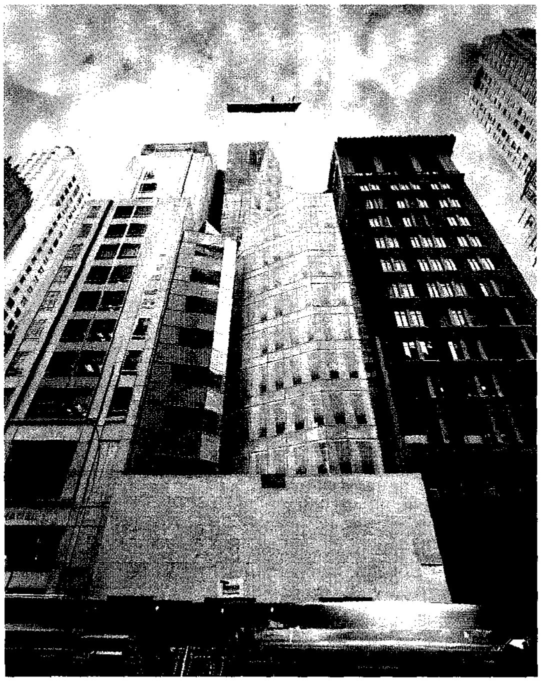
CITYSCAPE KARRIE JACOBS

Champagne Design

Just as the city proposes zoning exemptions for exceptional design, a new tower in midtown reminds us how beautiful—radical idea!—contemporary architecture can be.

ANNOUNCED WITH GREAT FANFARE in mid-1996, scheduled for completion by the end of 1997, the LVMH Tower—the North American command post for financier Bernard Arnault's ever-expanding fashion empire—was endlessly delayed by cost overruns and litigation. Early renderings of the building, designed to house the parent company of Louis Vuitton, Moët et Chandon, Guerlain, and a host of fashion houses, revealed something as outlandish as a piece of Lacroix couture. That architect Christian de Portzamparc compared its weirdly striated glass façade to a flower or a seashell only made the building appear frivolous and unlikely to be realized. The LVMH Tower seemed destined to be yet another sad story about the fate of ambitious architecture in New York City.

But all of a sudden, the LVMH Tower has arrived. It stands at 57th Street just west of Madison Avenue like a self-possessed Parisian who just blew into town on a whim, a bit out of place but otherwise perfect. It is everything contemporary architecture in this city is not: It's refreshing, surprising, and, with its delicate translucent skin glowing in daylight, beautiful.



Eyeful tower: Dominating East 57th Street even before opening.

Stand across 57th Street and admire it. What you see is a lean, 23-story tower that is sliced vertically on the bias into a green half and a white half. The right side appears frosted, decorated with a pattern of polygons sanded onto the façade—as if the building were stenciled with aerosol snow—making each window look like a facet in a crystal. The façade is full of wedges, folds, and odd Cubist-inspired protuberances. It almost looks as if Portzamparc tried to fit a building that was too wide between the Chanel headquarters next door and the stolid vintage office building on the corner and had to scrunch it up to make it fit. (Much of the façade's complexity, by the way, has nothing to do with flowers or seashells: Portzamparc purposefully used oblique angles and ultra-transparent glass to create a curtain wall that wouldn't reflect Edward Larrabee Barnes's hulking black-granite IBM building across the street.)

While it's tempting to dismiss this building as a fashion statement, a novelty from the house of Arnault, it can also be read as something profound: the harbinger of a remarkable transition from the midtown we know, with its mediocre, bottom-line-driven architecture, to a place where developers and architects occasionally take aesthetic risks.

Not likely, you say? Perhaps not. But here are two hints that the LVMH Tower is more augury than fluke: First of all, Portzamparc's design demonstrates that the conventional wisdom about zoning is wrong. New York City's zoning, in and of itself, doesn't inhibit experimentation. And over the next few years, other buildings that use glass in startling ways are certain to begin appearing. For instance, the Museum of Sex, planned for the corner of Fifth Avenue and 27th Street, is designed by a group of young architects called SHoP who will use an undulating glass façade as an allusion to the contours of the human body.

Second, a couple of weeks ago, the director of the Department of City Planning, Joseph Rose, gave a talk about changes he wants to make in the city's zoning resolution that promise, among other things, to incorporate the concept of beauty—believe it or not—into the city's regulatory structure.

BEAUTY IS, OF COURSE, A WORD YOU would expect to hear from a Frenchman more readily than from a New York bureaucrat. Portzamparc, 55, is a smallish man whose shaggy brown hair makes him look like a holdover from a seventies Claude Lelouche movie. A winner of the prestigious Pritzker Prize, he is best known for his Cité de la Musique in Paris, a theater complex the centerpiece of which is a concert hall surrounded by a spiraling corridor the architect has likened to a conch shell.

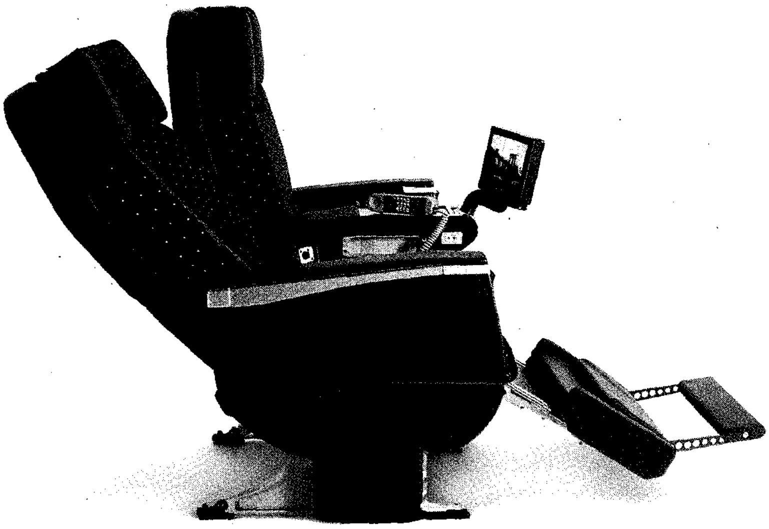
"The thing is, I realized we were close to the Chanel building," Portzamparc tells me during a conversation in the tower's construction office, referring to LVMH's next-door neighbor. A study in taupe, Chanel's building wears the zoning envelope like a tailored suit. "And it would have been not successful, for a corporate reason," he adds, a bit slyly, "if the Louis Vuitton building would be a twin of the Chanel."

Originally, Chanel and Louis Vuitton were to be separated by a small building that housed the Wally Findlay gallery. Designing for a very narrow site, Portzamparc began to configure a lean pile of rectangles and cylinders. "It was something a bit amazing," he says of the first renderings, though he adds, softly, "It wasn't that beautiful."

Eventually, however, the tower's devel-

Photograph by Bernd Auers.

Alone at last.



Business

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oper acquired the Findlay property, and Portzamparc was able to spread out, to arrange his volumes in a more pleasing manner. Did it go from being amazing to being beautiful? I ask. "Exactly," he says, recalling that when Arnault was shown the second project, "he said, 'Before it was amazing. Now it can be beautiful.' "

The word *beauty* has not often been uttered by architects since Adolf Loos unequivocally declared, back in 1908, that ornament is crime. Twentieth-century architects have explained their work mostly in terms of rationalism or, more recently, metaphor. But Portzamparc, who was educated at the famed École Nationale Supérieure des Beaux-Arts, talks more like an artist. Beauty is important to him, though he is somewhat reluctant to admit it: "Yes," he says. "I know it's not trendy. It's very funny, because architects don't dare to speak about beauty. Even me. I never use this word."

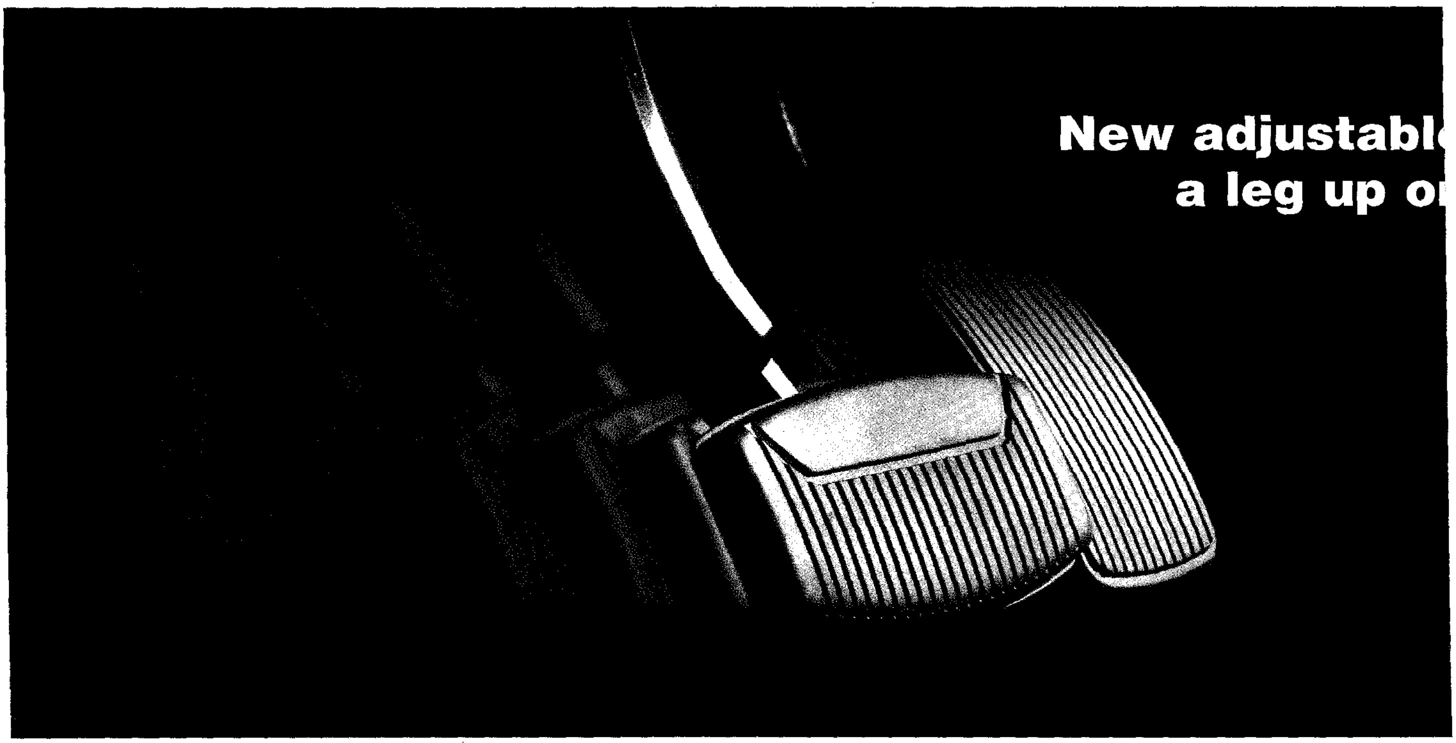
Joe Rose, on the other hand, isn't at all shy about the b word. Speaking at City Hall to an audience of developers, civic-group leaders, politicians, and architects, Rose announced that he intends to introduce height restrictions to the city's zoning code. In an almost heretical move, Rose would impose a specific height limit on each zoning district except those in midtown Manhattan and the Wall Street area. Currently, developers can build tall by buying up air rights and, in some cases, securing bonuses for public plazas. Rose wants to abolish those practices. But he also would build one loophole into those regulations.

The city, he told the audience, "should be able to grant waivers from some regulations on the basis of exceptional design." Then, in a turn of phrase that was astonishing to hear within Rudolph Giuliani's City Hall, Rose declared, "Let us instill the quest for beauty into the powerful economic drive of this city's real-estate entrepreneurs." *The quest for beauty.* The expression is redolent of the Gilded Age. It harks back to the City Beautiful movement of a hundred years ago, a push for implementing grand, Beaux-Arts-inspired plans—wide boulevards, great monuments, formal gardens. But in my lifetime, I've never encountered an architect or developer who would admit to being on a quest for beauty. Until Portzamparc, that is.

He stands beside a model of the tower, caressing it as if it were a woman. "So the recess line is here," he says, cryptically. "This is a calculation of the hollow . . ." He explains that, instead of introducing the regular stair-step setbacks suggested by zoning to reduce a building's bulk on the upper levels, he made asymmetrical slices. Running his fingers along the edge of the diagonal that separates white glass from green, he points out places where he has carved sections from the upper floors to shift the bulk downward.

"I discovered that this Manhattan zoning is fantastic," enthuses the Frenchman. In European cities, the rules often spell out the precise dimensions of a building. New York's regulations (though they vary from district to district) are usually interpreted as mandating a wedding-cake shape. But really what they call for is a building that is simply thicker at its base and thinner above. They offer wiggle room, Portzamparc realized; New York's zoning resolution *already* accommodates beauty. It's just a low priority for most builders.

Rose, quixotically, talks about bumping beauty a few notches higher on the



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city's list of priorities. "This is not Colonial Williamsburg, and the world's greatest and most dynamic city should be a hospitable environment for bold new structures," Rose said in his speech. He envisions a process akin to landmarking, a public board or commission that would advocate for good contemporary architecture, waiving the zoning rules when a project of sufficient merit comes along. Developers, instead of getting a plaza bonus, would get a beauty bonus. It's a radical concept. (And a frightening one, because one man's notion of an exemplary building—Donald Trump's, say—is another man's idea of grounds for a lawsuit.)

"If there is no benefit to you legally or otherwise, if you have no rights even for a hearing because of good design, then why would you possibly waste a penny on it?" Rose argues.

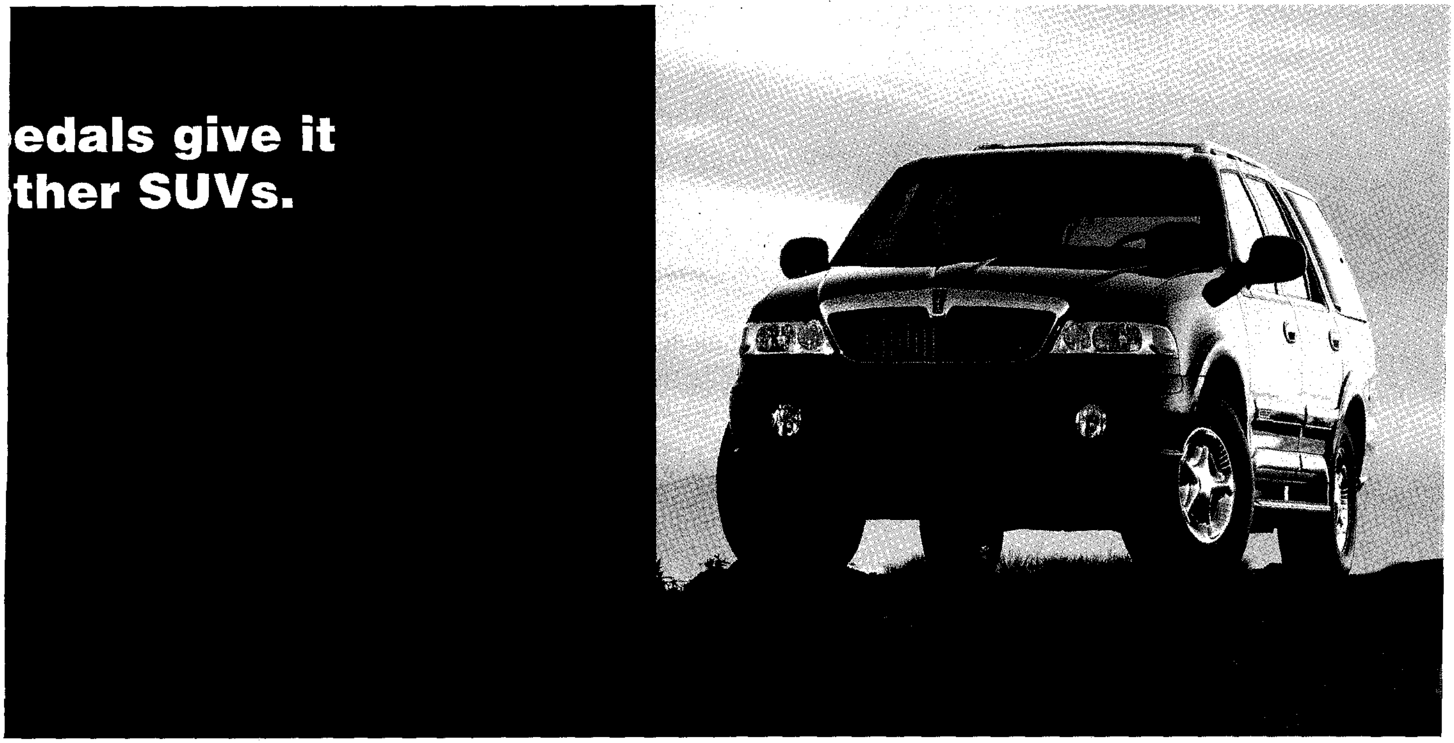
Why? Because you are someone like Arnault. Arnault seems to have approached architecture the way he approaches fashion, hiring talented designers and actually letting them design. The tower's appearance was so important to Arnault that he was willing to pay 60 percent above the original construction estimates and later muscle his partner out of the project when he balked at the cost. "Zoning enabled us to do it, but it also was the client who actually allowed Christian the ability to do this," points out John Mulliken, the project architect for the Hillier Group, the New York firm that collaborated with Portzamparc.

MULLIKEN LEADS ME ON A TOUR OF THE tower, which has a geometry all its own. The interior layout is as eccentric as the exterior design suggests. Beyond a lobby lit by neon muted by milky glass are office spaces that bend to conform to the kinks in the façade. Mulliken takes me out on the tower's eleventh-floor balcony, and we look up. "There's a line here called the fold," he says. Above us, the building slides outward at a five-degree angle. Above the fold, the wall is vertical. Window washers, Mulliken says, will have to negotiate this topography with the skill and ingenuity of rock climbers on the Shawangunks.

This building also has its own lyrical terminology. Mulliken points to a deep-blue crystalline shape below us. "This is the heart of the flower, right here," he says. "It's like a little jewel within the complex." We then take the elevator up to the uppermost stop, to the "mezzanine." It is a balcony overlooking the "Magic Room," a space that occupies an entire floor and has 30-foot-high ceilings. While other buildings might have a monumental lobby, this one saves its grandest moment for a meeting hall at the top. Where a more conventional corporate headquarters might install the CEO, the LVMH Tower has a gigantic aquariumlike area.

After he had designed all the office space the client required, Portzamparc found there was room left over in the zoning "envelope." So he squandered three floors of the building's most valuable square footage to create his Magic Room. "Really," Portzamparc says, "when you are there, it's a beautiful place."

I wish Joe Rose well on his quest for beauty, but I'm damned if I know how a revamped zoning resolution or a public-design commission could find a way to encourage a gesture so irrational, so profligate, and so wonderful as Christian de Portzamparc's Magic Room. ■



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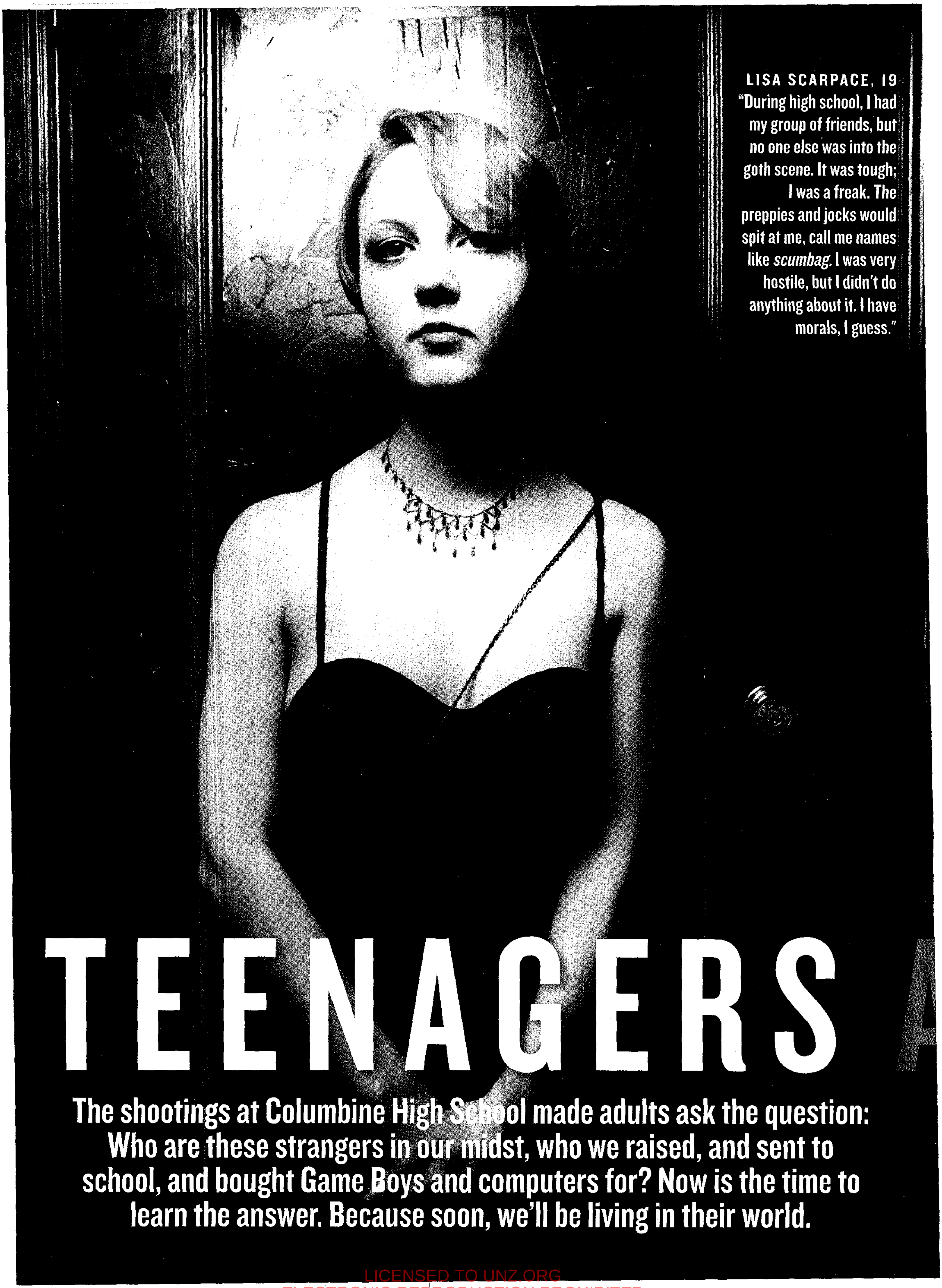
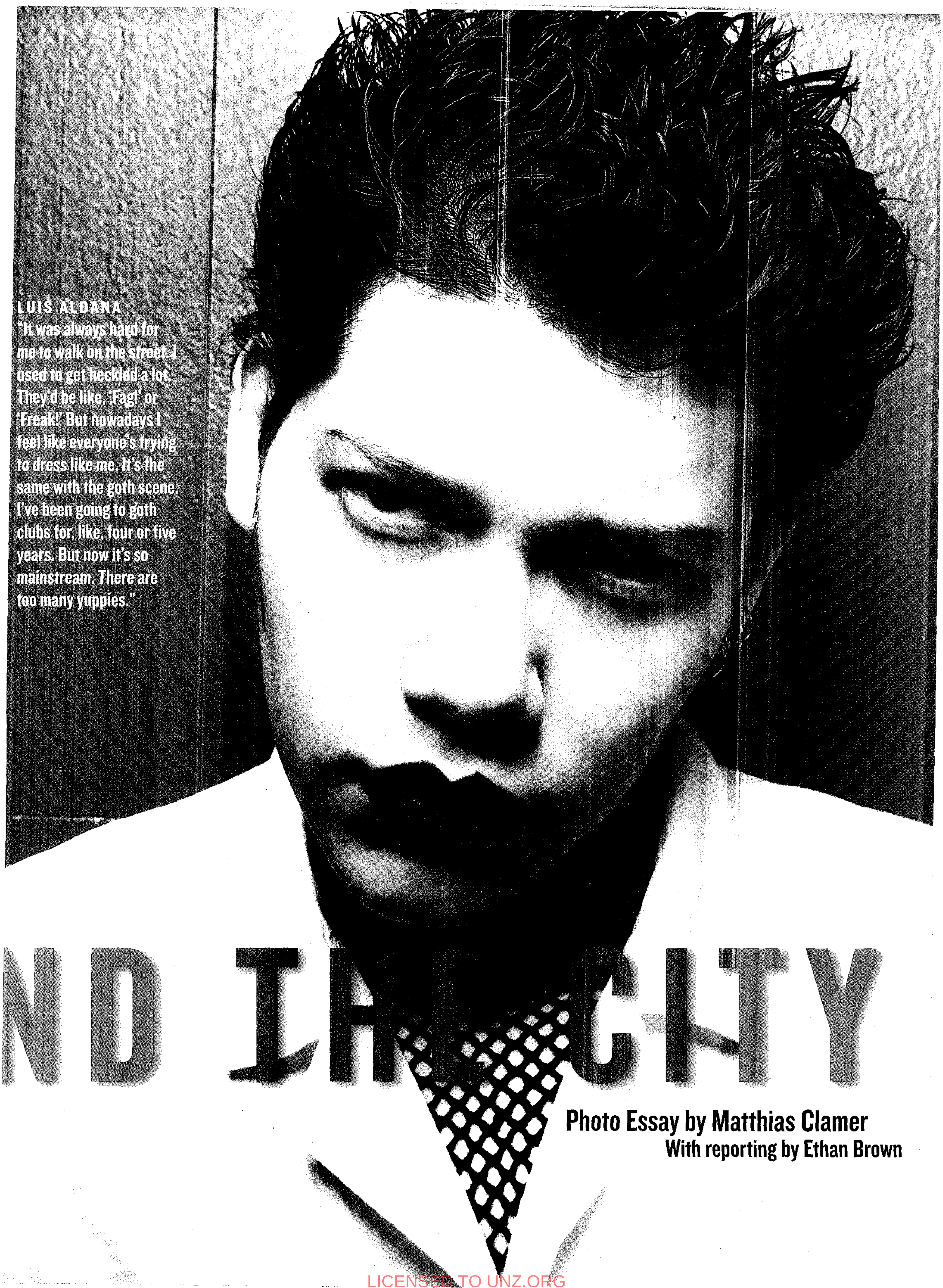


LISA SCARPACE, 19
"During high school, I had my group of friends, but no one else was into the goth scene. It was tough; I was a freak. The preppies and jocks would spit at me, call me names like *scumbag.* I was very hostile, but I didn't do anything about it. I have morals, I guess."

TEENAGERS

The shootings at Columbine High School made adults ask the question: Who are these strangers in our midst, who we raised, and sent to school, and bought Game Boys and computers for? Now is the time to learn the answer. Because soon, we'll be living in their world.



LUIS ALDANA

"It was always hard for me to walk on the street. I used to get heckled a lot. They'd be like, 'Fag!' or 'Freak!' But nowadays I feel like everyone's trying to dress like me. It's the same with the goth scene. I've been going to goth clubs for, like, four or five years. But now it's so mainstream. There are too many yuppies."

ND IN THE CITY

Photo Essay by Matthias Clamer

With reporting by Ethan Brown

The GENERATION Gap in My Living Room

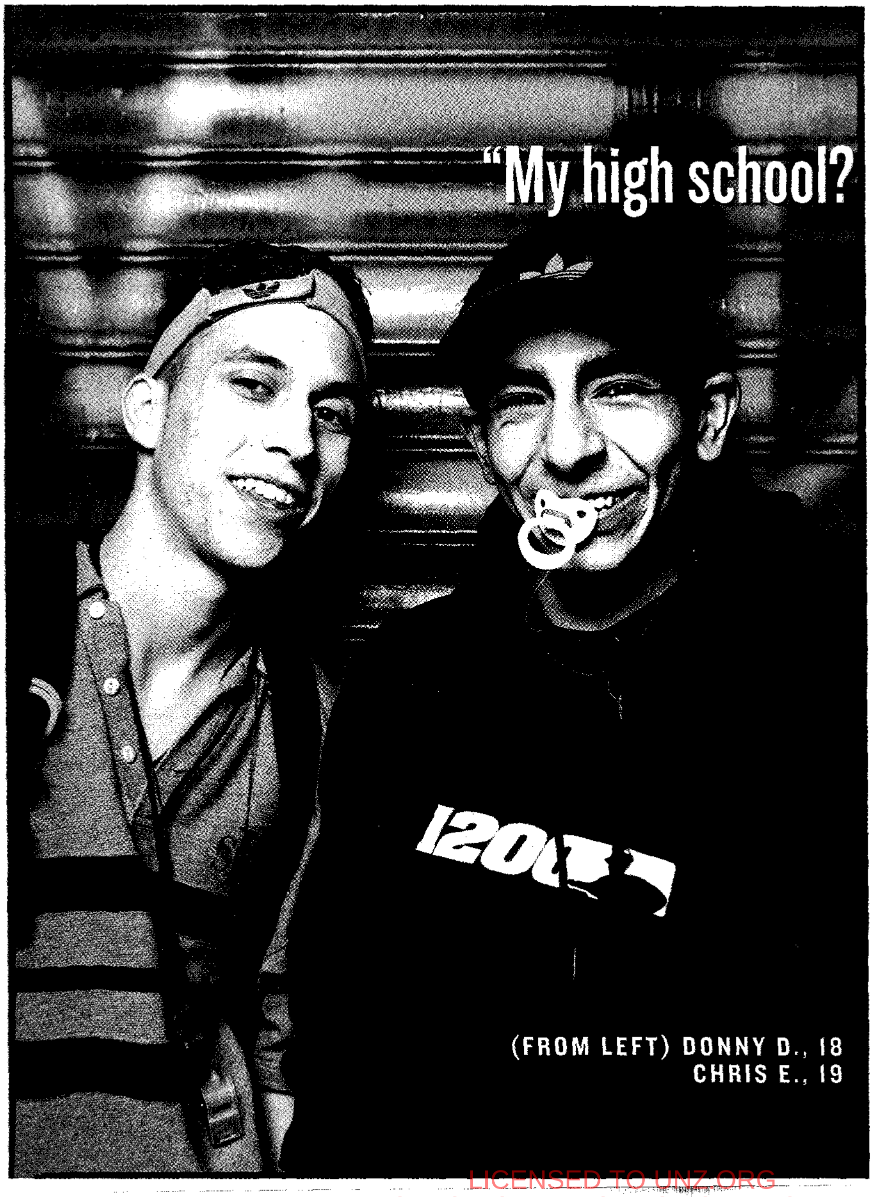
What happens when the modern world—goth style, Pokémon, God knows what—takes hold of your children? Well, of course, you worry.

BY MARK JACOBSON

IT IS NOT YOUR TYPICAL LATE AFTERNOON here in the living room of the Brooklyn homestead *con der kinder.* The usual parental bleating about going outside, getting some exercise, doing homework, walking the dog, etc., etc., has been temporarily suspended. The TV's on, sure, but this time tuned to CNN. My two daughters, one teenager and one near teen, are transfixed, watching the Columbine massacre. Again and again they see footage of the students running from the besieged school, hands on their heads, bolting across the well-kept lawn. Over and over the stories of the library shootings are told, how Harris and Klebold, TEC-9 and shotguns in hand, canvassed the terrified students, demanding to know who believed in God and who did not. "There is no God," one of them said, and fired, point-blank.

On it pours from the Hitachi, the soul-shredding thrum of crying students, grieving parents, congressmen calling for action and/or compassion, reporters filling time. But my daughters, who have so often claimed boredom in any circumstance, can't get enough. They eat dinner in front of the set, fearful they will miss a single recap. In a tangential, contained way, it's like when Kennedy was shot and another crop of teenagers listened to Chet Huntley and Walter Cronkite intone those same things about Oswald and Ruby a thousand times until they became ritual knowledge, mantras to be repeated and carried about for a lifetime.

"My high school? You ever seen the movi



(FROM LEFT) DONNY D., 18
CHRIS E., 19

All hell breaks loose in different ways, for different generations. Thirty-six years after the grassy knoll (21 past Jonestown), my daughters walk seemingly endless high-school hallways fraught with adolescent terrors real and imagined, and now the nightmare of Columbine belongs to them.

"I can't believe it," my older daughter says, black-shadowed eyes glued to the tube. As a goth partisan and ardent adherent to the Cobainian–Anne Rice necro-Goddesshead, her first reaction was to be pissed that the media creeps had assigned the Trench Coat Mafia to her chosen fashion bag. Soon, however, the repeated viewings of the dead and wounded reduced her to a numbed, stumped silence. Littleton, Colorado, might be some rich-kid suburb, a million psychic miles from hanging out on St. Marks Place, but to the extent that youth cements a bond, these students, victims and killers both, were my daughter's People. And yet, knowing all she knows about the horrors of high-school personal politics (including the far-from-abnormal fantasies of leaving the place a smoking hole), the disaster remained a mystery, even to her.

SO NOW WE'RE INTO BLAME. AFFIXING root causes. Outside of the sick kids who did the shooting, what elements of society can be held responsible for this climate of violence that, after numerous other similar incidents, has reached critical mass out there in Colorado? The usual suspects have long since been rounded up. Littleton SWAT teams may have frozen, but bow-tie-wearing *millennialistas* have been on the scene like a ball of heat. It is grim amusement to listen to corporate purveyors of the scuzzy pop culture (of which I am certainly one, being an occasional rewriter of movies full of needless death) mount defenses similar to the usual NRA fallback position: Just as guns don't pull their own triggers, it's not the foul TV shows and movies that kill but the people who watch them. Well, sure. Who are we to mess with the market, not to mention the First (and Second) Amendment. If video games in which the goal is to kill as many people as possible constitute an enhanced Coney Island shooting gallery, complete with portentous techno soundtrack, and this proves fatally seductive to a segment of the overly suggestible demographic, isn't this just the chance we have to take to live in the Land of the Fee?

Business is business. Who knows what really went through the mind of Eric Harris as he rolled strikes in his 6:15 A.M. bowling class on the morning of the murders. But if the culture has so heavily invested in the empowerment of youth (and youthful spending) that kids have actually come to believe that, yeah, just like on any grown-up-devoid WB show, they are firmly in control and call the shots—is there anything to be done except let the impulsive, highly hormonal chips fall where they may? The latent Humberts among us might like those budding hard bodies on the tube, but there seems to be a cost in ceding the cultural landscape to the wrinkle-free. It was lies, all lies, but what ever happened to the days when Father Knew Best? Back then, as a zombie teen, I used to delight as Paladin, of *Have Gun Will Travel,* gunned his way through the West. But Paladin was a grown-up bounty killer, with world-weary, adult remorse at the fulfillment of the nasty but necessary commitments of his job.

So, when Dylan Klebold's distraught father (who had referred to his son as "pure normal") says, "Our society feeds off our children," who can argue?

In our clueless, blunted authority, we're into panic mode. Shoe on the other foot, it's *Reefer Madness* all over again. We rail at the Internet, as if it's one giant Loompanics catalogue chocked with bomb recipes like Betty Crocker. We chastise Clinton, only one of us, after all, who sets such a slack example. There's no respect in the nation, I tell you. A breakdown of religious discipline. Trouble right here in River City. What ever happened to good old repression, anyway? Is the "Just do it" ethic a tad out of control?

Rationalizations 'R' us. But what else is left? Rekindling the notion of the Bad Seed? The acceptance of palpable evil in our midst? More remakes of *Village of the Damned*? Then, of course, there is Hitler, ever the hardy perennial. It was almost astounding that in its earliest coverage, the New York *Times* was slow to mention that the shooting occurred on Hitler's birthday. Seems as if the Hitler awareness, to tap into the DeLilloesque mystique that much of the Littleton incident recalls, was flagging at the newspaper of record. Despite 420's recent codification as a street moniker for marijuana and the ominous specter of four and twenty blackbirds flocking from pies, April 20 had slipped as an infamous date in the public brainpan. If the killings had happened only a day earlier, on April 19, likely the Waco–Oklahoma City correlations would have made the opening graphs.

The mind of the parental unit reels. Just the other day, as my daughters were watching the Columbine coverage, my 9-year-old son sat at the dining-room table with four of his friends. Game Boys linked, they were electronically transferring Pokémons, the Japanese animation characters (a.k.a. Pocket Monsters) that are all the rage with their bunch. Indeed, in that day's *Times,* with Columbine dominating above the fold, another story told of how Nintendo had made billions from Pokémon, the cartoon-show-and-action-figure complex recently held responsible for the alleged inducement of epileptic fits among youthful Japanese TV watchers. This said, compared with some of the other body-count extravaganzas my son has run up on the screen, Pokémon is pretty benign. The idea is to be an honorable, nurturing sensei for your menagerie of weird little creatures—not just to teach them to fight like cybercocks but also to help them evolve onward to a more ennobled state.

Yet who really knows about these things? As any old pinball wizard who could never beat a single level of Asteroids can tell you, if there's a *Time*-mag-style generation gap fomenting, it is a disparity in hand-eye coordination as much anything of the mind or heart. Things are hooked up different these days. Needless to say, I have read over my son's Pokémon manuals and still can't grok the methodology by which Charmander, the baby "fire" Pokémon, mutates into Charizard, a 200-pound monster whose breath can melt boulders.

I watch my son and his e-coven of friends conduct their cyberséance and wonder: Who knows what malignancy lurks in the heart of the Poké-matrix? If, as it is fashionable to say now, memes (what used to be called ideas) travel like viruses, contagious and fast-acting like Melissa or Ebola, could not Pokémon, shiny, bright, and preternaturally popular, be the perfect surreptitious vector for such infection? Was this the transfer happening at my own kitchen table, a controlling *Manchurian Candidate* virus being downloaded into the wetwear of my own son and his buddies at this very moment? How long would it take for this murderous brainwashing to germinate? What kind of school-annihilating hardware might be available by the time this virus came full-blown?

Likely, by the time this next upgrade of teenage Frankensteins hatch out, their programming will be too well refined for them to exhibit such warning signs as watching *Natural Born Killers* twenty times in a row, or sharding up hundreds of Coke bottles for shrapnel like a personal Kristallnacht. Ever since teenagers were invented, back in the days of Elvis, they've been perceived as a kind of (self-propagating) Other. A separate adolescent species. Them of the dirty room, them of the smart mouth, them who cut classes. Them who once sat in your lap and now can't stand the sight of you. Them.

HERE IN THE CITY, WE PRIDE OURselves on at least partial immunity from these meme-loaded violence tropes. It might have been part of Eric Harris's master plan to hijack a jet plane and crash it into midtown Manhattan, but here there is a sense that we New Yorkers are too practical, too hard-bitten, for Columbine-style psycho-killing. If someone stabs you for lunch money, shoots you because you're black and they're a cop, well, that's earthly old New York. Saucer-freak suicides and role-playing pseudo-soldiers are not our style.

Yet the other day I found myself driving over to the William McKinley Intermedi-

ds? That's my high school. As soon as you walk in there, there's beef. You know it's real."

ate School in Bay Ridge, where it was alleged that five Chinese eighth-graders, all of them in the top "E"-tracked classes, had plotted to blow up the building on graduation day. The five were also supposed to have compiled a "hit list" marking many of their classmates for death. The plans were overheard in the cafeteria, and police from the 68th Precinct arrested the kids, which led to much bewildered hand-wringing in the nearby Chinese community, known more for producing quiet, Stuyvesant-bound achievers (as these kids were—the band teacher, clearly distressed, bemoaned, "I'm out my best trumpet players!") than mad bombers. In the wake of Columbine, the media descended on William McKinley, one of only two intermediate schools in Brooklyn named after an assassinated president. Before the 2:45 dismissal, as blue-haired ladies in large plastic glasses made their way along the sidewalk, the mid-spring Bay Ridge sky was cluttered with news-truck trees.

The students were equally poised. Well versed in the nuances of the Colorado coverage, they jostled for camera position and delivered their lines. The whole thing was "a big surprise," said one 14-year-old, because even if the supposed bombers were "outsiders and unpopular," they "weren't *that* unpopular. . . . You know, they were hated, but they weren't *that* hated." No one "ever thought they'd do anything like this." Later, it was said the so-called bomb might have been little more than a Gilbert-chemistry-set-style assemblage of vinegar and baking soda. And despite several kids' running around screaming "I'm on the hit list!," that, too, might have been "a joke." This isn't to make light of the situation at McKinley—the threat, in context, was real, the reaction efficient and emotionally genuine. But there was a deadening lack of surprise in how absolutely, how instantaneously—faster than a speeding e-mail—the language and tenor of Columbine had transmuted to *dese*-and-*dose* Bay Ridge.

"No more pencils, no more books, no more teachers' dirty looks" has gone ballistic. "Copycat" incidents multiply. The meme moves on. Standing on the steps of the William McKinley School as the media swarmed, Vincent Grippo, head of School District 20, said, "It's not the system; it's the society." It's comments like that that recall motorcyclist Marlon Brando's being asked what he was rebelling against and answering, "What have you got?" Indeed, the horrific details of Harris and Klebold's rampage aside, there's been an undeniable current of sympathy for the murderers. As many times as the memorial crosses for Harris and Klebold in Jefferson County's Clement Park were ripped down by the grieving and angry, someone put them back up again. The gnawing fact is, like the people they killed, Harris and Klebold were only kids. Somewhere, somehow, along the line they should have been protected, or slapped—anything.

IN THE END, THAT'S WHAT IT COMES BACK to, kids and parents. Last week I was riding uptown on the No. 6 train and saw a woman reading a book called *Get out of My Life, But First Could You Drive Me and Cheryl to the Mall,* by Dr. Anthony Wolf, which, as many parents of teens know, is one of the better manuals on how to live with the teenage Frankenstein in your midst. The woman's eyes and mine met; we acknowledged the presence of the book and sighed. Nothing needed to be said.

Still, I doubt Dr. Wolf's book would have been much help to Mr. Thomas Klebold of Littleton, Colorado. In all this, I think of him most. Geophysicist; arguer for gun control; married to the former Susan Yassenoff, whose grandfather endowed the biggest Jewish community center in Columbus, Ohio, Klebold named one son for Lord Byron and the other after Dylan Thomas. Off the bare surface, he doesn't sound so alien; the fellow father imagines himself having a pleasant, even far-ranging conversation with Mr. Klebold. Yet his son turned out to be a Jewish Nazi mass murderer. To think of Mr. Klebold's grief is to swallow hard and walk shakily away.

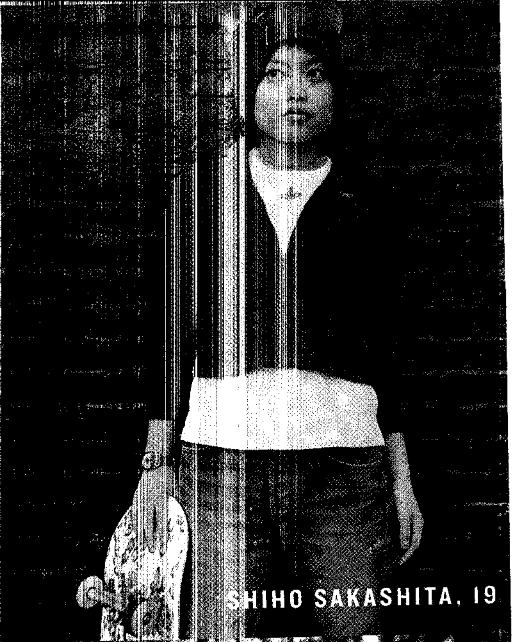
THE OTHER NIGHT I TOLD MY DAUGHTER that since the Columbine massacre, the sale of columbine seeds has increased tenfold in some places around the country. Not that she cared, much. We were in a cab, going to a club called the Bank, a hangout for her goth crew, and I was far from an invited party. She was too busy arranging her black tights, black coat, black shirt, and black eye makeup to care much about the sales of pink and purple flowers. Despite reporting the mordant graffiti found on her high-school wall—15 JOCKS GOT KILLED IN COLORADO AND ALL I GOT WAS THIS LOUSY TRENCH COAT—she was still mad that the media morons continued to associate Klebold and Harris with goths. "They said they got ideas from the lyrics of KMFDM," my daughter railed. "That's so stupid. Half the stuff the band says is in German and no one can understand it anyhow, so you know that's not true." Then she said it was time for me to split, because there was no way she was going into the Bank with her dad.

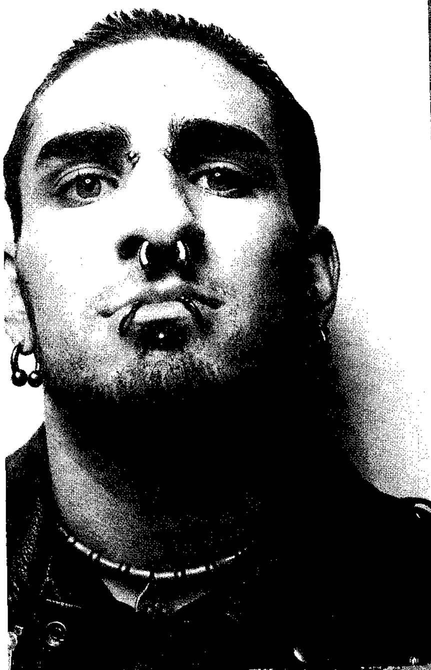
And let me say: I didn't feel so good about it, watching my daughter standing there with her subculturist friends, all of whom seemed very nice even if made up like a brace of Morticias. No, it didn't feel good at all seeing my daughter waiting on line to enter a club on Houston Street, past eleven o'clock, in her black velvet coat, those homie boys checking her out. But I'd already said okay, and there wasn't any going back now, not without the most egregious of scenes. Then the bouncer, an obligatorily fearsome Mr. Five-by-Five, parted the rope and the line began to move. Industrial blare tumulted from the door. Already having waved good-bye, my daughter stood with her back to me, paused in the vestibule, awaiting entry. An orange light shone down from the ceiling upon her hair. From the day she was born, she has always had very beautiful hair. People remarked on it, always. Through all these years, her hair has never been cut. She just lets it grow, and it is beautiful still, long and shiny, hanging down. When we're battling, as we are so often during these teenage times, I forget how beautiful her hair is, and how beautiful she is. But now, the orange light pouring down, the luminousness could not be missed. She just shone. And then the bouncer beckoned again, and my daughter entered the club, disappearing into darkness filled with noise. It was a moment to take a deep breath. Because you never know. ■

"To be honest, when I first heard about it, part of me felt like, 'yay!' This is what every outcast kid has been dreaming about doing since freshman year." KYLE MERCURY, 19>

[illegible] SAMPSON, 19

[illegible] (RARE BEAR) IGU[illegible]


SHIHO SAKASHITA, 19



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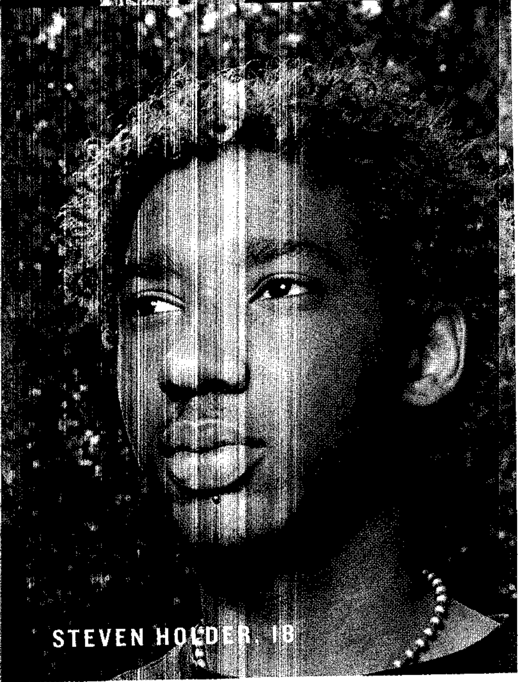

STEVEN HOLDER, 18

JENNY LEE, 19

JOHN HOLCOMB, 14

GEORGE SANTÉ, 18

Why Your Kids Know More About the FUTURE Than You Do

Is the Internet changing kids in mysterious, potentially dangerous ways? Certainly. And soon enough, it will change you too.

BY MICHAEL WOLFF

IT COULD BE THAT CHAT KILLS PEOPLE. The unfettered expression of fantasy—and worse, the automatic search function that links your fantasy to like-minded ones—so exacerbates a wacko predisposition (and what teenager doesn't have a wacko predisposition?) that cyberchat, rather than guns, is the real cause of teen mayhem, Charlton Heston and friends might argue.

Of course, teen mayhem and teen media have always had a close connection, at least in the minds of news magazines, morality self-promoters, and parents at wit's end.

The Columbine killings—with chat rooms, Websites, multiplayer games, and the general weirdness and unknownness of the Internet taking the rap—represent something of a new-media rite of passage. Such finger-pointing is always about selecting a target that you can't miss. So what's really being said is that new media is big media, that it's everywhere, and that, by virtue of its sudden, shocking ubiquity, along with its disconcerting newness, there's a pretty good chance it has something to do with what's going wrong.

While this is not an intelligent analysis, that doesn't make it any less true. As Internet media becomes pervasive media—pervasive like rock and roll—it will no doubt precipitate a shift in teen personality, behavior, aspirations (not to mention parental relationships). In other words, here we go again.

I was the parent brought in to talk about the Internet on Media Day at my daughter's high school last week. I tried to suggest beforehand that these kids probably didn't need a parent to talk about the Internet. Newspapers, sure—get an editor. Television—get a producer. But the Internet, unless you wanted to get an investment banker to talk about IPOs, seems, at least for teenagers, self-evident. The school, though, was determined to have an expert (me).

Well, I tried to broach the subject of the power of this new medium with the story of a media mom (quite a megamedia mom, at that) who, over lunch with me, was really vociferous about the evil of the Internet: It was like a drug; it entrapped kids; obviously there was a parental responsibility to draw the line somewhere against threats to our children's innocence. When pressed, however, for an explanation about the extreme nature of her views, this heretofore-liberal media executive admitted she was feeling particularly uncharitable because the Secret Service had visited her home in Brooklyn after her teenage son threatened the president on AOL.

There was a sudden wave of tittering from my daughter's classmates and furtive looks. The Secret Service, it seems, had just shown up at this school. Someone here, from the computer room, had threatened the president, too.

What are we to make of this? Is it meaningful or meaningless? Does the Secret Service run a search bot on key words related to presidential death threats? Should every high school be running its own malcontent search engine? Can technology distinguish lethal threats from idle ones? Count on it: Someone's already speccing the code and writing the business plan.

Then there were the milder reports from this teen frontier: From sensory and narrative recombinations (simultaneous chat, television, and phone) to lame and ineffectual parental controls ("My friend is so addicted that when her parents took away her AOL privileges, her friends had to give her screen names") to new social sensitivities ("I mean, I might not like the person in real life, but, like, they're really great to chat with") to a novel perspective for Manhattan kids ("Like, everybody's from Ohio") to the real attraction ("You can just relax, be yourself, like, be in your own world").

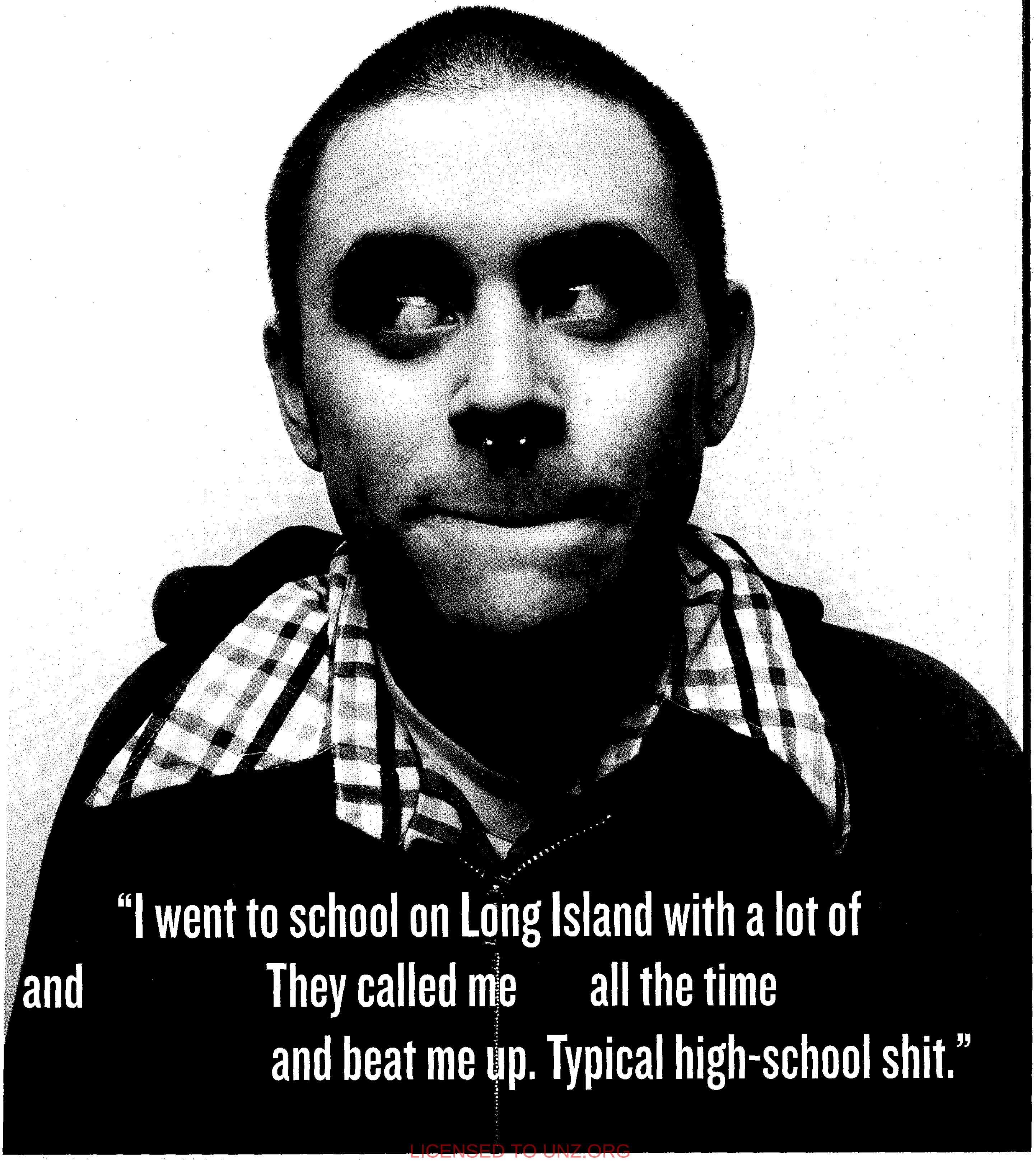
And then there were the teachers' facial expressions—in this mirror you really see the shock of the new. Could they express any more vividly their distaste and incomprehension? As much, I suppose, as you can count on teens acting like teens, you can expect teachers to act like teachers. What scowls!

ALL MEDIA, OR ALL MASS MEDIA, ARE teen media. If you can't appeal to teens, you don't have a mass-media business model. You need teen obsessiveness, the market power of teen compulsion. To get at it, you have to offer something forbidden; some taboo has to get broken: It's evident in the lovely, sensuous, compelling voyeurism of films, or the crossing of racial lines with rock, or the sloth of television, or porn on home video. Now the Internet comes along, letting you circumvent one of the strictest taboos of all: It lets you talk to strangers. What's more, it gives you technology that lets you custom-select a stranger (or the stranger to select you). These aren't random, off-the-rack strangers. Hell, no. These are strangers who share your darkest secrets, your most nagging itches, your most violent inclinations. If you're a Quake fan, or a Hitler aficionado, or a pipe-bomb enthusiast, you could have found Eric Harris and sent him an instant message: "Hey, what's up, man? Got any A.H. birthday plans?"

Strangers in cyberspace have all the advantages of imaginary friends—you can imbue them with any characteristics you want to imbue them with—without the overriding disadvantage that they don't exist. Online, your imaginary friend really talks back. The realness, or potential realness, is part of the compulsion here: Whenever you want, you can take this unreal world and make it real. It is sci-fi in its dimensions. You have this fantasy; you've developed it, plotted it, played it out. Now you have the power to keep it a fantasy—or make it real. At this moment, at malls across the country, at Bennigan's and Quality Inns, there are men and women—and boys and girls—imaginary friends, anxiously waiting for each other.

But, in fact, the desire to make it real is probably not the *(continued on page 85)*

MICHAEL WAKA, 19



"I went to school on Long Island with a lot of
and They called me all the time
and beat me up. Typical high-school shit."

Why NEW YORK Kids Say It Couldn't Happen Here

To many Manhattan high-school students, the hatred and cruelty in Colorado are unthinkable: The city itself teaches tolerance. **BY NANCY JO SALES**

THEY'D MET FOR THE FIRST TIME IN Washington Square Park that day; they had no real plans until they hooked up, and then suddenly this seemed like the thing to do. One kid was white, one black, one Puerto Rican, one Dominican; but it wouldn't have occurred to them to characterize themselves that way. They might have said "the kid with the tongue stud." Now they were together at Johnny Rockets, a diner on 8th Street with a fifties theme, "At the Hop" playing and everything in shiny chrome. In the fifties, these kids might not have been able to sit together at a diner, sharing a plate of fries, but that also wasn't part of their worldview.

I asked them what they thought about what happened at Columbine High.

"A lot of people in my school are saying they shouldn't blame the media or Marilyn Manson; they should blame the kids in that school because they were the ones who put the boundaries and the segregation between the kids, man," said Sylvia Dejesus. She was Puerto Rican and a senior at Humanities Preparatory Academy; she wore her hair straight and black, like Madonna's new style, and had on a T-shirt that said MASTERBATE, with a picture of Pee-Wee Herman ("They shouldn't have arrested him for *that*," she said). "I mean, you can't blame the *dead* kids, but the kids as a whole had a bunch of cliques."

"New York is so great. I hang out with punk kids, techno kids, an
goth friends are against techno, and m

"Our school has cliques and whatnot," said Ted Rourke, the white kid, also a senior at Humanities. "But we don't have those kind of dividing lines and hostility." He and Sylvia had decided that since neither of them had dates for the prom yet, they would go together.

"We just say 'wassup' to everybody," said Sylvia. "Like, who cares if you're a goth? Who cares if you're dressed in hip-hoppish clothes? I'm sorry, but I have to defend the goths. The people that I know who are goths, they listen to their depressing music like the Smiths, but that doesn't mean they go around shooting and slicing people because they feel *depressed*."

"We don't have that same kind of atmosphere in New York like in a jock-type school in a football town," said Nicolas Peralta. He was black, and the kid with the tongue stud. "There's not so much pressure to conform here. It's a pretty good city," he added.

"There's, what do you call it, a lot of outlets where people could express how they are—creative outlets," said Sylvia.

"That's why the Village is so cool," said Uwvie (*ooh-vee-ay*) Ibanez, the Dominican. "Around here, no matter how you dress or what kind of lifestyle you lead, everybody's fine with it. Nobody puts you down."

"It's, like, in New York City," said Ted, "there's so much to do. You get to walk down the streets, you see all kinds of people, there's variety everywhere. In Colorado, there's nothing going on—those kids just download a bunch of stuff from the Internet and watch TV. There's nothing to look at but houses and grass and trees—"

"Extra-large trees," said Nicolas. "Here it's so different. Like, I look at the high-school shows on TV or movies like *The Faculty*, and I sit there thinking, I don't have a *locker*. We don't have varsity teams, there's no parking lots at our school—"

Ted said, "We don't have a 300-acre football field."

"Those things just seem to add to the boundaries between people," said Uwvie. "Like, who gets to play on that football field? Like, when they have jocks who think they have to beat up on the nerds—"

"They feel macho," said Sylvia, frowning. "They feel like they're in control and others are weaker than them."

"They become like gangs, basically," said Uwvie.

"Oh, we have *gangs*," said Sylvia, flipping back her hair. "Like the Bloods and the Crips and the Latin Kings? But they just fight amongst themselves."

"People never fight in our school," said Nicolas, "unless it's over some really stupid stuff, like *Oh, you stepped on my shoes.*"

They laughed. They talked some more, but they couldn't decide, finally, what they really thought it was that made Eric Harris and Dylan Klebold do what they did. But they were in agreement on one thing, that it was unlikely it would ever happen in New York.

"*We* go on the Internet, *we* play video games," said Uwvie. "Look, we have one right here."

"It's a little fighting game," said Nicolas, producing a Game Boy from the pocket of his jeans.

"It's ruining his mind," said Uwvie.

"Erase it!" said Ted.

"I seriously don't get the urge to buy guns from this," said Nicolas. Attracted by the screen, he started thumbing the knobs.

"Watch out, now he's going to kill!"

"I don't think it was those kids in that school's fault or anyone who got killed's," said Nicolas, playing his video game. "There's just some common sense that says you don't solve a problem with a bomb."

DAVID WEXLER AND DOUG MISHKIN, both 16, were headed east on 86th Street that same drizzly afternoon. They were students at Trinity and Dalton, respectively. Both were white; they had short, brushed-back hair and clothes much like Nicolas, Ted, and Uwvie's: baggy jeans, jazzy sneakers, fleece. They were on their way to HMV to pick up some music; David wanted to get the *Pulp Fiction* soundtrack, and Doug was going to buy the new Busta Rhymes.

"That thing in Colorado," David was saying, "I don't think it could happen at our school. I think the kids in New York are more normal. Those kids in Colorado . . . they had *issues*."

"Actually, the first thing I heard someone say about it," said Doug, "was, 'I'm never gonna be mean to the outcasts again!' "

The "outcasts" in their schools, they said, were called Herbs, a term they both seemed uncomfortable with.

"It's a kid who has no friends," David said hesitantly. "And either acts stupid or they can't handle themselves."

"Clothes can be a big thing," Doug said, "but only if it's *extreme*—"

"Like, you wouldn't be a Herb if you didn't wear designer things. Only if it was something *really* weird, like flower pants with things hanging off of them," said David.

"Like college shirts, tight stuff sometimes," said Doug. "Stuff that doesn't look that normal, just because what the style happens to be is baggy and loose-fitting clothes."

Tight, however, they agreed, was okay for girls.

th kids. But my
chno friends are against goth."

"The Herbs in our school play cards a lot—bridge—they have a bridge club," said David. "It's weird. They don't gamble; they just play bridge at lunch and during all their free periods."

"It's hard to put your finger on what it is that makes somebody a Herb," Doug said. "It's kids that lack self-confidence, or they're always trying to get themselves involved with other groups when they're clearly not wanted there. They're annoying, I guess; perhaps they're needy . . ."

He was looking more and more like he wished he hadn't said all that, or like maybe he didn't want all that to exist. "The boundaries aren't that clear at our school," he added quickly. "We have a lot of diverse groups hanging out . . ."

"There are people who get teased and picked on," said David.

"Yeah," said Doug, "but it's more behind-the-back than to their *face*. If kids don't like other kids, they just won't hang out with them, or won't talk to them. They just steer clear of them. The Herbs have their own group of friends they can do stuff with on the weekends. It's not like they're all alone . . ."

He looked a bit pained. "I mean, I think they must think about how they're not invited and stuff, but I don't think they think about it to the point where they . . . could do something like *that*."

'WHEN I HEARD ABOUT IT, THE first thing I thought was how many times I wanted to do it," said the boy I met on lower Broadway. He was tall, thin, and pale, with jet-black hair and large eyes, large lips.

"I've wanted to do it—seriously, I have," he said softly, standing under the awning of a building to *(continued on page 96)*

MISAKI ARAKAWA

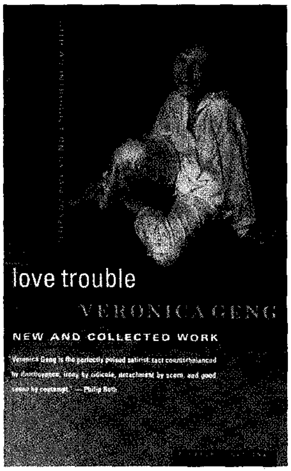
Be

Humor
came Her

As a new collection shows, Veronica Geng was among the funniest writers of her generation. When she died, the New York literary world lost one of its most alluring (and difficult) figures.

By Jennifer Senior • Photograph By Sara Barrett

THE DAY AFTER VERONICA GENG LOST CONSCIOUSNESS AND collapsed in her tiny apartment on the Upper East Side, Roy Blount Jr. went to visit her in the hospital and found her lying on a gurney in the hallway, doped up and waiting for a CT scan. She brightened when she saw him, waved, and summoned a woozy smile. "I think a blue jay dropped an acorn in my brain," she said. • In fact, the tumor was much larger than an acorn by then. After seeing the results of the scan, Richard Fraser, the neurosurgeon-in-chief at New York Hospital, took Geng aside and explained: She had a grapefruit-size mass on her right temporal lobe. It had all the implacable signs of being malignant. She required immediate surgery, plus a rigorous follow-up program of radiation and chemotherapy, if she could handle it. • Geng started to shake. How much pain would she be in? Less than she probably imagined, he told her. Would she lose her hair? Possibly. And was she going to die? • Fraser hesitated. His patient was 55 years old, single, and without health insurance since her abrupt departure four years earlier from *The New Yorker,* where she'd been an influential editor and one of the magazine's more idiosyncratic writers. And she'd just told him she felt terrified and lonely. • So he dodged the question. He told her that all of us die. "I sensed she didn't want an honest answer," Fraser explains, a trifle uneasily. "One of the worst things you can do to a patient is remove their hope." • Geng, whose corkscrew imagination and steeply angled worldview sometimes prevented her from seeing situations for what they really were, this time seemed to understand what her doctor was trying to tell her. She responded by doing something none of her friends would ever see her do, not once over the course of a thirteen-month illness: She cried. • Geng died on Christmas Eve, 1997, as tough a cancer patient as she was a writer and editor. A onetime boyfriend and longtime confidant, the photographer James Hamilton, organized the memorial at a funeral parlor in Little Italy whose neo-Corleone décor would surely have appealed to Geng's



perverse sense of humor. It was attended mostly by *New Yorker* people and literary celebrities, including Blount, Calvin Trillin, Jamaica Kincaid, and Philip Roth. No one presided. No one knew whether it was appropriate to speak. Some weren't even sure whether Geng would have wanted them there.

"After the burial, some of us were exchanging dates when she'd stopped speaking to us," recalls Kincaid. "It was kind of like a club." The outspoken novelist also marched up to Mark Singer, one of Geng's former lovers and still a staff writer at *The New Yorker.* "I want you to go back to the office," she commanded, "and tell Tina Brown that she, personally, *killed* Veronica."

He didn't, of course. But Kincaid's interesting accusation did have a kind of metaphorical potency. Geng began working for *The New Yorker* in 1976, when the magazine still valiantly published epic monographs about orange crops, and the office still felt like a dysfunctional faculty lounge, with William Shawn as the presiding dean. Writers considered Geng one of the magazine's most skilled and intuitive fiction editors. Frederick Barthelme, Milan Kundera, William Trevor, Tom Drury, and James McCourt all flourished under her care, and Philip Roth entrusted her with almost everything he wrote, both for *The New Yorker* and beyond.

But *New Yorker* readers knew Geng as a writer of arch, onion-layered humor pieces, a genre known internally as "casuals." Geng's were anything but. "They felt as if they were created in a laboratory or an institute for advanced studies," says Kurt Andersen, a current *New Yorker* writer and former editor-in-chief of *Spy* (and of this magazine). "They were funny, but they seemed like a mathematical achievement."

Like George W.S. Trow and Harold Brodkey, Geng was one of the writers Shawn hired during the sixties and seventies whose work was extravagantly intelligent but not always intelligible—"extreme writers," as his successor, Robert Gottlieb, so aptly called them, who would require time and faith to develop a constituency. Shawn's confidence in them was tantamount to tenure at a university, allowing, in Geng's case, a kind of academic jauntiness to bloom during an era when smart-ass humor otherwise prevailed. While *National Lampoon* was running boisterous essays on the virtues of snorting coke while driving, Geng was doing high-concept pieces about military spending and Chairman Mao. While *Spy* was snacking on vulgarian overdogs like Donald Trump and Madonna, Geng was holding forth on staphylococcus germs.

"She really embodied this idea of a commitment to a writer," says Andersen. "And God, what any writer wouldn't give for that kind of commitment now. I think *The New Yorker* under Shawn was the last moment when that existed in commercial magazines."

That commitment, in Geng's view, disappeared once Tina Brown took over *The New Yorker* in September 1992. Four months later, Geng was out of a job.

This week, Mariner Books comes out with *Love Trouble,* a compilation of Geng's collected and uncollected work, parts of which will be read aloud by her friends—including Kincaid, Blount, Ian Frazier, and Fran Lebowitz—on Thursday, May 13, at Rizzoli on West Broadway. The book reflects a wide range of Geng's interests and preoccupations: William Faulkner. Billy Wilder. The Mets. The mob. The Pentagon. But it also conceals as much as it reveals. Geng preferred other people's voices to her own and crawled into them with merciless precision, exploiting their styles for the tipsiest conceits: She used the voice of a rock critic to review tapes from the Nixon White House ("indictably undanceable") and the voice of a wine critic to review explosives ("boasting complex overtones of potassium nitrate"). She reimagined the NBC sitcom *James at 16* as a series about Henry James as an angst-ridden teenager. In perhaps her most famous essay, "Love Trouble Is My Business," she crammed the words "Mr. Reagan" and "read Proust" into every single sentence.

"She was the conceptual opposite of a stand-up comic," says Marilyn Suzanne Miller, a pioneer writer for *Saturday Night Live.* "She was a lie-down comic. You had to lie down to read her stuff, because it wasn't short and it wasn't to the point. That was its beauty." And its burden: Geng can be so obscure it sometimes feels as if she's writing not for the reader's amusement but for her own. "Lots of times, what she writes is like a dog whistle," says Blount. "I can't quite hear it. I'm not that good a dog."

At the funeral, Blount read aloud from "Jim Baker's Bluejay Yarn," a Mark Twain story that Geng loved. It's about a blue jay that keeps dropping acorns through a knothole in the roof of an abandoned home—dropping them, dropping them, not realizing the space below is too cavernous to be fathomed or filled.

AT PARTIES, VERONICA GENG was the one leaning against the wall, tantalizingly dragging on a cigarette. She kept her friendships discrete, discussed her private life only obliquely, and preferred listening to talking. "I never knew anyone who could be silent in that way," says Frazier, who joined *The New Yorker* two years before Geng and quit two years after she left. "This stupid thing you just said would be *sitting* on a dais right in front of you."

"She said she d

Geng was born in Atlanta in 1941, the daughter of a career Army officer in the quartermaster corps. She grew up in a middle-class neighborhood in Philadelphia and survived Catholic school by standing on chairs and entertaining her classmates with impressions of the nuns. Her father moved the family to Germany when she was a teenager, providing his daughter with enough fodder for a lifetime's worth of nutty asides. (Frazier's favorite: "Wiesbaden? Oh, we used to play them in basketball.") Geng moved back to attend the University of Pennsylvania, then headed to New York to be a writer.

These details are just about all anyone knows about Geng's family or early life. She almost never mentioned her mother, who died of breast cancer when Geng was a young woman, and she mentioned her father only occasionally, though enough to convey what a bullying and narrowly rational creature she considered him. She froze out her brother several years before she died. He was HIV-positive, having problems with substance abuse, and drifting in and out of trouble. His whereabouts today are unknown.

Singer thinks Geng's childhood is almost beside the point—or at any rate a less interesting perspective from which to approach her than others—and proposes an alternative. "People were very forgiving of Veronica," he notes. "You should figure out why."

Photograph by James Hamilton.

EXTREME WRITER: Geng, at far left, with Pauline Kael and Roy Blount in June 1985.

want to get married. I think she liked being a mistress. ”

GENG HAD ONE OF THE MOST hypnotic personalities in literary New York. To men, she was like catnip: smoky voice, an even smokier erotic imagination, great gams. "She was one of the most feminine women I ever met," says Singer. "In her posture, her figure, her walk . . ." Her walk? "She walked the way a really swishy guy walked," he explains. "It looked good on her."

Seduction thrilled her. There were actors, rock stars, writers, even a professional baseball player. She categorically rejected the notion of promiscuity and said she had no patience for sexual jealousy. During the seventies, while dating writer Hendrik Hertzberg, she fired off a letter to his on-again-off-again girlfriend Karen Durbin, proposing that they write a book about two women on opposite points of a love triangle. "It had a certain wacky charm," confesses Durbin, who later became editor of *The Village Voice.* "But it sounded to me like hell on earth. And besides," she adds, "it wasn't a triangle. Rick was running wild back then—you'd be better off imagining an octagon."

During the seventies, Geng also slept with one of the prime-cut hunks of Hollywood—a hunk with very powerful libel lawyers—unleashing such an inquisitive outpouring from her friends that she had to make a rule. "We could ask only two questions about it," says Miller. "It was the green-stamps version."

But Geng was also a woman's woman—someone who burrowed into her work, kept secrets, shopped with glee, cooked with flair, and tenderly looked after her friends' kids. And as sociable as she was, she sought out and lived an independent literary existence, taking pleasure in her solitude in an almost sensual way. Most of her adult life was spent in the same one-bedroom, rent-controlled apartment on East 64th Street, and it was marked by only one long-term relationship—with Hamilton, during the mid-eighties. "She was one of the first women I'd ever heard say that she didn't want to get married," says Ruth Adams Bronz, who knew Geng for 34 years. "I think she liked being a mistress."

It was a courageous decision to live this way, if in fact it was a decision at all. As Frazier points out, Geng wouldn't have written what and how she did if she had been a wife and mother of three. "It's like wondering who Nureyev would have been," he says, "if he'd been out mowing the lawn every Sunday."

ALL OF US ARE DEFINED BY OUR passions. Geng was defined by hers more than most. "When she was interested in something," says Peter Schjeldahl, the art critic for *The New Yorker,* "she made you feel as if she'd discovered it. She convinced me she'd discovered baseball."

Geng also discovered George Balanchine and Frank Ku-umba Lacy. And salsa music and the Atlantic Theater Company. If Geng liked a book, she was evangelical about it. If *The New Yorker* failed to publish people Geng believed in, she gave the fiction editor hell.

But Geng also wrote brutal rejection letters, periodically accused her charges (Philip Roth included) of being asleep while writing, and once casually dismissed one of Frazier's pieces in a five-word sentence: "I never read Bible parodies." Editors would sooner have had an organ removed than quarrel with her about her manuscripts, and she could be a tyrant even in casual conversation. "Once she cut me dead so conspicuously I couldn't believe it," says Pauline Kael, *The New Yorker's* longtime movie critic. "We were friends the day before. It was out of the blue. It was . . . personal."

And that's just it: For Geng, almost everything was. Her controlled and porcelain exterior belied an overdelicate person, someone who often and easily felt wronged. "Taste and morality were sort of one thing to her," muses Janet Coleman, the host of "Catradio Café" on WBAI. "What was aesthetically unpleasant was morally repugnant."

In his introduction to *Love Trouble,* Frazier confesses he had "underestimated or avoided thinking about the force of anger in her writing." Of course, many funny people are angry. But when Geng's anger flared up in her life, rather than in her art, she wasn't able to manage it with the same creative brio. At some point or another, Geng cut off communication with almost every friend she ever had. Some she never spoke to again.

Geng and Garrison Keillor had a falling-out over the contents of a humor anthology they were jointly editing. She and Donald Fagen, the lead singer of Steely Dan, had a parting so bitter she changed the voice on her answering machine just to deceive him. She stopped speaking to Hamilton on two occasions and Frazier on at least three. She also abruptly stopped talking to Frazier's wife—which the couple unfortunately discovered two hours into a five-hour car ride they all took together. "All of Veronica's relationships were like love," muses Hertzberg. "And love is dangerous. Love involves breaking up."

But ideally, love also involves forgiveness, and Geng almost always got it, as Singer points out, perhaps because she seemed so obviously broken and wounded. "Like many people," says Kincaid, "I think Veronica was afraid of close feelings. It was why we all loved her so much, in a way. You didn't just run up to her and hug her. But you wanted to."

There's something else too. Novelist Cathleen Schine calls Geng "a kind of sensibility"—a lovely description. "And no matter what she was interested in," she explains, "Veronica opened that thing up in a way that you'd never expect."

You can hear Geng's friends straining and groaning underneath it now, this burden of trying to convey all the rampaging complexities of a mind and personality so unusual. "She was like a prototype for a civilized person," says Schjeldahl, "that never went into production."

WHEN TINA BROWN first roared in from *Vanity Fair*, Geng, ironically, was quick to defend her from the slings and arrows of outraged staff members. "She thought we were all being sexist," says Frazier.

Brown did not respond to a request for an interview for this story. But Hertzberg, whom Brown hired as executive editor, did. "Their relationship was very intense and difficult," he recalls. "Somebody once burst in on them in Tina's office and found them both in tears."

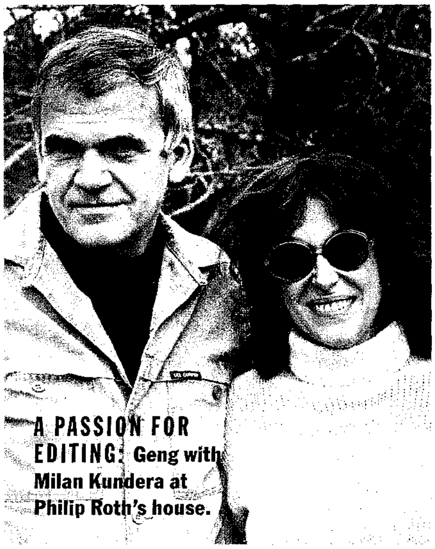
Under Shawn and Gottlieb, Geng came and went as her rhythms dictated, writing some, editing some, getting paid by the piece and by the day. But when Brown arrived, Geng started staying late in the office to whittle stories into shape and soon demanded the title and salary of a full-time editor. "But Tina's view was that Veronica was too high-maintenance and flighty," says Hertzberg. "She didn't want to hand-hold editors. That was for writers." Instead, Brown offered Geng more part-time editing work and a raise in her per diem rate.

Either it wasn't enough, or Geng took it as a signal to leave. Whatever her motives, she issued an ultimatum on Christmas Eve of 1992: If *The New Yorker* didn't offer her a full-time editing position, that was it.

And so: That was it.

Two weeks later, Geng stopped going to work and told everyone that Brown had fired her. Brown told everyone Geng had quit. Either way, Geng *felt* fired—and double-crossed by those who stayed on. She stopped speaking to the writers. The editors. Their spouses. Sometimes people who just liked the magazine or defended it. "I guess she expected people to rally around her," says Blount. "She felt they underreacted, basically."

She never spoke to Hertzberg again. And she didn't speak to most of the others until she was diagnosed with cancer nearly four years later.



A PASSION FOR EDITING: Geng with Milan Kundera at Philip Roth's house.

> "She was the conceptual opposite of a stand-up comic."

LATE IN THE SUMMER OF 1996, HAMILTON detected a subtle shift in Geng's behavior. She no longer listened in conversation but talked right over him; soon, she was complaining about crippling headaches. That November, while making a pot of tea, she had the overpowering seizure that would first land her in the hospital.

Since her departure from *The New Yorker*, Geng had been living on income from freelance assignments and her father's estate. Health insurance, however, was an extravagance Geng believed she didn't need. After she was diagnosed with cancer, her friends had to rally, both emotionally and financially, and many of them did. Philip Roth drummed up more than $20,000. Bronz took Geng into her Berkshires home and cared for her from December right through July.

Geng wasn't an easy patient. Cancer was robbing her of the thing she valued most: her independence. When one medication caused painful hives, she hid them under long sleeves. When Bronz suggested hiring a nurse for her, Geng snapped that she didn't need one.

"She was in denial," says Bronz. "And yet she managed to be quite gallant. She was totally determined to be herself." But Geng continued to deteriorate, and so did her relationship with her caregiver. She became vague, irritable, and monstrously paranoid. In mid-July, she packed up her belongings, called Hamilton, and took off in the dead of night.

When Geng got back to New York, a devoted trio of male friends cared for her most. Roth gave her his writer's studio to live in on the Upper West Side. Hamilton came by every day, and Blount nearly as often. Mimi Kramer, the former *New Yorker* theater critic, was a regular visitor, too, and found her one of the two gentle, good-humored nurses who would be with Geng around the clock. Until then, Geng had been going through them like popcorn. "A lot of her help went, uh, *screaming* into the night," remembers Hamilton. Why? Blount explains. "She thought some of the people we hired were really bad conversationalists—and said really dumb, clichéd things."

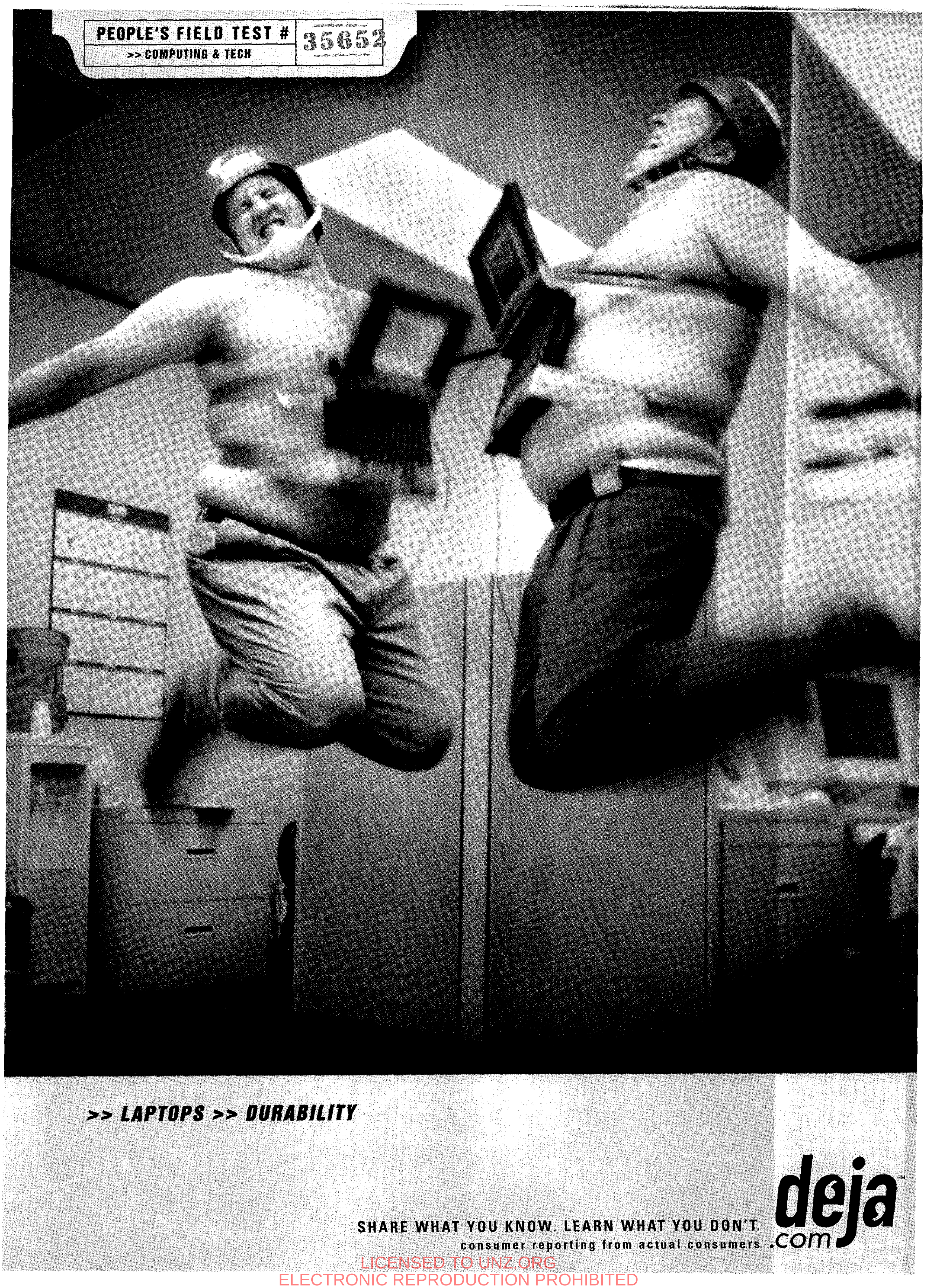
In September 1997, Geng was admitted back into the hospital to remove a second tumor. She continued to act unpitifully, though she was in pain, busying herself with supermarket tabloids and (more urgently) cigarettes. "My most extraordinary memory of Veronica," says Miller, "was her, half paralyzed, on the steps of Sloan-Kettering, lying on a gurney as if it were a beach chair, smoking with whichever hand worked." She also remembers Philip Roth sitting at the edge of Geng's bed, gingerly trying to feed her.

Geng's condition never improved. Hamilton moved her into the Helmsley Medical Tower, where for several weeks she slipped in and out of consciousness before disappearing into a coma. Friends came by to hold her, to read to her, and to talk to her, even though she could only respond with a faint smile or a tight squeeze of the hand.

THERE WAS A GREAT GENG MOment at Greenwood Cemetery. Guards detained mourners for about twenty minutes at the gate because of some misunderstanding involving a credit card. Hamilton had to stand outside and negotiate while the others sat in their hired Town Cars. Roth amused his compatriots by scanning headstones for Jewish names.

It was a damp, shivery December day, and the graveside service was as strained and improvisational as the service back at the Little Italy funeral home. A fact checker from *The New Yorker* recited a prayer in Hebrew, even though Geng was Catholic; Kincaid read something aloud, though she now can't remember what it was. When it was all over, people threw flowers into the grave.

Then everyone just stood around, whispering, crying, wondering what should happen next. Roth, with his instinct for solemn and imperfect endings, was the one who finally provided the cue. He simply turned on his heel and walked away. ■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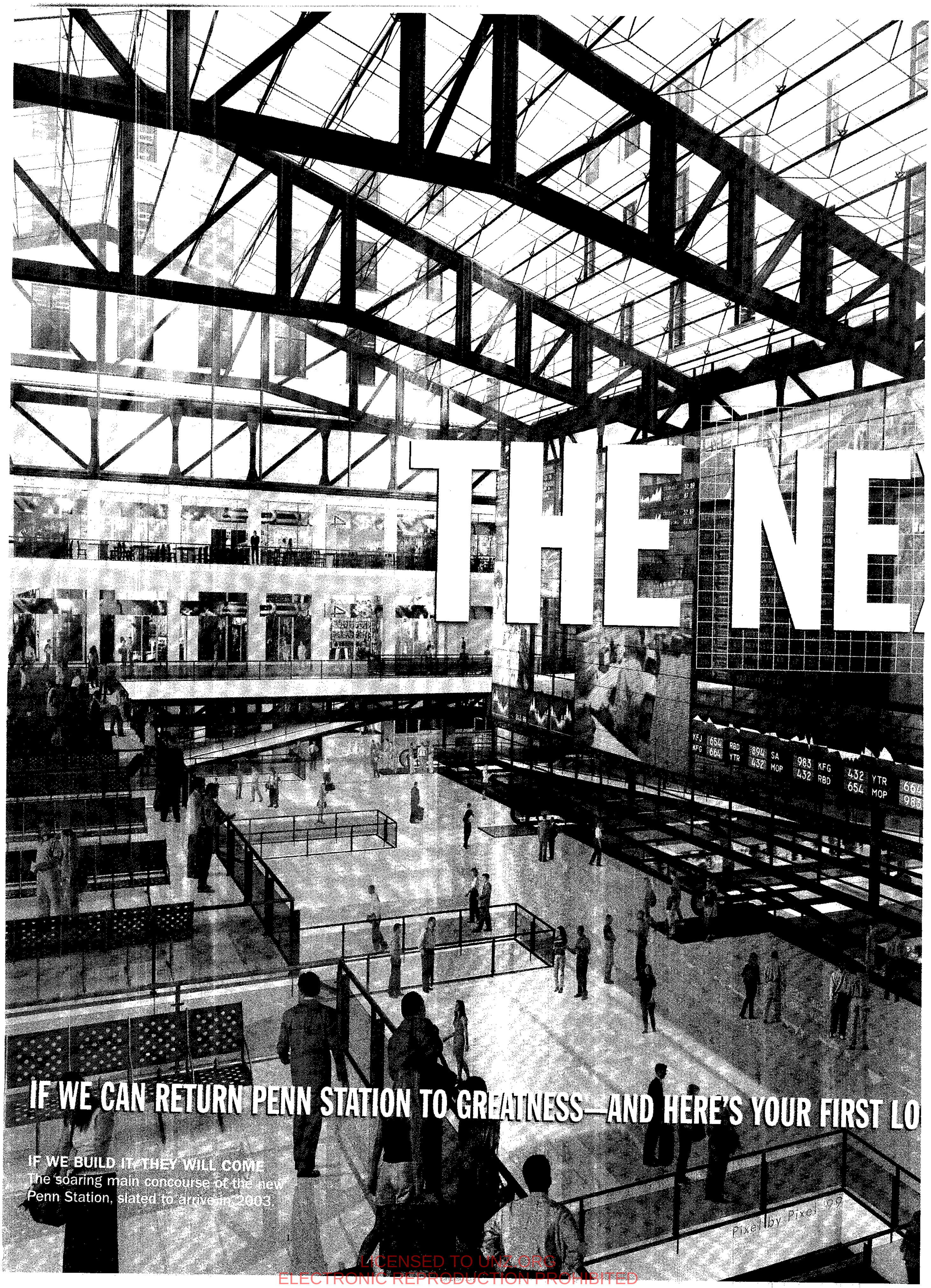
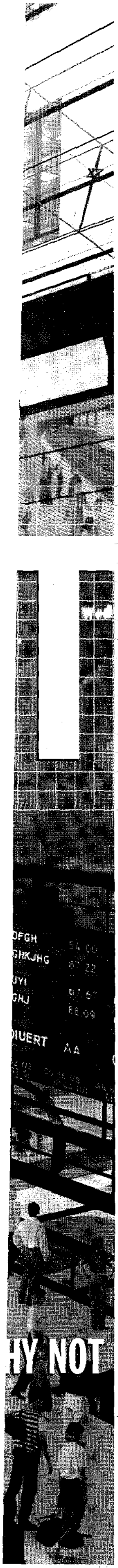


IF WE CAN RETURN PENN STATION TO GREATNESS—AND HERE'S YOUR FIRST LO

IF WE BUILD IT, THEY WILL COME
The soaring main concourse of the new Penn Station, slated to arrive in 2003.



BIG THINGS

HY NOT THE WATERFRONT? AND HOW ABOUT THE SECOND AVENUE SUBWAY?

By Michael Tomasky

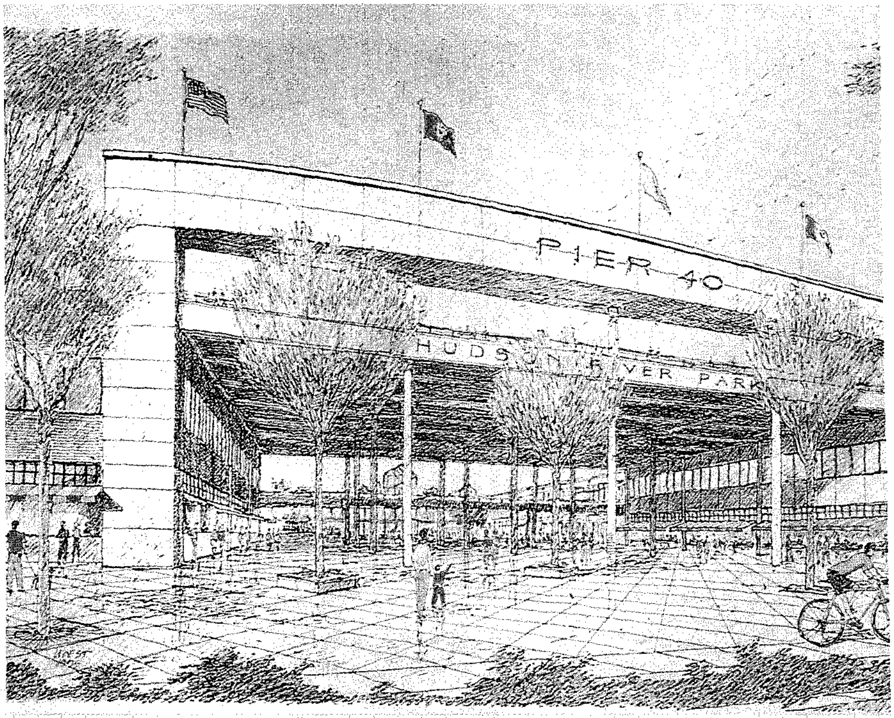
'THE PHYSICIAN," Frank Lloyd Wright famously said, "can bury his mistakes, but the architect can only advise his client to plant vines." Well, sometimes. But this summer, we'll start rectifying one of the worst decisions New York has ever made, when politicians and planners gather to announce the arrival of the new Penn Station.

For years, the new station, built in the shell of the James A. Farley Post Office Building at Eighth Avenue and 33rd Street, has been an I'll-believe-it-when-I-see-it pipe dream. It would be talked up for a while, then disappear. Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan, its tireless champion, would score some funding; Republicans in Congress would try to kill it. But it survived, and the new station—of which *New York* is offering New Yorkers their first glimpse—is scheduled to open in 2003. It'll be worth the wait. "If you ever knew the original," Moynihan crows, "you will be reborn to see what's coming."

Designed by a Skidmore, Owings & Merrill team led by David Childs, the station looks spectacular: a graceful marriage of neoclassical tradition—the post office, like the magnificent, original Pennsylvania Station, is a McKim, Mead & White building—and the contemporary hankering for space, light, comfort, and amenities. Behind that huge façade facing Eighth Avenue, the building has an interior courtyard about five stories high. That courtyard will be covered with a sleek roof of glass and steel, soaring some 40 feet above

Digital imaging by Pixel by Pixel.

the passenger seating area—a nice homage to the original's glass-and-steel vaults over the track beds. There will be an outsize message board offering not only train arrivals and departure schedules but a national weather map, a news ticker, stock quotes, and various other cyber-age features. The waiting area and a lower concourse will look down on the tracks themselves, so that, unusually for an American station, people will be able to see the trains come and go. The ticketing area, in another section of the complex, will repose under a breathtaking glass-and-steel spherical shell fanning across the sky. There will be small shops and newsstands off to the sides, and a restaurant and bar, but no shopping mall—the post office will still use some space in the building, and anyway, New York doesn't need one more Eddie Bauer.



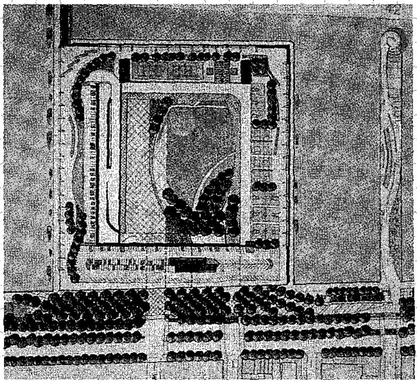
What it does need, though, is a grand national railroad station. When the old station was torn down, many New Yorkers felt personally violated. "A monumental act of vandalism . . . We will probably be judged not by the monuments we build but by those we have destroyed," editorialized the *Times* the week demolition began in October 1963. Architectural historian Vincent Scully, comparing the old station to the one we use now, once said, "One used to enter the city riding high like a god; one now scuttles in like a rat." As other cities have refurbished and renovated their stations, New Yorkers have made do with a station that, aside from being an aesthetic blight, is cramped and not remotely up to the city's needs.

OTHER CITIES, CITIES JUST AS PHYSICALLY OLD AND BUREAUC

We'll get to the details of how the new station happened. But the renaissance of a Penn Station we can be proud of should be only the beginning. New York has let its public infrastructure fall apart for almost 40 years now, but the Penn Station project is a sign that we can build again. As great as it will be to have a new train station, the needs hardly stop there. And if ever the time was right to get to work, it's right now. Crime is down, the city's a better place than it's been in years, the economy is booming, and the money is there. "I think there's a feeling among a lot of people," says builder Douglas Durst, "that things are about as good as they're going to get in the city economically, and that now is the time to act on some of these things."

It sure is. Maybe it's the millennium, maybe it's the Dow, but more and more of the people we pay to run things are waking up to how bad our so-called amenities are. The hideous train station is one example. The airports are another. Access to them, especially JFK, is a long-running joke. The subway system has seen tremendous improvements, but it, too, is woefully inadequate—there are actually 46 fewer miles of public track than there were 60 years ago, because the Second and Third Avenue elevated lines were torn down and nothing replaced them. The waterfront is a horror show. Highways are crumbling, groaning under a relentless burden of truck traffic that—and this is a problem not as readily apparent to the average person but every bit as in need of a cure—could be alleviated if we improved our rail-freight systems. New York may be the greatest city in the world, but in terms of its public infrastructure, it is not an exaggeration to say it's one of the worst.

WE RARELY think or talk about this. We just accept the hassles and the crowds and the traffic as the price of living in New York, a sort of urban cover charge. We've also come to believe that we can't build things anymore. That large public works have gone the way of Gimbel's and the Automats, and that, what with the expense and the lawsuits and the inconvenience, building is impossible here.

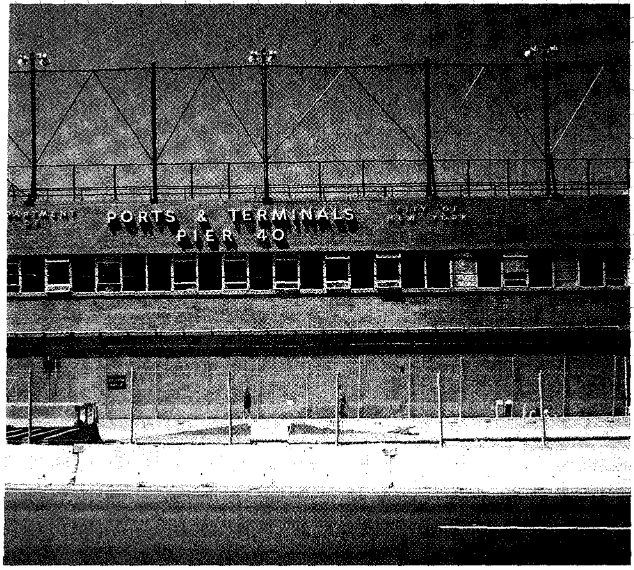


PIER TODAY, DONE TOMORROW? Right, Pier 40 now, seen from Houston and West Streets; top and above, its considerably greener future within Hudson River Park.

It has been—but only here. New Yorkers assume every place in the world follows our example. But, fortunately for all those other places, they don't. Other cities, cities just as physically old and bureaucratically sclerotic as this one, are somehow managing to do things. Boston is completing the Big Dig, as they call it, putting its main downtown arterial highway underground—true, the project is well over budget, but it will improve life for generations of Boston pedestrians and drivers. Washington is finishing its subway system; Los Angeles is continuing to build its. Abroad, Berlin is adding a new line, with the major excavation point at

Renderings courtesy of Hudson River Park Trust. Photograph by Bernd Auers.

LLY SCLEROTIC AS THIS ONE, ARE MANAGING TO BUILD THINGS.



the foot of the Reichstag building. London, Paris, Madrid, and Zurich are all at work on rail-system expansions. Above ground, Chicago—a city whose passion for public works puts New York's to shame—expanded its El service in the nineties, building a new line to Midway Airport, and, in a massive job finished in just about two years, moved a part of Lake Shore Drive, in the area south of Soldier Field.

Airport links? Think of Paris, where, for about $8, the RER will carry you from Charles de Gaulle to any of several central Paris locations in 30 to 40 minutes. Most cities have such systems, the jewel being London's Heathrow Express, opened last year. For £10, passengers are whisked aboard luxurious trains from Paddington Station to the airport in fifteen minutes. And get this: They can receive their boarding passes at Paddington and check their bags to their flight destination.

Waterfront access? Go to Baltimore's Inner Harbor or Fells Point; ride a bike along the Potomac in Washington, or the Charles in Boston and Cambridge, where idyllic paths run for miles and miles; in Philadelphia, visit the art museum and stroll down to the banks of the Schuylkill. New York has a few nice waterfront havens, and at least our planners have finally recognized that the water is a *public* amenity. Of course, virtually every other city was on to this in the late seventies.

Things weren't always this bleak. New York became great in no small part because of what it built. "The biggest bridges and the deepest tunnels and the greatest water works and the best damn parks," says Moynihan. "You name it, we did it. And others copied it."

But we stopped. We came to view building as passé, or even counterproductive. The view took hold in the sixties for a variety of a reasons. First, Robert Moses's hubris destroyed not only him but the grand public projects he stood for: "The reason there hasn't been another Robert Moses," says Albert Appleton of the Regional Plan Association, "is Robert Moses." It wasn't just that Moses remade the city, building the maze of highways that only served to encourage more people to drive and made traffic worse (not everything our predecessors built was ingenious); he also ended up leaving the public distrustful of large projects in general.

When Jane Jacobs published *The Death and Life of Great American Cities*, in 1961, arguing for smaller-scale, organic urban environments, anti-Moses sentiment found its full-throated voice. At the same time, Tammany Hall went into decline—and whatever else Tammany did, it built, built, and built—and was replaced by a welfare-state liberalism that took money out of capital projects and put it into social-service programs.

By the early seventies, then, the ethos of building large public works that made New York the great city it became was turned on its head. Now community control became the watchword; community boards were created; new rules were written requiring any project to run a gauntlet of agency reviews and approval processes, and, as Appleton puts it, "no one had an interest in saying yes, and everyone had an interest in saying no." The point was not to build but to block. "The way to political notoriety in those days," says builder and civic leader Richard Ravitch, "was to represent the voice of some community or neighborhood and to stop some project from happening. It was culturally out of sorts to be for building things." Then came the fiscal crisis, and all bets were off.

Now, finally, a consensus is emerging that the past 30 years' conventional wisdom has to be changed. Governor Pataki, who's thrown himself into the Penn Station project and proposed others, appears to understand it. So, obviously, does Moynihan, who's been warning about such needs for years. Senator Chuck Schumer recently announced his support for a major subway expansion. Mayor Giuliani is a little too obsessed with stadiums, which have to rank toward the bottom of our public needs, but his administration is doing the right thing on other fronts, pushing the crucial cross-harbor rail-freight tunnel, for example.

All over the city, community groups and land-use mavens have drawn up plans—not pie-in-the-sky, we-don't-care-what-it-costs plans but well-thought-out ideas for self-sustaining, mixed-use conversions of waterfront areas that are now little more than liability suits waiting to happen. Every one of the two dozen or so people I spoke with for this article—elected officials, appointed ones, builders, and other civic leaders—agreed that the time is right to make New York better, more comfortable, and more competitive.

"The fight for efficiency is on," says the Cooper Union's Fred Siegel, "and we have to join it or we're going to lose out." Adds Bill Stern, the state's economic-development czar in the early Cuomo years: "We're living off our inheritance. We're living off the building of the first half of the century, and we've done very little."

Well, the time has come to do a lot. Several major projects are currently being considered. Some, like Penn Station, are pretty much ready to roll. Others exist mainly on paper. These six are among the most important.

1. PENNSYLVANIA STATION It's worth taking a moment to examine how this one came together. Basically, the $500 million Penn Station redevelopment proves this point: The financing can always be found; it's the will, or failure of will, to overcome bureaucratic inertia that keeps things from being built. Penn Station happened because Pat Moynihan and George Pataki wanted it to happen, and because they hired a third fellow to oversee the job who really knew what he was doing.

When Moynihan hired Harvard-trained architect Alex Washburn in

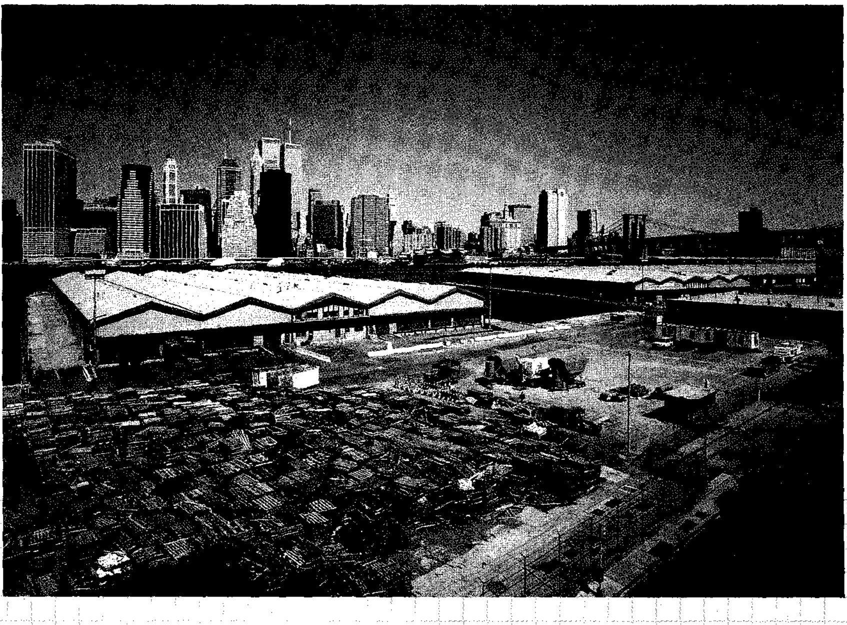
1994, Washburn jokes, he was probably the only architect among Capitol Hill's 30,000-strong staff. That's the particular kind of vision that only Moynihan has, and it helped get the Penn Station project moving. By 1996, Moynihan and Washburn agreed that the architect could accomplish more at the Empire State Development Corporation, the state's economic-development arm headed by Charles Gargano. At first, Washburn says, the Pennsylvania Station Redevelopment Corporation, a sub-entity of the ESDC formed by Moynihan and Pataki, "was just me and a telephone." But within two months, Gargano got the ESDC board to devote $6.25 million to Penn Station. "A project like this comes along once in a hundred years," Gargano says. "We weren't going to miss it."

Over the years, the redevelopment has come to rely on eight or ten different funding sources, including the city, the state, the New York State Thruway Authority, Amtrak, and a handful of others; the PSRC has funding agreements with each. The federal contributions—the first federal dollars, in 1994, were tucked into an earthquake-relief bill—take advantage of changes in the surface-transportation law that Moynihan helped push through.

Gargano envisions the new Penn Station as a model of the rail link of the future. The station's plans anticipate capacity and ridership, he says, not for the next 5 or 10 years but for the next 30. He says that eventually, he imagines a link from Penn Station to JFK with the Paddington-esque check-in features that seem beyond comprehension to New Yorkers today.

Washburn has now spent many more years than he imagined being less architect than bureaucrat, lining up funding, negotiating with the Postal Service, dealing with the many agencies that had a piece of this pie. "It's definitely a Balkan environment," he says of New York. "I was amazed at how actively different agencies try not to interact with each other, and the lengths you have to go to break through the natural inclination not to deal with each other." But he did what needed to be done, racing the clock and straining to meet Moynihan's exacting standards. "He called me up not long ago," Washburn says, "and he just said, 'Alex? Tick . . . tock . . . tick . . . tock . . .' " All the early deadlines have been met. Now they just have to build it.

THE LEX IS THE MOST CROWDED LINE NOT ONLY IN THE CITY BUT P



A PARK GROWS IN BROOKLYN Above, the Heights' Pier 1, now a lumberyard; right, a bird's-eye view of the pier if the Brooklyn Bridge Park Coalition has its way.

2. THE SUBWAY If you rely on the No. 6 train, you face the problem every morning. If you use, say, the 77th Street station, and you try to catch a downtown train around 8:30, you probably watch two or three jammed trains pass by before you can squeeze onto one. And if you live on, say, York Avenue, you experience this after you've walked more than half a mile to get to the station.

New York led America in subway construction in the early part of the century. Nearer our time, it led America in subway decrepitude, as the system became a ring of hell during the fiscal crisis. Twenty years and $20 billion later, under Richard Ravitch's leadership, the system is vastly improved—new tracks, rehabbed stations, and the MetroCard system, along with the roaring economy, have brought people back. Ridership is up 21 percent since 1992. But *capacity* has not increased.

Plans have existed since the twenties to build a Second Avenue line. Construction began in 1972, and three short sections of the line were built; construction was abandoned when the project was stopped three years later because of the fiscal crisis. If the need was clear enough to the city elders in 1972, then it should be clearer still now. In one of those absurd New York anomalies, three lines serve the West Side—the IRT and the Sixth Avenue and Eighth Avenue lines—while only one serves the East Side, where population and commercial concentrations are far greater. The Lexington Avenue line is the most crowded line not only in the city but probably in the country and perhaps in the Western Hemisphere. Where standards call for about four to five square feet of space per passenger, Lex-line riders have roughly three square feet to call their own.

In January, the Regional Plan Association, the New York region's leading planning organization, released its MetroLink proposal, a mightily ambitious plan to add nineteen miles, 35 stations, and nearly 1,000 new cars to the system. The centerpiece is a new Second Avenue line, running not just in Manhattan but all the way from Co-op City in the Bronx down to Wall Street and over to Atlantic Avenue in Brooklyn. The new subway, under the RPA plan, could also be used as an eventual link from Grand Central to JFK (a spur of the Second Avenue line would kick over to Grand Central).

It's a huge plan with a huge price tag—almost $13 billion—and, for now, without definite financing. "We thought that if we put this out and proposed a way to pay for it—a new tax or something—the headlines would be PLANNING GROUP PROPOSES NEW TAX, and that would be the end of it," says Jeff Zupan of the RPA. "So our strategy was, let's get people excited about the idea, and

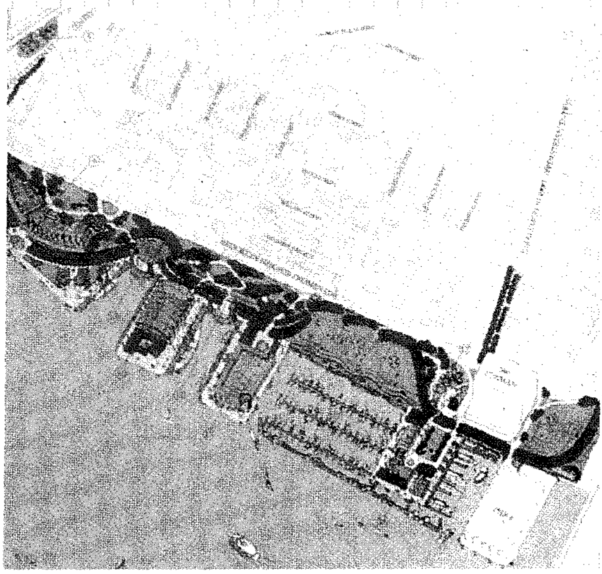
Rendering courtesy of the Brooklyn Bridge Park Coalition. Photograph by Bernd Auers.

then we'll devise a way of financing it." It may be working; Chuck Schumer is only the most prominent of several elected officials to sign on, and Manhattan borough president C. Virginia Fields is mounting an extensive post-card campaign.

The MTA has plans for a Second Avenue line, but to run only from 63rd Street to 125th Street. But the timetable is vague, and this wouldn't serve people on the Lower East Side, arguably the most underserved neighborhood in Manhattan.

Another subway proposal, offered by Pataki, would bring LIRR trains to Grand Central Terminal. This was a longtime pet project of former Senator Alfonse D'Amato's, hatched in part to ease the lot of the 50,000 to 70,000 Long Islanders who commute to the East Side and who now have to go to Penn Station and walk east or take two subway trains or cab it.

It's not a bad idea: Consider that people commute to three Manhattan destinations (east and west midtown, and downtown) from three directions (north, west, and east). That's nine possible commutes, only four of which are efficiently served: north (Westchester) to the East Side via Metro-North; east (Long Island) to the West Side via the LIRR; west (New Jersey) to the West Side, and west to downtown, both via the PATH. Anything that will untie that knot is all to the good, but bringing the LIRR to Grand Central without building the Second Avenue line would, Zupan stresses, only make the situation on the Lex even worse than it is now.



BLY IN THE COUNTRY AND PERHAPS IN THE WESTERN HEMISPHERE.

The city has been cool to the RPA plan. Giuliani is apparently more interested in the West Side—specifically, extending the No. 7 train over beyond Tenth Avenue and down to the Javits Center. Some see this as a stalking horse for the mayor's stadium dreams, but stadiums aside, this, too, is a good idea—the West Forties and Fifties are the next logical place for the growth of commercial office space—and city-planning director Joe Rose estimates that this could be done "for around $1 billion."

The RPA will probably have to settle for less than it wants, but it's right about the need. "We spent $20 billion since '82 to fix the subway, because it was a crisis," Zupan says. "Here we have a different kind of crisis, a crisis of stagnation. We haven't built and it's too crowded, and people are going to vote with their feet."

3. THE TRAIN TO THE PLANE Next time you're stuck out on the Van Wyck, take a look at how narrow the median strip is. It's literally about as wide as a dining-room table. And that's where the trouble started.

This didn't just sort of happen. Robert Moses intentionally built the Van Wyck that way so there wouldn't be room for a train to the plane. An unfortunate city planner named F. Dodd McHugh argued for buying an extra 50 feet of right-of-way to build a rail line. Moses refused, McHugh was demoted and humiliated, and the $30 million Van Wyck was a traffic nightmare from the moment it was opened in 1949. It was designed to carry 2,630 vehicles per hour but passed that mark almost immediately; today, that number is 6,250.

Technology has outfoxed Moses—it's now possible to build a support on that narrow median that can bear the load of a rail system. This is precisely what the Port Authority, with the backing of the governor and the mayor, is trying now to build. It would be part of a larger $1.5 billion JFK transit project that would include—finally—an elevated loop that would make six stops around Kennedy's terminals. The $600 million Van Wyck spur, to be financed primarily through $3 surcharges collected from passengers at the area's three airports, would be a nice piece of historical revenge, except for the fact that the plan is deeply flawed.

To wit: It's not a one-seat ride. The Van Wyck line would run only to Jamaica Station, where it would meet subway and LIRR lines. In other words, people would have to transfer to it from the E, J, and Z lines, which are not exactly your most convenient subways to begin with. If, for example, you were at Grand Central, you'd have to take the No. 7 over to Eighth Avenue, and then get on the E, and then, once you reached Jamaica Station, schlep to a different platform and get on the other train. All with luggage.

At least it's something, whereas what we have now is nothing. But consider this: Right now, there is an unused rail line, just sitting there, already built, that *could* be the basis for a one-seat ride. Nelson Rockefeller proposed using this line, a branch of the LIRR that was closed down in the early sixties, as a train to the plane back in 1968. This route, the Rockaway cutoff, runs parallel to Woodhaven Boulevard up to Rego Park, where trains would meet the main LIRR lines and come into Manhattan. It died under Rocky because of intense opposition from Forest Hills residents. That opposition is just as strong today, meaning that the route, backed by the Committee for Better Transit and others, probably won't happen.

So last week the City Planning Commission voted twelve to one to approve the right-of-way usage for the Van Wyck plan, even though virtually every commission member denounced it. The City Council could stop it, but Queens politicians and the construction trades are behind it. Proponents say that once the LIRR links to Grand Central mentioned above are completed, then work can commence to convert the Van Wyck spur into a one-seat ride. But that's at least a decade, and quite a few ifs, away.

4. THE WATERFRONT When the Manhattan street grid was laid out in 1811, says Kent Barwick, director of the Waterfront Project, skeptics looked at the plan and noticed something: no parks. "The planners' defense was 'The river is our park,' " Barwick says. "And for a few years, it was."

But not for long. Once New York exploded as a commercial shipping center, the waterfront was for work, not play. Whereas Chicago made sure from very early on to dedicate the Lake Michigan waterfront to public use—public enjoyment of the waterfront as a principle of good governance dates to the Emperor Justinian, and is specifically mentioned in the Magna Carta—New York built almost no waterfront recreation area in midtown. Long after the commerce died, and after other cities reinvented their waterfronts, New York's sat there, unusable. "This is one of the greatest man-made places on earth, ironically living side-by-side with one of the greatest ecosystems on earth," Barwick says. "And we're completely out of touch with it."

Finally, things are happening. Most dramatic is the $350 million Hudson River Park project, which will unite the Battery and Riverside Park in an uninterrupted greenway. Of the 37 piers there, 13 will be dedicated to public uses, either passive (sunbathing, fishing) or active (cafés, ballfields). The West Side—er, Joe DiMaggio—Highway will be rebuilt, as is already happening downtown, and in between the road and the piers, there'll be benches and bike paths and greenswards and trees. It's happening under the leadership of Jim Ortenzio, whom Pataki appointed to head the project two years ago. Ortenzio runs things out of a rent-free trailer near Stuyvesant High School—having moved the Hudson River Park Trust out of Fifth Avenue office space that was costing $200,000 a year—and says Pataki keeps after him: "He calls me ten times a year, maybe once a month. 'Jimmy, where's the park?' " It's not there yet—just a small piece, between Christopher and 12th Streets. But the whole thing is supposed to be done by 2005—at a cost lower than that projected in 1990.

The Hudson plan is the most closely watched, but ideas are sprouting all over the city. Community boards in Brooklyn have presented detailed and intelligent plans for waterfront conversion in Greenpoint, Williamsburg, and the area around the Navy Yard. Coney Island, where acres of land lie fallow, is the focus of various proposals—notably Bruce Ratner's plan for a hockey-and-basketball arena—and Charles Gargano envisions a twenty-first-century boardwalk with echoes of the old glory days. Furthest along of all, though, is a Brooklyn Heights waterfront plan put out by the Brooklyn Bridge Park Coalition, which would create parkland on piers one through five, just below the Brooklyn Bridge. Today, the piers are either empty or being used by businesses that could as easily be inland—a lumber company, storage. The new plans call for a hotel and a marina and a skating rink in addition to more passive uses. The idea's been ten years in the making, but the governor and the Port Authority, two of the three key players here, have given strong signs recently that they're supportive (the third is the mayor, who's sent mixed signals), and the project could move forward within a year or two. "By and large," says Councilman Ken Fisher, "the people who live in Brooklyn Heights don't have to live there. A project like this can make people want to stay."

Interesting ideas are afoot elsewhere—the Bronx's Ferry Point Park is slated to become a Jack Nicklaus golf course that Barwick says could actually host a PGA tournament someday (in the Bronx!). Seeing waterfront projects through requires a higher-than-usual amount of patience and compromise. Parcels are owned by the city, the state, various private entities. Negotiating the thicket of interests—Ortenzio says he deals with 36 different environmental groups—will take time (and, of course, money). But the good news is that we're finally thinking the right way.

5. THE GOWANUS EXPRESSWAY An elevated highway near a waterfront chiefly accomplishes two things: It cuts people off from the water, and it hinders local development. In these respects, the Gowanus Expressway—the 55-year-old, four-mile stretch of the BQE roughly from 65th Street in Bay Ridge to the Brooklyn-Battery Tunnel's feeder lanes—has run true to form. Residents of Bay Ridge, Sunset Park, and Carroll Gardens can't get near the water, Red Hook is completely closed off from its neighbors, and Third Avenue (directly under the expressway) is a parade of low-rent tire shops and parts stores.

So perhaps it's a blessing that it's falling apart. "It's deteriorating at a more rapid rate than we can fix it," says the state Department of Transportation's Alexander Dudley, which operates the highway and has spent $60 million in "emergency renovations" over the past decade. Despite its drawbacks, the expressway is one of the city's most crucial commercial arteries, carrying about 64 million vehicles a year. Which brings New York to decision time: How to replace it?

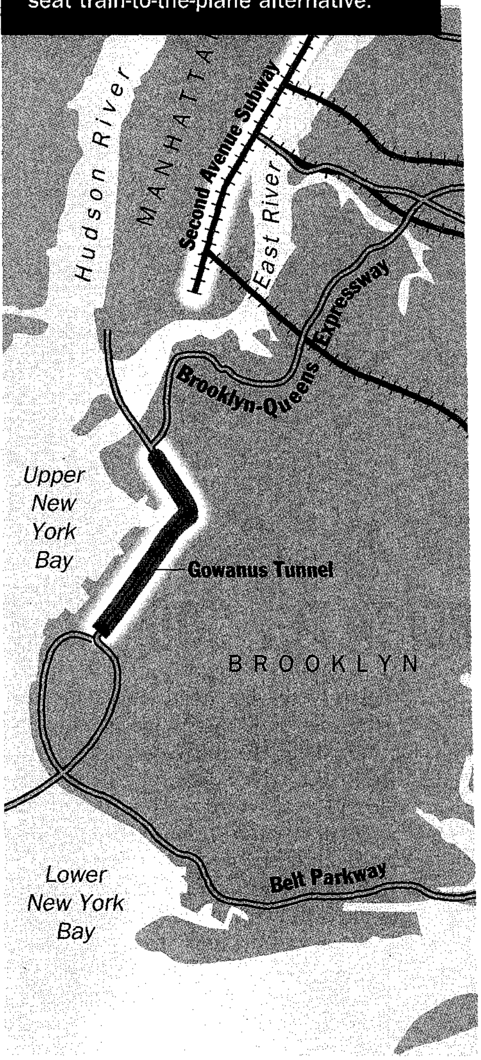
The obvious idea, and the one the state seems to favor, is simply to rehabilitate it. It wouldn't cost that much, as these projects go—around $1 billion. There's another thought, though, about what to do with the Gowanus: Bury it.

The plan, the brainchild of the RPA's Albert Appleton, is to turn the Gowanus into an eight-lane, three-tube tunnel from somewhere near 65th Street to a point not far south of the Brooklyn Heights Promenade. "A tunnel is the best solution," Appleton says. "It would support the traffic, it would open up the waterfront, and there wouldn't be a construction prob-

"THERE'S A FEELING THAT THINGS ARE ABOUT AS GOOD AS THEY'RE GOI

MAKING TRACKS

Plans gathering support are highlighted in white; the Rockaway cutoff, shown in green, is a sensible one-seat train-to-the-plane alternative.



Map by Steven Stankiewicz.

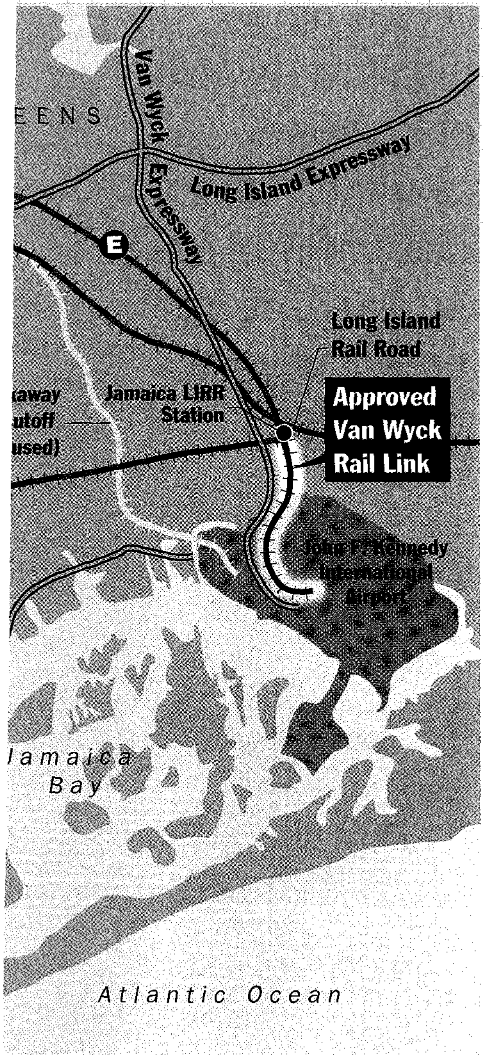
lem, since you could just use the existing highway until the tunnel is finished, and then tear it down."

It's a visionary solution that other cities have employed, notably Boston and Oslo, where 25 million vehicles a year raced through City Hall Square until that roadway was put underground in 1997. It would cost nearly $3 billion, according to RPA estimates, and according to the state, twice that. NYSDOT has hired a private firm to study both options, Dudley says, and remains open to the tunnel plan. Admittedly the tunnel is expensive, but over the long term, it's clearly the better idea.

6. THE RAIL-FREIGHT TUNNEL The basic proposal has been discussed at length in this magazine before (see "Port in a Storm," by Michael Tomasky, July 29, 1996), but in brief: The shipping channels to Newark and Elizabeth, where the port is now, are too shallow for the super-large ships coming into use. Brooklyn's channels are deeper and easier to reach, so those ships should dock in Brooklyn. The key to making this work is the proposed rail-freight tunnel that would run under New York harbor from Bay Ridge to either Staten Island or Bayonne, linking cargo delivered to Brooklyn to the nation's commercial rail lines.

The Port Authority was supposed to build this tunnel in the twenties and never has. It's basically against the idea, saying the tunnel would cost perhaps $3 billion, though proponents put the figure at more like $900 million. Mayor Giuliani has embraced the plan, which Congressman Jerry Nadler has been trumpeting for twenty years. The city's Economic Development Corporation is completing a study of cost and logistics. "Technically, we don't even have a proposal for a tunnel yet," says EDC president Charles Millard. "We have a study asking 'How do we best solve the problem?' which is going to say, 'Build a tunnel.' "

GET ECONOMICALLY," SAYS DOUGLAS DURST. "NOW IS THE TIME TO ACT."



What's the point to you and me of backing a project none of us will ever use or probably even see? One word: *Trucks*. As in, far fewer of them on the roads.

Freight moves three ways: boat, rail, road. In New York, 96 percent of it moves by road. And our road network is—surprise—congested and obsolete. Commercial roadways are clogged beyond hope, and designed for thirties-style traffic; today, most have no shoulders, meaning one dead battery can delay tens of thousands of people and businesses.

Trucks, thousands of them a day, come to the city from the Jersey ports—some via the Staten Island Expressway, most over the George Washington Bridge. If, however, there were a rail tunnel from Jersey to Brooklyn, many of the goods carried by truck today could come through it. A city study estimates that the freight tunnel would take 800,000 trucks a year off the GWB. That's a shorter wait at the bridge; an easing of the awful situation on the Cross Bronx, which has been traffic hell for years; and less air pollution. Of course, it's less toll revenue as well—and remember that trucks don't pay the standard $4 but pay per axle, meaning $8 or even $16 to cross the bridge. The Port Authority collects these tolls. Understand now why it opposes the tunnel?

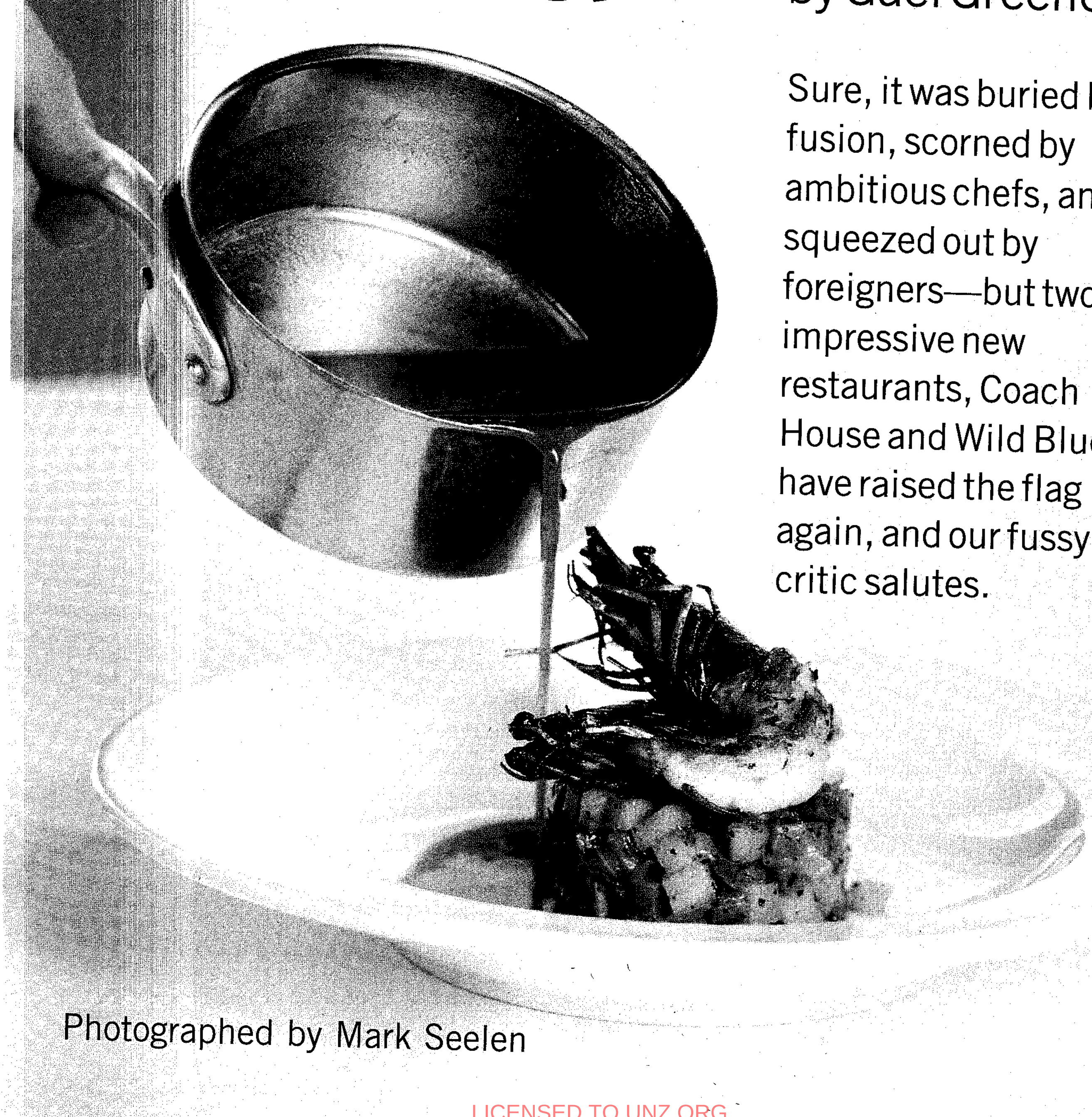
Fine, you say, but wouldn't the freight tunnel add traffic to the aching Gowanus, since it would be right there? The city has thought of that. The tunnel would come up to 65th Street in Bay Ridge. There's an interborough rail line right there, which runs up into Queens and has connections to the Bronx. Cargo, then, could come into port at Brooklyn and move by rail, rather than truck, to within a few miles of its destination.

None of this will get every truck off the roads, of course—Manhattan has no active commercial rail lines, and it's not as if we can build one along Fifth Avenue. It'll take other ideas to unclog midtown. But various estimates suggest the freight tunnel could reduce truck traffic into the five boroughs by a fifth, maybe a quarter. The difference to residents of Staten Island and the Bronx, and everyone who drives, would be tremendous.

PUBLIC INFRASTRUCTURE doesn't come cheap, and doing the work isn't easy. But New York has spent too many years avoiding the issue—systems are strained, and residents are hassled and ill-served far beyond the point that even New Yorkers should have to put up with. Solutions aren't complicated: Other cities have found answers to the very problems New York now faces. The projects were expensive and complex there, too, but they somehow got them done.

In Boston, people poke fun at the Big Dig's cost overruns, just as New Yorkers of an earlier day thought a certain East River span had *white elephant* written all over it. But the Brooklyn Bridge has worked out fairly well, and Bostonians—and Londoners and Chicagoans and others—will reap the benefits of their projects for a hundred years or more. New York's leaders have utterly lacked that kind of vision. "There is a consensus among everybody that this makes good sense," says Richard Kahan, who was instrumental in building Battery Park City. "And yet we don't have the leadership that's willing to say, 'We can't have a tax cut this year because we have to build this or that.' "

When the new Penn Station is unveiled this summer, we should applaud. It's a beautiful project, and everyone involved in making it happen deserves our thanks. But we should also use it as the occasion to say, "Fine. So what's next?" ■



whatever happened to American Food

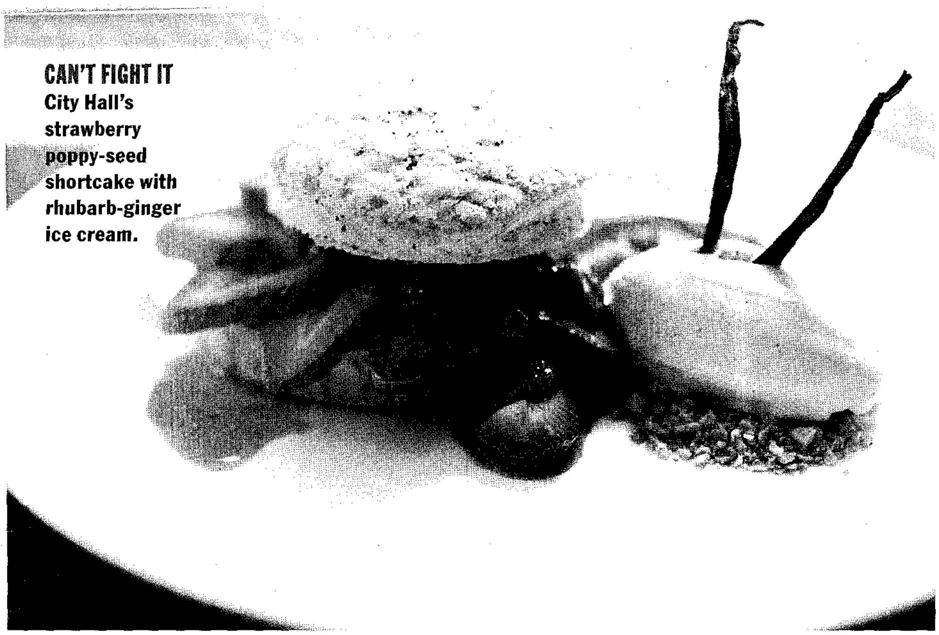
by Gael Greene

Sure, it was buried by fusion, scorned by ambitious chefs, and squeezed out by foreigners—but two impressive new restaurants, Coach House and Wild Blue, have raised the flag again, and our fussy critic salutes.

Photographed by Mark Seelen

Was it the marvelous biscuits, flecked with bits of ham, Crowley cheese, and parsley? Or the irresistibly greasy corn stick, still hot from the oven? Was the rich buffalo pot roast to blame? Sitting at the new Coach House, Larry Forgione's homage to what was once celebrated as New York's best American restaurant, I find myself being swept away by this cuisinary time warp. It's clear I'm finally exhausted by too many overwrought foies with devilishly clever couplings, too many chops with displaced immigrant empanadas, egg rolls, and raviolis. Even those I'm embarrassed to admit I like. ■ Whatever happened to old-fashioned American regional cooking? I'm talking about the clean-cut, upper-crust classics that brought our forefathers, James Beard and Craig Claiborne, again and again to the late Leon Lianides's original Coach House on Waverly Place (now Babbo). Forgione strides these canyons virtually alone, quietly celebrating American tradition at An American Place and now in this compact annex of the Avalon hotel. Indeed, twenty years ago, his hunt for domestic wild mushrooms and fresh herbs (in the days when chanterelles came only in cans and fish on a menu meant either salmon or flounder) helped spark an agricultural revolution. Like Alice Waters in Berkeley, he subsidized local farmers to grow the heirloom products he needed, persuading a poultry supplier to raise chickens the old-fashioned way. "Free range" was the name he came up with. In the seventies, he was still cooking French, but friendship with James Beard brought out his Yankee Doodle Dandy. ■ The Coach House is Forgione's newest pledge of allegiance. Brand new Wild Blue in the World Trade Center and recently arrived City Hall have already joined the parade. And I hear murmurings of more regional revivals in blueprint. I'm holding my breath. This could be a trend. ■ Not to suggest that our town, the great melting pot, is without old-fashioned eating. Anne Rosenzweig's Lobster Club is as all-American as her lobster

OLD GLORY
This page, Atlantic salmon with asparagus tips at the Coach House. Opposite, Wild Blue's Gulf-shrimp chowder.



CAN'T FIGHT IT
City Hall's strawberry poppy-seed shortcake with rhubarb-ginger ice cream.

All-star chefs tend to dismiss old-time Ameri

club sandwich, her gentrified matzo brei, and her simple squash soup. New York City's carnal obsession is still honored at steakhouses like the Palm, Peter Luger, and Maloney & Porcelli, with mammoth slabs of cow, crusty hashed-browns, the dreaded creamed spinach, and usually giant lobsters. A handful of deli stalwarts—the Second Avenue Deli, the Carnegie, and the Stage—comfort the Jewish soul with kasha varnishkes, matzo balls, and corned beef on rye even though their meat and bread have almost universally gone cruelly commercial. Black soul—ribs, fried chicken, candied sweets, even chitterlings and peach cobbler—survives fatphobia virtually intact at Sylvia's, Copeland's, and the Pink Tea Cup. And though I'm not sure what a born Texan or Tennessean would make of Virgil's, its macho take on barbecue is pig heaven to me.

The flurry of flag-waving around the Bicentennial certainly inspired a revival of American classics. Pastry cooks rediscovered crisps and crumbles. Hot-fudge sundaes, puddings, and shortcakes popped up on even the fanciest menus. "Seventeen years ago, you couldn't find mashed potatoes in a serious restaurant," observes cookbook author Arthur Schwartz, WOR's passionate mouth. "Now you can't escape them." (As if we would.) But that is small potatoes compared with the great regional smorgasbord I'm longing for.

Cajun burned itself out quickly, blackening everything in its path. (A classy carpetbagger could easily restore its image.) Low-country southern cooking came and went with Cafe Beulah. At the moment, galloping fantasy rules southwestern cooking at Mesa Grill (and in New Mexico as well). I love it, so I'm not complaining, even though it's not true-blue. I'm certainly not hungering for the sort-of-French, sort-of-Italian "Continental" food that passed for haute cuisine when I was growing up, though I guess you could say that's American tradition, too.

Defining American food is difficult, debatable. It's Grandmother's immigrant cooking. It's Hungarian, Czech, Swedish, and Chinese. As Schwartz points out, "The last great American restaurant was the Coach House. What was American about it? A Greek owner. Avgolemono soup. Baltimore crab cakes. Cuban black-bean soup. French dacquoise." That's what I want. A heritage revival taking advantage of all the glorious products we now have. Fusion on the menu but not fusion on the plate.

EXCEPT FOR THE EGG-YOLK-BOOBY-trapped avgolemono soup, Forgione has resurrected all the Coach House classics that Schwartz recalls (at prices that can boost the tab for a three-course dinner with wine and tip to $85). The Madeira-spiked black-bean soup is actually more southern than Cuban. The chef's Shenandoah Valley lamb rack, served with Jim Beard's hashed potatoes, parallels Lianides's Kentucky lamb. The first-rate veal chop is "real veal, slightly pink," from calves that are free to range. Old Coach House regulars will recognize the wild striped bass poached in court bouillon, though on one recent night it was overcooked and unforgivably bland.

There is a warm, old-fashioned feel of welcome at a first early meal—our foursome almost alone in the unstylishly comfortable place. Spectacular house-made chips and toasted almonds are rushed to the table as we settle in, because "no one should wait without something to eat," Forgione explains. He recalls Lianides toting cheese-stuffed celery to folks waiting for tardy tables to turn. Warm biscuits are instantly seductive, as is wondrously intense beef bouillon in a half-filled demitasse, a gift from the kitchen. Seared Key West shrimp on a toasted hominy cake in carrot-ginger broth bridges old and new. Americana mingles with old favorites from An American Place. Forgione fans will recognize the cedar-planked salmon, for instance, with Virginia spoon bread. In a tweak of the classic shellfish pan roast, the chef tosses razor clams with noodles in a garlic jus. Duck, first steamed, then roasted and boned, gets a persimmon glaze. At lunch, the deconstructed turkey potpie is a triumph—lots of dark meat and a perfect biscuit as a pillbox hat.

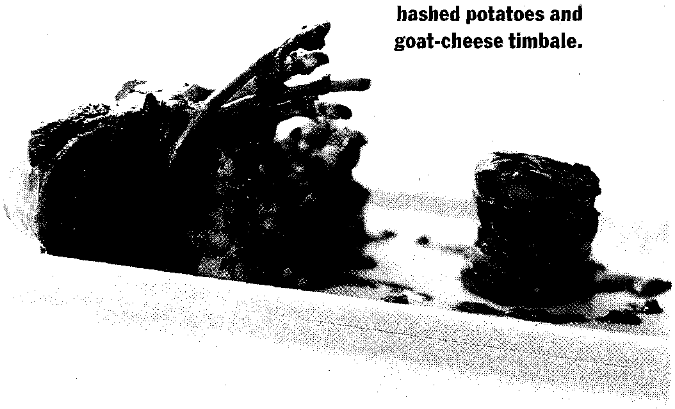
Sometimes the kitchen is off. Too-warm romaine hearts, an odd dribbled dressing. Oversalted clams. Sometimes it's just the dish that disappoints. Gluey potato dumplings. I love how the sauce makes cod taste like lobster, but adding cauliflower distracts. Yet as always, Forgione serves the best fried clams in town—Ipswich beauties with plump, full bellies—and an unbeatable tartar sauce. (No mango. No cardamom. No bean sprouts. What a joy.) And his desserts are a National Hall of Fame: Jim Beard's berry shortcake. Missouri-pecan pie. Rum-perfumed banana Betty. Warm bread pudding, the old Coach House crunchy mocha dacquoise, and, in winter, an exceptional quince tart with wildflower-honey ice cream.

IN THE FIFTIES, WHEN GRAND restaurants had to be French and outrageously haughty, the late Joe Baum dared to think American at the Four Seasons. Now his heirs at Windows on the World are betting on chef Michael Lomonaco's upscale regional favorites at Wild Blue, replacing the pricier Cellar in the Sky. Take a few minutes to follow the pedal pushers and tank-topped tourists into the Greatest Bar on Earth (Greatest, yet no free nuts?) for a stirring view that sweeps the East River and its necklace of bridges. Then escape to the instant intimacy of Wild Blue, in architect Larry Bogdanow's handsome rehab overlooking the harbor and Ms. Liberty.

Sneak into this romantic hideaway with someone else's husband or even your own. The flirtation begins with the award-winning list of 1,500 wines and champagnes plus another 25 or so by the glass. Lomonaco's elegant food—thick slices of silky foie gras with toasted brioche, splendid shrimp chowder, lobster risotto properly soupy and still perceptibly al dente—is reason enough to bring sophisticated New Yorkers back to the 107th floor. In early tastings, sauces were sometimes over-reduced, too salty or too sweet. And fried oysters strike me as fashion victims in their too-bulky crumb coats, though I like the peppy guacamole they're leaning on. But all of us are excited by his beer-braised beef cheeks, pan-roasted cod with bacon and cockles, impeccably grilled halibut steak, and fabulous Colorado lamb T-bones big as Mike Tyson's fists. With entrées priced $18 to $28, our group of restrained winos can order $6 sides, enough for four to share—amazing beets, garlic-mashed Yukon golds, too-sweet baby carrots, and battered asparagus. Yet the bill is less than $100 for two, tip included.

Cub Room's chef-owner, Lutèce-prepped Henry Meer, braves his own American revival with wit and a wedge of iceberg lettuce. He gamely poured a fortune into a splendid celebration of turn-of-the-century New York at City Hall, which opened last fall. Installed in an 1863 neoclassical cast-iron building in TriBeCa, the sweeping space is supposed to evoke Katz's Deli, Oscar's Salt of the Sea, and Peter Luger. He's having fun with the retro relish tray (celery, carrots, radishes, and pickles), the Parker House roll, and baked Alaska. A few weeks ago he sold out of the $65 filet mignon–lobster surf and turf halfway through the second seating. A hill of mollusks and crustaceans sits on ice at the raw bar, where chowders and pan roasts are cooked to order. Prime steaks come off the intense heat black and blue if you wish, with a side of béarnaise sauce. The knockout hashed browns are a must. And the new dessert list resurrects the Lady Baltimore coconut layer cake alongside old-fashioned apple pie, strawberry poppy-seed shortcake, and Key-lime pie.

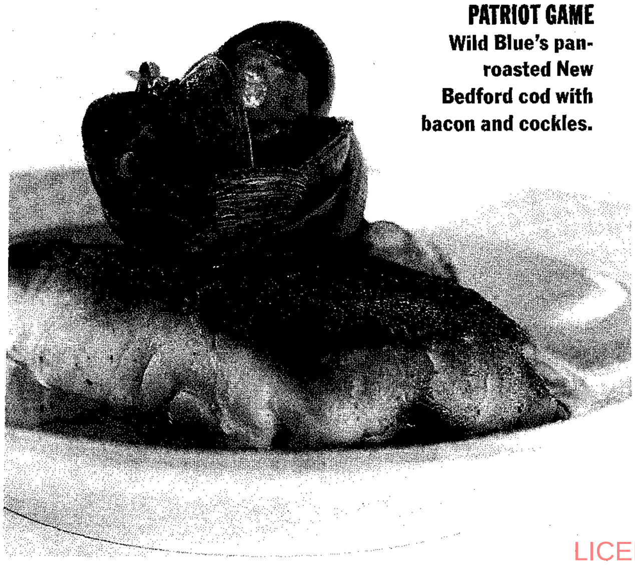
n cookery, even if it's what they cook at home.



LOVE IT OR LEAVE IT

The Coach House's roast rack of lamb with hashed potatoes and goat-cheese timbale.

MANHATTAN'S all-star chefs seem willing to leave this terrain to Forgione, Meer, and Lomonaco. Ambitious whisks with visions of Beard awards tend to dismiss old-time American cookery as Mom's down-home grub (even though it's what Charles Palmer and Alfred Portale cook for themselves at home). But that great grub is what brings homesick New Yorkers to Home and Drovers Tap Room, Village outposts of New Jersey and midwestern home cooking. There's not a lot of derring-do in pan-seared salmon with basil grits, spice-crusted pork chop, and burgers with homemade ketchup at modest prices in pocket-size Home—or in the meat loaf, buttermilk fried chicken, and plum cobbler at the even homier Drovers. Just sighs of contentment from a hungry clientele. And sitting at the counter in Pearls Oyster Bar, you can almost feel Cape Cod's briny spray.



PATRIOT GAME

Wild Blue's pan-roasted New Bedford cod with bacon and cockles.

Maybe the solemn implications of the millennium will stir up fresh nostalgia. Recently, Zoë's Kevin Reilly told me how he picked up his mother's Betty Crocker cookbook and found the smoky crab soup that's on his spring menu. Forgione is refining plans for Rose Hill, a smartened-up version of the late Gloucester House that will go into his 32nd Street space when he moves An American Place to the new Benjamin Hotel on Lexington this summer. Restaurateur Shelly Fireman has been eavesdropping at oyster bars, planning to transform Fiorella on Third Avenue into a Sheepshead Bay seafood haunt. "I'll say I learned everything from my grandmother in Provincetown," says Fireman, whose exaggerated childhood memories (he grew up in the Bronx) infuse his Brooklyn Diner USA. And, surprise, deviled eggs have just landed on Fifty-Seven Fifty-Seven's bar menu.

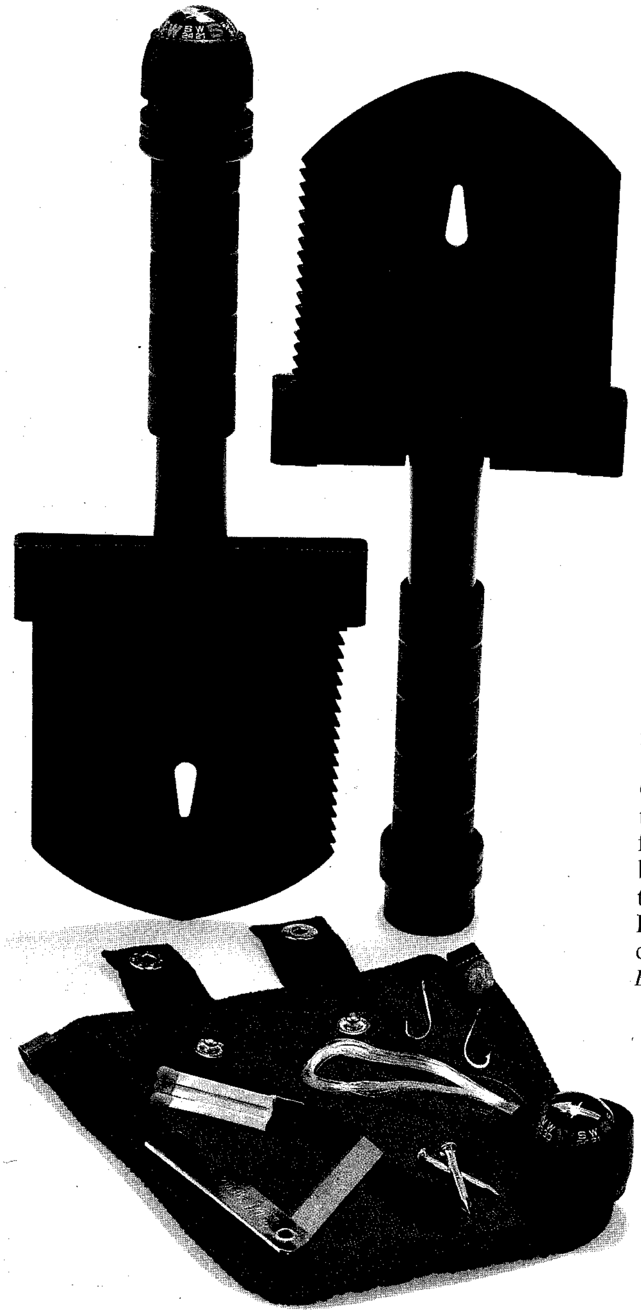
In a city that happily supports kitchens born in Armenia, Szechuan, Afghanistan, Uzbek, Sardinia, Nice, Tibet, and Molyvos, there has to be room for classics born close by: Beard's boiled rare leg of lamb. New Orleans boeuf en daube glacé. A nice Huguenot torte, perhaps. Brown-sugar-glazed country ham . . . you know, good ol' Wasp soul food. The best of the Northwest and, gosh, the Midwest too. Maybe even sour-cherry pie. My pal Arthur Schwartz misses boyhood treats at Patricia Murphy's Candlelight Restaurant in Brooklyn Heights, where waitresses in gingham walked around with baskets of popovers. I miss the buttery lobster chunks with black walnuts inside a saffron rice ring that I tasted at Manhattan's long-defunct Little Old Mansion on my first dinner date with my husband and ex-husband-to-be. (I miss golden innocence and being 23, too, but that's a novel.) ■

The Coach House (16 East 32nd Street; 696-1800). Wild Blue (One World Trade Center, 107th Floor; 524-7107). City Hall (131 Duane Street; 227-7777). An American Place (2 Park Avenue at 32nd Street; 684-2122). Home (20 Cornelia Street; 243-9579). Drovers Tap Room (9 Jones Street; 627-1233). Pearls Oyster Bar (18 Cornelia Street; 691-8211).

BEST BETS

The best of all possible things to buy, see, and do in the best of all possible cities

BY CORKY POLLAN



Survival of the Fittest

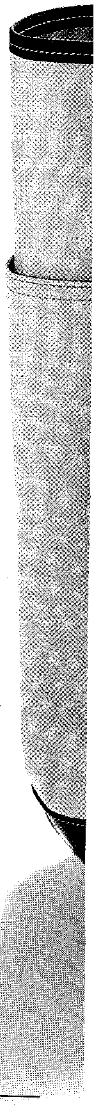
Troika's little metal gizmo makes packing for a camping trip foolproof. This compact tool is a shovel, saw, hammer, wrench, hatchet, and bottle opener—all the emergency stuff that always, somehow, gets forgotten. But that's not all it has to offer. Tucked inside the plastic handle is a mini survival kit: matches, compass, and razor, along with a line, hooks, and a weight for fishing ($40).

BARK LINENS/*369 Atlantic Avenue, near Hoyt Street, Brooklyn/718-625-8997*

Power Mac

This summer in the Hamptons, you *could* get by with the newly voguish monogrammed L.L. Bean bag, but leaders (not followers) of the fashion flock might want to opt for Coach's limited-edition (and discreetly numbered) Hampton totes. They're made of traditional mackintosh rainwear fabric, so they're fully waterproof for carting to the beach, but their bright-yellow classic-mac linings and bridle-leather trappings make them chic enough for polo matches or the Hamptons Classic ($228 and $298).

COACH/*595 Madison Avenue, at 57th Street/754-0041; and 2321 Broadway, at 84th Street/799-1624*

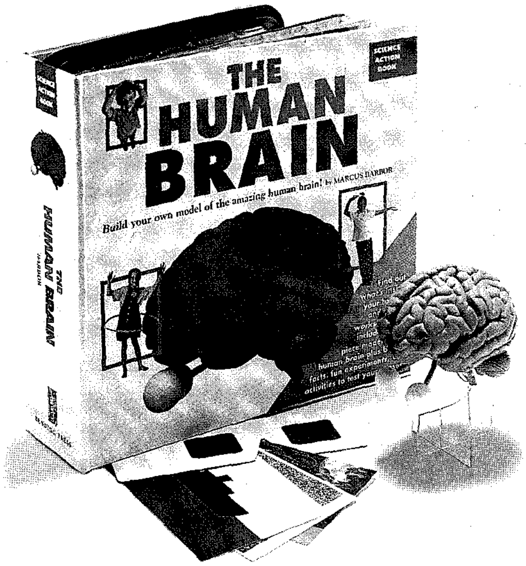


Photographed by Tommy Naess.

Send shopping queries to Corky Pollan, *New York* Magazine, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022-6999.

Mind Games

Though parents may think *The Human Brain* a tad gross, our 10-year-old tester—who is definitely into gross—found it awesome. This twelve-piece kit (published by Running Press) lets kids assemble a model of a human brain by connecting the right and left hemispheres, the thalamus, brain stem, optic nerves, et al. There's also a book filled with facts about the brain's amazing activities—sight, movement, nerves, taste, smell, memory, sleep—along with some fun experiments and tests for the senses ($19.95).
BANK STREET BOOKSTORE/*2879 Broadway, at 112th Street/678-1654*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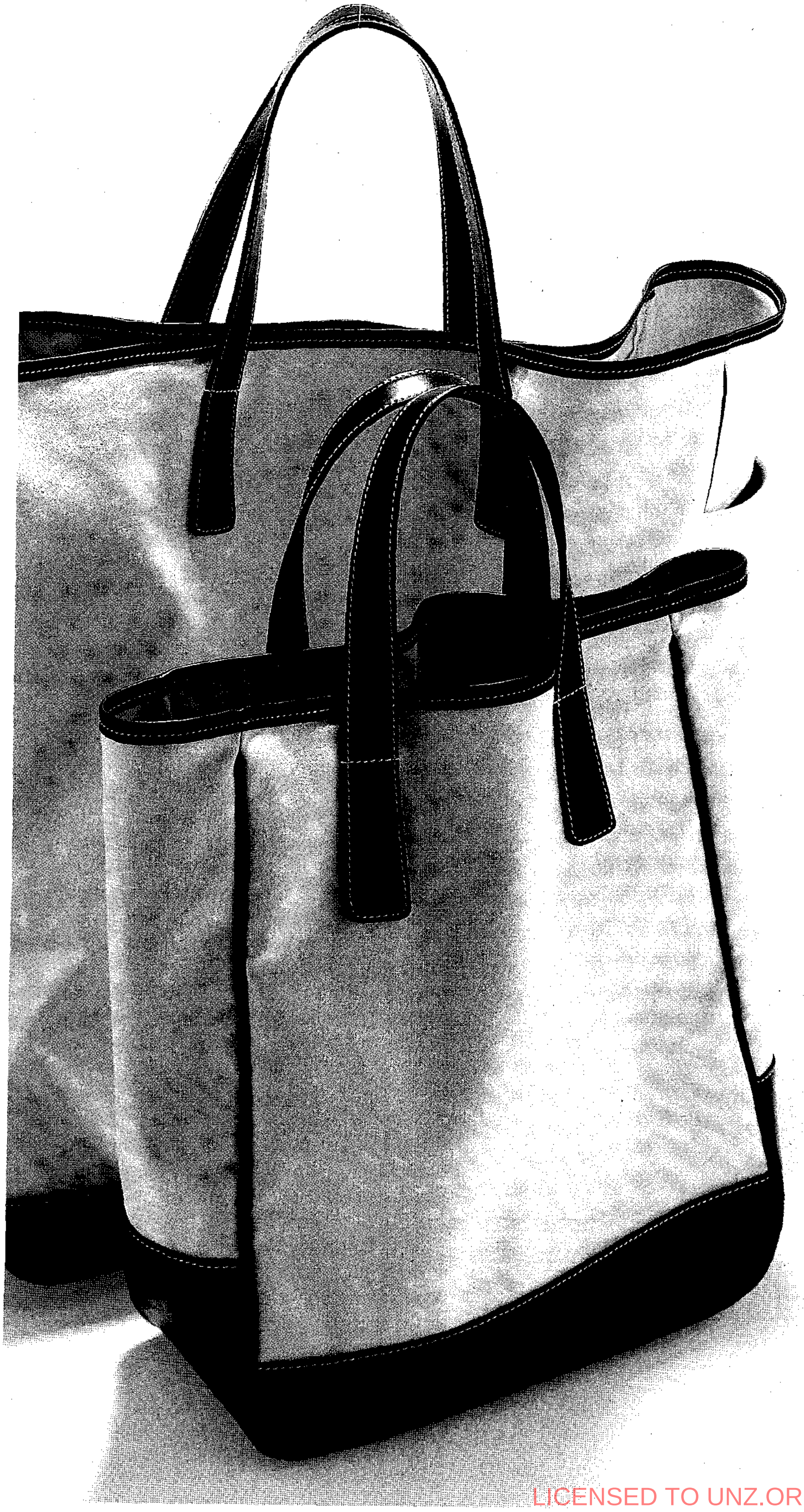
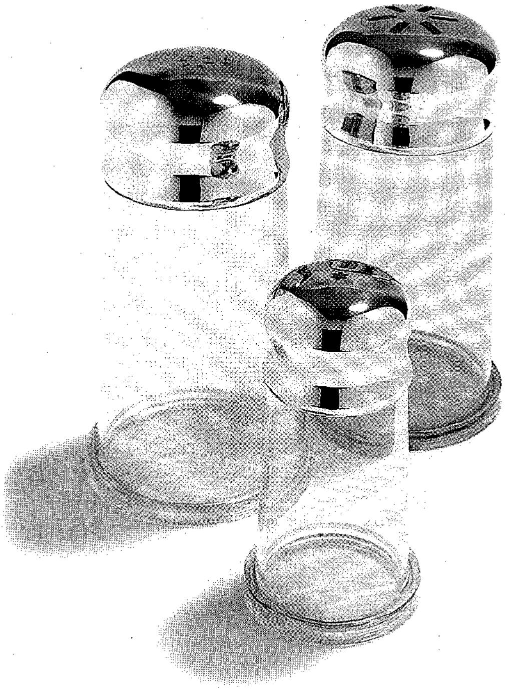


All-star Casters

Ettore Sottsass was responsible for the ultimate portable typewriter (the Valentine) and for Memphis (a bold, inventive, and short-lived postmodernist design movement), but he also creates swank yet utilitarian homewares for Alessi. His most recent are these simple, seductive stainless-steel-and-glass casters for confectioners' sugar, Parmesan cheese, cocoa, and paprika (paprika, $36; others, $40).
MOSS/*146 Greene Street/226-2190*



SMARTCITY

Lights in August

The pros confess that they sometimes go fishing for cheap great whites.

By Michael Steele

Photographs by Joseph Scafuro.

CORN ON THE COB, TOMATOES that don't taste like a sliced-up dish sponge, clams on the half-shell after a day at the beach, eating dinner while it's still light out—some of the best meals of the year are coming up. Selecting the right wine can be a tough call, though, since the hotter it gets, the less appealing a tannic, leathery Cabernet Sauvignon or a rich, plummy Merlot becomes. Many otherwise pampered palates get by on beer or soda during these months, but surely, that's needless deprivation. There are plenty of delicious wines that go well with tank tops and shorts.

We turned to several local wine pros—four sommeliers and the owner of a wine bar—for suggestions about what to sip this summer. Although these guys are used to pouring auction-worthy vintages at the city's finest restaurants, all recommendations here are reasonably priced and available at local shops.

Summer rule No. 1 is that younger, lighter-style wines make the best company. “When I'm thinking long summer days, a big oaky California Chardonnay really doesn't thrill me,” says Ralph Hersom, the 28-year-old wine director for Le Cirque2000. “What I like for the summer are crisp whites, and by crisp whites I mean whites that have seen little or no oak.” An Alsatian Riesling, like a **1996 Trimbach** ($12.95 at Sherry-Lehmann, 679 Madison Avenue, near 61st Street; 838-7500), will do the job nicely, he says.

Working for an Alsatian boss, Alexander Adlgasser, the sommelier at Jean Georges, drinks Riesling all year round. But for the summer, he recommends the **1997 Paul Blanck** ($14 at Acker Merrall & Condit, 160 West 72nd Street; 787-1700): “It's very light, dry, and has soft acidity.”

The best warm-weather whites do tend to fit that description. Ben Breen, the chief sommelier at Veritas (the oenophile's Valhalla, with 1,400 labels to choose from), favors a Sauvignon Blanc, like a **1997 Domaine Henry Pellé's Ménétou-Salon Morogues** ($12.99 at Garnet Wines & Liquors, 929 Lexington Avenue, near 68th Street; 772-3211). This wine goes down like mineral water yet has an interesting, almost herbal flavor. Another Breen recommendation is the **1996 Domaine des Baumard Savennières** ($17.99 at Acker), a dry Chenin Blanc that is loaded with plenty of mineral and citrus flavors. “It's something I don't have on our list, but I'm looking to get some,” he confides. “I used to run a few lists on Nantucket last summer, and we blew through Savennières. It became the rage thing.”

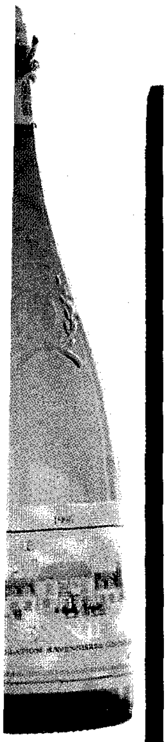
Both of these wines are from the Loire Valley. Centuries ago, the Loire was a sort of medieval Hamptons, and French royals were the medieval Rennarts who built their monstrously large summer châteaux there. “If you were going to pick one area of the world where you

EXPERT TESTIMONY

Four-Wheel Jive

The thing about in-line skates, for all their popularity, is that they're so, you know, *obvious*. Not only that, but the beginner skater would be better off in “quads,” the kind of roller skates you haven't worn since you chased your first crush around the rink at your 10th-birthday party. Not only are quads more balanced, they're far more maneuverable—rubber bushings at the wheels (which in-lines don't have) allow the skates to flex, which makes for quicker, more controlled turns. Still, in-line skating's marketing juggernaut has almost nudged quads out of the picture. Where can you still find these retro wheels? “The only real skate shop left in Manhattan is Peck & Goodie [917 Eighth Avenue, near 54th Street; 246-6123],” says Harry Rodriguez, manager at Manhattan's Roxy, where roller disco makes a triumphant return every Wednesday night. However, the place to buy roller skates may not be in a store at all. “Lezly Ziering has the best prices around,” adds the Roxy's skatemaster. Call him at 777-3232 to place an order. An added bonus is that Ziering, the chairman of the beloved Central Park Dance Skaters Association, will not only sell you skates but will also—for a fee—show you how to properly boogie in them.

SAM GROBART



Pool players: Younger, lighter-style wines like these won't make you woozy in the sun.

could go and find some very interesting wines for the summer, it would be Loire," says Hersom. Sancerre (Hemingway drank it "crackling cold" while driving from Paris to Spain), Pouilly-Fumé, Muscadet (the ultimate shellfish wine), and Vouvray (Hersom likes the **1997 Champalou**, which is $11.99 at Garnet and is sweet, with notes of pineapple and lemon) all drink well in the summer. Garnet sells an impressive range of Loire whites. To learn more, talk to the buyer, David Lillie; he's a devotee who travels to the region every year.

For a picnic, Hersom might tote a **1998 Domaine Bourillon-Dorléans** ($13.99 at Garnet), a deliciously drinkable dry Vouvray with citrus notes that goes great with foods like cold fried chicken, pasta salad, and cheese. Nicola Marzovilla, the owner of i Trulli and neighboring wine bar Enoteca, says that there are a number of excellent rosés cascading out of his homeland about this time. A favorite among customers is still the **1997 Regaleali Rosato** ($7.99 at Crossroads, 55 West 14th Street; 924-3060). "Rosés are good on their own," he says. "Or with first courses. Nothing *too* heavy."

When relaxing on the patio, Marzovilla drinks an unusual Piedmontese concoction, a **1997 Brachetto D'Acqui Banfi** ($14.99 at Astor Wines & Spirits, 12 Astor Place; 674-7500). It's a delicious sparkling red wine that smells like rose petals and tastes fruity without being cloyingly sweet; the fizz gives it a crisp finish. "It's something that's not very well known in this country," says Marzovilla. The low alcohol content (7 percent) means you're less likely to fall into the pool when you get up to open another bottle. In Italy, it's a dessert wine (its ideal mate is anything chocolate), but Marzovilla says Americans prefer it as an aperitif, which is how he serves it in i Trulli's garden. Another sparkling, low-alcohol wine to consider is Moscato D'Asti. Michael Greenlee at Gotham Bar & Grill likes the **1998 Saracco** ($13.99 at Crossroads); it's weak enough, says Greenlee, that you can practically drink it like Kool-Aid.

But it's the grill that truly tests a summer wine. The intense flavors of grilled meats laugh in the face of most of the wines mentioned thus far. Faced with jerk chicken or barbecued spare ribs, Bacchus himself would be tempted to reach for a Coors Light. But that wouldn't be sporting. "I like rosé," says Hersom. "You treat it as a white wine, so you do serve it slightly chilled. But because it is made from red grapes, it has a little more oomph to it." He recommends the **1996 Vin du Mistral** ($10.99 at Acker), a grenache rosé made by Joseph Phelps. It has enough berry flavor and just a hint of tannin to please those who usually stay in the red. Ned Benedict, the sommelier at Aureole, insists that if you're eating grilled meats, especially beef, you need something that will stand up to the smoky flavor. For that, he'd pour a spicy red like a Zinfandel or a Syrah such as **E. Guigal's Côtes-du-Rhône 1996** ($8.99 at Garnet). Of course, not all summer meals are eaten at a picnic table: An excellent choice for special occasions is the **1997 Dönnhoff Spatlese Riesling** ($24.99 at Acker). "I would say the '97s are just kicking ass," says Michael Greenlee at Gotham Bar & Grill. "Nineteen ninety-seven was a really stellar vintage in Germany." The Dönnhoff is a serious white wine with apple and citrus flavors that are best experienced with food. It's also the ideal dinner-party take-along, says Greenlee. "It's quality stuff that's wine-geeky enough to not be the everyday thing that Joe Guy is going to have at his house." ■

Ring around the rosé: Ralph Hersom, wine director at Le Cirque2000, isn't in the mood for an oaky Chardonnay.

NAVIGATOR

Q: Unlike their subjects, literary biographies have a terrible tendency to fall rapidly out of favor—and out of print. Boswell on Johnson and Trotsky on Stalin are still on the shelves, but where can I find Cross on Sterne? Or Clutterbuck on Wordsworth?

A: While the Biography Bookshop (400 Bleecker Street; 807-8655) carries thousands of in-print, recent bios, you won't find the *Autobiography of Henry Taylor* here; you can count the secondhand offerings on two hands. Surprisingly, no store in Manhattan specializes in the used variety. A few, however, have strong collections at low prices. The main branch of The Strand (828 Broadway, at 12th Street; 473-1452) carries somewhere between 50,000 and 100,000 biographies strewn throughout the second-hand emporium. Co-owner Fred Bass says obit writers make requests in droves for certain books to be put aside every time one of the greats edges closer to his eternal reward. Arranged by subject, the Strand's biographies are impossible to tally because they're next to impossible to find. (Hint: Novelists' bios are tucked away in the more general category of "Literature" and will not be found in, say, "Fiction.")

Argosy Book Store (116 East 59th Street; 753-4455) has a comparatively measly 5,000, only 1,500 of which are displayed in the dingy stacks downstairs. But it's still one of the largest selections in the city, and a separate area facilitates browsing. You pay twice what the Strand charges, but most of Argosy's books, even those dating back to the turn of the century, are $20 or less. Browse through the ornate leather-bound "Life and Works" sets kept behind glass upstairs, like the rare four-volume Robert Burns priced at $1,750. Literary bios abound on 18th Street, where the Academy Book Store (10 West 18th Street; 242-4848) competes with Skyline Books across the street (13 West 18th Street; 759-5463). Both have the cramped, industrial look of unrenovated loft basements, and together, they carry about 2,500 bios in designated sections. Academy carries seven or eight bios of Oscar Wilde alone at about $10 apiece. Skyline has more historical bios and a rarity or two, including a first-edition *Autobiography of Malcolm X* for $600. For a nominal $1 fee, Skyline will also do Internet searches for bookish technophobes—of whom, by definition, there are many. BORIS KACHKA

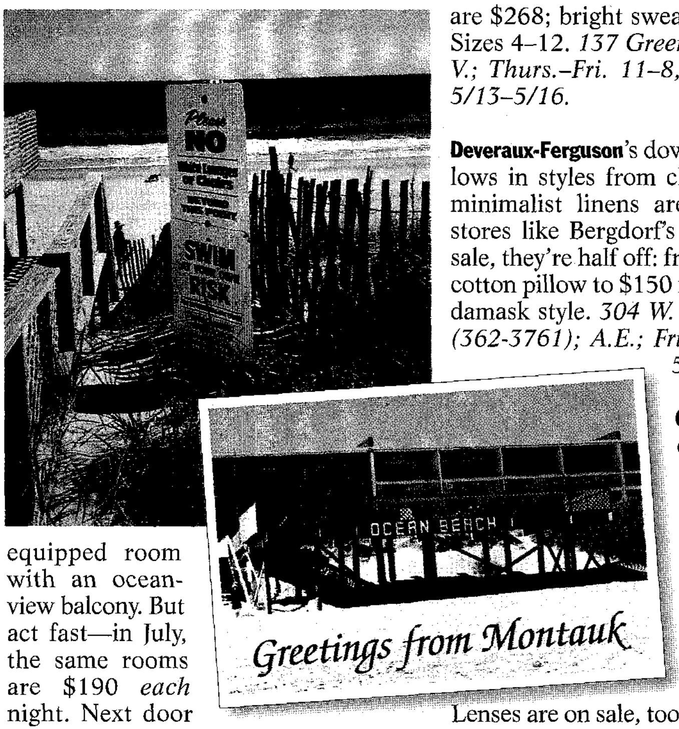
SALES & BARGAINS **SHYAMA PATEL**

Secrets of the Far East

A South Fork summer without *Dallas* rent: *Stay in Montauk—a few minutes from the glammier houses to the west—and you get* **a lot more of the same ocean.**

A HAMPTONS SUMMER SHARE ISN'T for everyone, and even in these flush times, it's expensive. Instead, book a beachfront palace (okay, a room) in Montauk, and you'll spend far less and wake up literally *on* the dunes. (And if nightlife *is* what you want, East Hampton's an easy fifteen-minute drive.) Whether you opt for a motel in town or seclusion outside, rates in the off-season, which runs until June 25 (not including Memorial Day weekend), are about half of peak prices, with shorter minimum stays. They even have pools, in case the ocean's still a bit too frosty for a dip. (All rates given below are per night, for two people per room.)

On the way out to Montauk, beachside **Windward Shores** has tennis courts and studios with full kitchens for $115 in the early season (during high season, rates start at $220). Farther along, the oceanfront **Panoramic View** has rooms with kitchenettes and terraces overlooking the waves. Low-season rates are from $84 per night; in high season, they start at $154. Across the street from the beach, **Hartman's Briney Breezes** has terrific early-season deals: $200 buys three nights in a newly renovated, kitchenette-equipped room with an ocean-view balcony. But act fast—in July, the same rooms are $190 *each* night. Next door at the **Beachcomber Resort**, rooms have full kitchens (and the place has tennis courts). Prices start at $115 per night in the early season, and then at $190.



In town, many motels are close to or right on the beach. Our favorite is **Ocean Beach Resort**, where you step out of your room onto the sand (maybe with a beer from the kitchenette). Low-season rates are from $130, then from $180.

For information on smaller inns and bed and breakfasts (as well as other hotels and room availability), call the **Chamber of Commerce** (516-668-2428).

Windward Shores Ocean Resort (516-267-8600); Panoramic View (516-668-3000); Hartman's Briney Breezes Motel (516-668-2290); Beachcomber Resort (516-668-2894); Ocean Beach Resort (516-668-4000).

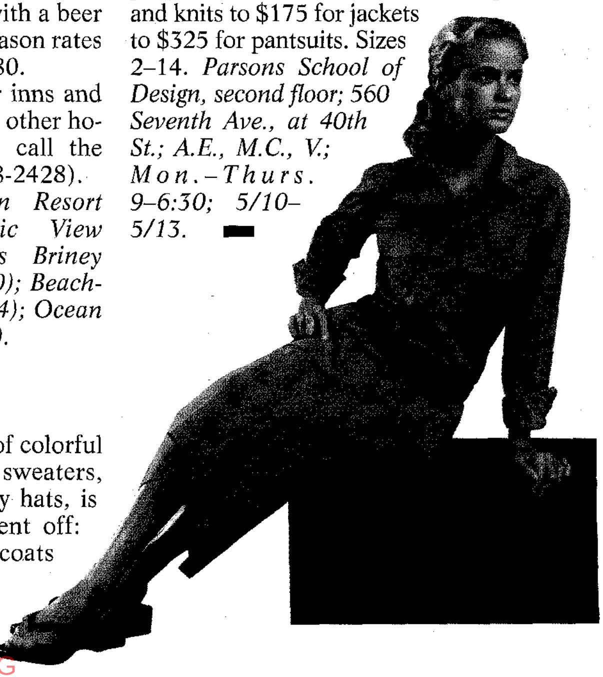
Picks of the Week

Catherine, the SoHo designer of colorful must-have embroidered sweaters, dresses, leathers, and cowboy hats, is selling stock at 50–70 percent off: three-quarter-length leather coats are $268; bright sweater sets are $124. Sizes 4–12. *137 Greene St.; A.E., M.C., V.; Thurs.–Fri. 11–8, Sat.–Sun. 10–8; 5/13–5/16.*

Deveraux-Ferguson's down-filled throw pillows in styles from classic brocades to minimalist linens are usually only at stores like Bergdorf's and ABC. At the sale, they're half off: from $45 for a large cotton pillow to $150 for a trimmed silk-damask style. *304 W. 90th St., Suite 1F (362-3761); A.E.; Fri. 10–8, Sat. 9–6; 5/14–5/15.*

Chelsee Eyes is clearing discontinued eyewear at 50–70 percent off and current models at 20–30 percent off (the usual American and European designers, plus hip rimless frames). Lenses are on sale, too. No eye exams. *20 W. 20th St., Suite 804; checks accepted; Mon.–Fri. 10–5, evenings and Saturdays by appointment; 5/10–5/31.*

MaxMara's luxury womenswear (pictured, below) is more than half off at the company sale. Prices are from $90 for pants and knits to $175 for jackets to $325 for pantsuits. Sizes 2–14. *Parsons School of Design, second floor; 560 Seventh Ave., at 40th St.; A.E., M.C., V.; Mon.–Thurs. 9–6:30; 5/10–5/13.* ■



ALWAYS A DEAL

Sarong, So Right

For a knot-and-go wrap skirt that doubles as a beach coverup, sift through bins of Indonesian-import batik sarongs at **Equator**, the Balinese-teak-furniture shop. The four-by-five-foot cotton swatches come in a variety of traditional prints and tons of color combinations. The hard part is picking your favorite—although at $20 apiece, a sarong for each bikini isn't out of the question.

98 Greene St. (219-3708).

DO NOT PHONE: Send suggestions to Shyama Patel, *New York* Magazine, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022-6999, six weeks before the sale. Only sales exclusive to "Sales & Bargains" and not previously advertised or published elsewhere will be considered.

Photographs: top, Shyama Patel(2); bottom, courtesy of MaxMara.

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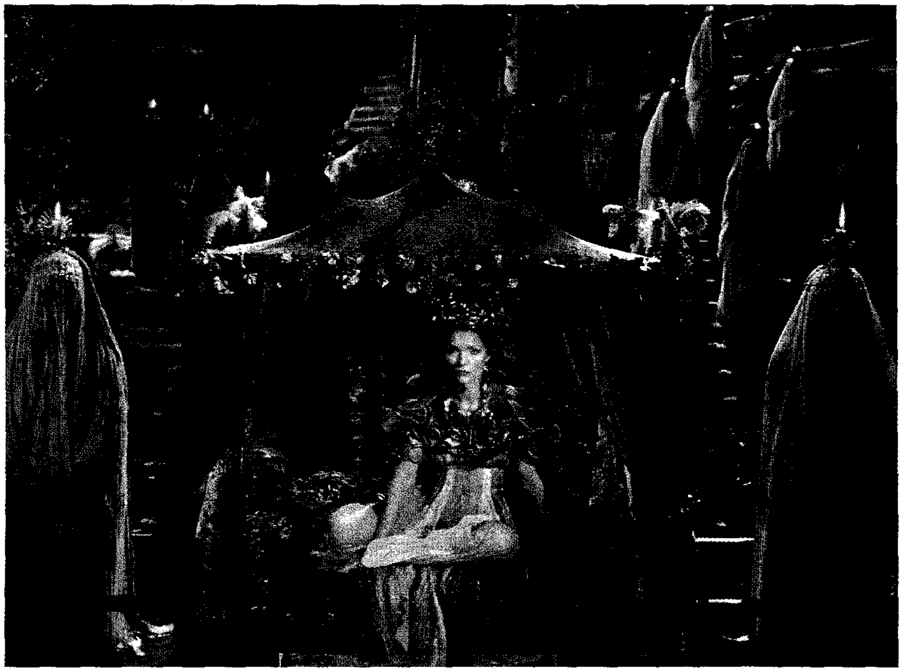
MOVIES PETER RAINER

Bottom's Down

A radiant giddiness informs 'A Midsummer Night's Dream,' but Kevin Kline lends a touch of melancholy to his deliciously hammy Bottom.

YEARS AGO I GOT INTO TROUBLE WHILE PARTICIPATING in a daylong panel discussion on Shakespeare and the movies by suggesting that if the Bard were alive today, he'd be writing film scripts. The point I was trying to make was not about the noxious effect of Hollywood on artists: That argument has already been made, in another context, by Paul Mazursky, who said that if Alexander Solzhenitsyn had moved to Beverly Hills instead of Vermont he'd be writing episodes of *Police Story* from his hot tub. No, my point was simply that Shakespeare, in addition to everything else, had the most "cinematic" of imaginations. Reading his plays is a far greater visual experience than watching most movies. Inevitably, the films derived from his dramas are diminutions. Who can hope to compete with the imagery conjured up by his language? And yet there have been directors—such as Orson Welles in *Othello* and *Chimes at Midnight,* and Kurosawa in his *Macbeth* adaptation *Throne of Blood*—who have brought their own voluptuous rage and passion to the Shakespearean panorama and, in so doing, honor both the playwright and the movie medium. And, of course, the greatest Shakespearean screen actors are always *better* than we could ever have imagined on our own. When Laurence Olivier is Othello, he's Shakespeare's collaborator; he's not merely acting the part but *realizing* it.



Rule, Titania: Michelle Pfeiffer as the fairy queen in *Dream.*

Photograph courtesy of Fox Searchlight Pictures.

A Midsummer Night's Dream—with its fairy king and queen and sprites, its oafish players and star-crossed, cross-eyed lovers, its pomp and slapstick and filigree—is one of the most opulent and movie-ish of Shakespeare's plays. (It's been filmed often, most memorably in the 1935 Max Reinhardt production with Jimmy Cagney as Bottom and Mickey Rooney as Puck.) The best thing about the new movie version of *A Midsummer Night's Dream,* which stars Kevin Kline as Bottom and a radiantly gauzy Michelle Pfeiffer as Titania, is that it doesn't try to set itself up as some radical reinterpretation. Neither does it punch up Shakespeare with a lot of galumphing calisthenics designed to show us how danged *enjoyable* the old guy can be. (This was the *Shakespeare in Love* approach, and may have been the key to its success; the filmmakers treated us all like precocious groundlings.) This new *Midsummer Night's Dream* is, thankfully, not a work of genius; it's captivatingly modest. The director, Michael Hoffman, who transposes the play's setting from Athens to late-1800s Tuscany while keeping most everything else intact, is content to treat the play as a showcase for his superb performers, who also include Rupert Everett as Oberon, Calista Flockhart as Helena, Anna Friel as Hermia, and Stanley Tucci as the horned Puck. Hoffman isn't much of a conjurer; his poetic effects—lots of arboreal dew and fairy dust and golden light—are a sugar-dipped mélange of pre-Raphaelite and *faux* Etruscan and Maxfield Parrish. But there's a sly knowingness to his method that redeems it. *A Midsummer Night's Dream,* after all, is about how the base is transformed into the blessed. Hoffman transmutes the heavy syrup of kitsch into Shakespearean nectar.

As it's performed here, *A Midsummer Night's Dream* is a supremely joyous play. No Jan Kott broodings for this bunch. Inevitably, the comical catastrophe of love sorts itself out—whether that love be unrequited, like Helena's for Hermia's suitor Demetrius (Christian Bale), or blind, like the fairy queen Titania's for Bottom, with his ass's ears and furry cheeks. Just about everybody ends up paired off in the best of ways. The sprites and nymphs of the forest are naughty jesters, but they're romantics as well; they know they have to undo their whammies and make things right. Only one of the lovers is left lovelorn: the lowly, princely Bottom, whose transcendent tryst with Titania gives him a glimpse of the ethereal he can't dispel. For most of the way, Kevin Kline is marvelously robust and hammy, but ultimately his Bottom has a touch of the forlorn about him. Whose dream is being dreamt in *A Midsummer*

Nights Dream? That's always been one of the play's resonant mysteries. In Hoffman's movie, the dream belongs to Bottom, and he's sad in the end for having woken up.

AS THE YOUNG MIDDLE-CLASS WIFE IN THE Iranian film **Leila** (at the Cinema Village), the actress Leila Hatami has an extraordinary look: Dressed in black, she has an ancient gravity, yet she wears her chador with a crisp chicness and her features are as fine-boned as any famished supermodel's. Leila is a living, breathing contradiction: a modern woman blurred into the most traditional of guises. The film, which was co-written and directed by Dariush Mehrjui, is about how Leila, with her own complicity, is pulled apart by the opposing forces in her life. Discovering shortly after her marriage to Reza (Ali Mosaffa) that she's infertile, she falls prey to the calculations of her mother-in-law (Jamileh Sheikhi), who presses Leila to stand aside for a second wife who will bear a male heir. (Polygamy in Iran is sanctioned.) At first, Reza, who genuinely loves his wife and claims he doesn't want children, has only contempt for his mother's ministrations. But gradually, horrifyingly, he follows through with the plan. What gives the film its fascination is that Leila's participation in her mother-in-law's campaign represents more than simply a capitulation to Islamic orthodoxy. Leila, who adores her husband, believes she is being punished for her infertility and willingly conspires in her own destruction. Her demolition of her marriage draws on something deeply disturbing within her: a lust to be humiliated. She is not only aghast at what Reza has wrought; she's mortified, and captivated, by her collaboration. (No one else in either family camp condones her complicity.) The film, in its resolution, invokes *A Doll's House*, which Mehrjui once adapted for the screen, and it also recalls, in a less layered and lyrical mode, Satyajit Ray's films about women and the strictures of class and tradition, particularly his *Home and the World*. It's a quiet heartbreaker.

In brief: JOAN CHEN'S DIRECTING DEBUT, **Xiu Xiu: The Sent Down Girl**, is an uneven, sometimes affecting coming-of-age story about a 15-year-old city girl (Lu Lu) during China's Cultural Revolution who is removed from her family and assigned to live on the remote plains of Tibet with Lao Jin (Lopsang), a middle-aged Tibetan horse trainer. The relationship between the maidenly Xiu Xiu and Lao Jin, who was emasculated in a war and secretly loves her, is a shade too Chaplinesque. Chen wants us to appreciate her film as a bittersweet fable, but what we see is too grotesquely unsettling for that. ■

Peter Rainer's 1998–99 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com**.

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THEATER JOHN SIMON

Nothin' Doin'

'It Ain't Nothin' but the Blues' is somethin' of a bore; 'The Cider House Rules' is a half-baked adaptation of half a John Irving novel.

THE FIRST HALF OF THE TITLE **It Ain't Nothin' but the Blues** is honest; the second half is a fib. The show has been promoted as a history of the blues, but all we get is a few slide projections and no spoken or other insight. Of the 22 numbers in the first half (all I could endure), quite a few were not blues at all. The one outstanding item was the trusty "St. Louis Blues," which Gretha Boston sang nicely but with peculiar pauses; nothing else approached this old favorite.

Even though the show boasts five writers and four producing theater companies, there is scant evidence of writing, and less of imagination; comparisons to the wonderful *Ain't Misbehavin'* are absurd. The seven performers are mostly seated behind their individual mikes, though they do get to stand up for solos and even sashay about a bit. All are competent, but one would want to see them in a more favorable context. Visually and choreographically, the show is a snore, but you might be awakened by the hyperboisterous audience carrying on like a claque, which it may have been.

I was particularly taken with the two white, middle-aged, middle-class women behind me clapping after every number like crazy, usually also whooping like unhinged cranes, and shouting out "Oh, yeah!" to prove themselves possessors of soul. Talking to a savvy record-company publicist, I found that he, too, left after the first half. We racked our brains for someone who stayed on for the second to enlighten us about it. He finally came up with somebody, but she also loved the first half, which, we felt, disqualified her. Rabid p.c. is alive and well at Lincoln Center.

AN EQUALLY QUESTIONABLE ENTERPRISE IS THE ATLANTIC Theater Company's **The Cider House Rules**, adapted by Peter Parnell from John Irving's overstuffed novel. The adaptation is in two parts of more than three hours each, but Atlantic can afford to mount only the 195-minute (with intermissions) first. It thus becomes the longest commercial (or teaser) ever: You have to buy the book to find out how it all comes out. I myself left after the first two hours, figuring that if I am (thank goodness!) not getting the whole *Cider House Rules*, it mattered little whether I quit after *Cider* or after *House*.

I consider such an endeavor at best otiose, at worst anti-literate. Novels of this kind can be adapted for the movies, as this one is about to be, but not for the stage, where they are turned into that dreariest of genres, story theater. It means that a character, Homer Wells, will stalk across the stage saying (I improvise), "As Homer Wells stumbled across the threshold and nearly split open his skull, he looked at Dr. Larch and said softly . . ." followed by whatever he softly said. This runs counter to everything drama stands for, and soon becomes torture.

Blues travelers: Gretha Boston and Ron Taylor in *It Ain't Nothin' but the Blues.*

Photograph by Joan Marcus.

The horrid hybrid was invented so that playwrights who have burnt themselves out can continue writing, if that's the word for it. And so that directors—in such cases usually actors themselves—can employ a large number of undistinguished colleagues, whom they can push around in countless small but busy parts, making them and themselves look good—or so they think. The co-directors here are the actor Tom Hulce and the ex-actress Jane Jones, now "co-artistic director of Book-It . . . a Seattle-based company dedicated to transforming great literature into great theater through presentation of the author's narrative voice." But the theater is not about narrative voice, which, in any case, involves in a novel the author's scene-setting and analytical passages, which film, unlike theater, can at least approximate.

As literate people know, a work of art is as much form as content, and form is unique unto itself and should respectfully be left alone. Book-It, which lists a number of reputable authors among its victims, should be ashamed of itself. It makes people who have seen both parts of the adaptation in California complacently desist from reading the book. I know the device worked once—for *Nicholas Nickleby*—but that extraordinary convergence of talent is not likely to recur in one lifetime.

The two principals here, Colm Meany and Josh Hamilton, do admirably, but I have enjoyed both of them more in real plays or movies. Some of the others also squeeze out a bit from their fragmented roles, but I have a problem with Jillian Armenante. It may well be that Irving wrote Melony as a frightening freak—he revels in creepiness and brutality—but it is one thing to read about such a thing and quite another to have one's nose rubbed in it.

JOHN GUARE'S LATEST, **Lake Hollywood**, IS about how people's hopes are only partially or seemingly fulfilled, which, on the evidence of this work, applies also to the playwright's aspirations. A gifted creator of whimsical situations and droll dialogue, Guare nevertheless tends to ramble on without a strong center or a clear sense of direction. In Act One, we are (as in *Cider House*) in New Hampshire. It is 1940, and Agnes, 37, is bringing Andrew, 35, her equally struggling New York neighbor and hoped-for boyfriend, to the lakeside family home now usurped by her elder sister, Flo. Flo has a new husband, the teenage Randolph, who can change the direction of the wind, and an unhinged uncle, Ambrose, who dreams of turning Scroon Lake into Lake Hollywood, a fancy retreat for boozing movie stars.

There is also Randolph's suspiciously young mother, Mrs. Larry, a round-the-clock Dietrich impersonator from Berlin, N.H. (but pretending to be from the other one), who tries to vamp Andrew. A forest fire from a Jehovah's Witnesses campsite may engulf them all. Somebody does die, then walks on water. Clearly, six characters in search of a play.

Act Two takes place 59 years later in today's Hell's Kitchen, where Andrew is a janitor and Agnes, his confused wife, must enter the hospital for exploratory surgery. She is still haunted by a man who, when she was 15, tried to rape her and chased her into Scroon Lake. A large credenza that nobody wants assumes a key role, and there is much more, adding up to less. The Signature Theatre production is accomplished, and most of the acting is fine, though no one looks aged 95 or 97. Two directors are credited, perhaps pulling in opposite directions. And what, I wonder, about the New Hampshire air elicits such loony excesses in two works? ▬

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CLASSICAL MUSIC PETER G. DAVIS

Strings Attached

As their divergent new recordings attest, the winners of this year's Avery Fisher Prize are gifted violinists with strong ideas behind the bows.

SPECIAL CONSIDERATIONS ARE NOT SUPPOSED TO enter into the awarding of honors as prestigious and remunerative as the Avery Fisher Prize, which carries with it a purse of $50,000. Even so, it must have struck the committee that ponders these things as odd that among the eleven winners since the award was first given in 1975, there has been only one violinist (Elmar Oliveira), and no women. Whether by accident or design, that oversight was rectified last week. **Nadja Salerno-Sonnenberg**, **Pamela Frank**, and **Sarah Chang** were announced as the 1999 recipients, violinists and ladies all, each with a strongly defined musical personality and each firmly established in a busy, high-profile career. And that, too, is at it should be. The prize, after all, was always intended to be an anointment rather than a boost up the ladder, a tangible sign of recognition for instrumentalists who have already, according to the award's official wording, shown "outstanding achievement and excellence in music."

All three violinists have done that, certainly, although not without a bit of controversy to spice things up along the way, as their latest recordings clearly indicate. Nadja Salerno-Sonnenberg has always divided opinion, in part for her unconventional, highly charged emotional interpretations, but even more for her rambunctious persona: agonized onstage writhing in purple jump suits and a rebellious, tough-talking manner that has brought her to the TV talk shows as the bad girl of the violin. Now 38, Salerno-Sonnenberg has apparently calmed down a bit, but she is clearly not about to be tamed if her new recording on Nonesuch is any indication: a fantasia in homage to that classic 1946 film noir *Humoresque,* which starred John Garfield as a young genius violinist, Joan Crawford as his alcoholic protectress, and Oscar Levant as his sour piano-playing buddy.

I confess that when the disc first arrived, I threw it into the trash as one more bit of crossover garbage I could live without. After retrieving it and listening with some care, I see I was mistaken. The movie, of course, is a compelling period piece from the days when classical music was very much present in American pop culture and an acceptable option for a young person—if I hadn't grown up then, I might not be writing these lines today. Franz Waxman, a prolific film composer, drenched the plot in heady arrangements of Bizet, Bach, Wagner, Dvořák, Lalo, and others, along with music of his own, and using that as basic material, the album producers have put together an ingenious hour-long soundscape of the movie. With Andrew Litton leading the London Symphony, Salerno-Sonnenberg plays like a demon possessed, her throbbing, cut-and-slash virtuosity and rhapsodic improvisatory style for once very much to the point. This is just the thing for a violinist who will probably never have a conventional career and who has found a happy home at Nonesuch, a label that seems to know exactly what to do with such mavericks.

Pamela Frank projects a quieter image: She is a young violinist (31) who plays the classics with confidence and authority as if to the manner born—which, in fact, she is, having two noted pianists for parents, Lilian Kallir and Claude Frank. Her musical priorities can be inferred from the violinists of the past she names as role models: Fritz Kreisler—"a wonderfully warm human being, with so much love in his playing"—and Joseph Szigeti, whom she admires for his nobility and the vocal quality of his singing line. That icon among fiddlers Jascha Heifetz is also revered but from a distance, as a staggering technician whose performances Frank finds exciting but not especially nourishing. It's also no surprise to learn that she enjoys playing chamber music with such kindred spirits as Peter Serkin and Yo-Yo Ma and takes a healthy but selective interest in new music.

On her latest record from Decca, Frank typically

Fiddlers three: From left, Pamela Frank, Nadja Salerno-Sonnenberg, Sarah Chang.

Photograph by Steve J. Sherman.

tends to two underappreciated works that respond to her thoughtful blend of spacious lyricism and attention to intimate detail: the A minor Concerto by Dvořák and the Op. 24 *Fantasy* by his son-in-law, Josef Suk. Perhaps it's the compelling narrative quality of Frank's style, a spontaneous flow of musical ideas intelligently organized, that makes her reading of the Suk score so absorbing. This long one-movement piece is exactly as billed: a fantasy full of almost improvisatory shifts in mood, and the radiant performance here endows the music with precisely the sense of cohesion and inevitability it needs. The violinist's colleagues could not be more appropriate or sympathetically in tune with both works: the Czech Philharmonic conducted by that much-admired authority on Czech music Charles Mackerras.

Sarah Chang first attracted notice at age 8, when Zubin Mehta heard her play, was bowled over, and asked her to appear as a surprise guest soloist two days later with the New York Philharmonic. Since then, she has seldom been out of earshot, and concertgoers have watched her grow up onstage. Although violin prodigies have never been scarce, few make a graceful transition into an adult career, a feat that Chang, now 18, seems to be managing with ease. Born in Philadelphia to Korean parents, she made her first recording for EMI nine years ago—playing a quarter-size violin—and on that collection of encore pieces, Chang impressed critics with her finished technical bravura, concentrated self-confidence, and remarkable musical sophistication. She has built on those qualities while rarely straying from the core concerto repertory.

The fact that a violinist of such tender years can concentrate on such oft-heard music and make it sound so fresh is a considerable accomplishment in itself. Chang turns that trick handily on her new EMI disc. With Mariss Jansons conducting the Berlin Philharmonic, she gives interpretations of the Sibelius and Mendelssohn concertos that are well worth hearing despite the huge recorded competition. Her tone has sweetened and her musical instincts have become more refined over the past few years, a definite plus in the Mendelssohn, which she views, as did the composer, as one long-breathed, organically evolving statement. Restraint, intensity of feeling, and delicacy of phrasing also make her reading of the Sibelius concerto special. These are wonderful performances, but even the most stunning virtuoso cannot remain wedded to the warhorses forever. It will be intriguing to see in which direction this important talent heads next. ■

Peter G. Davis's 1997–99 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com**.

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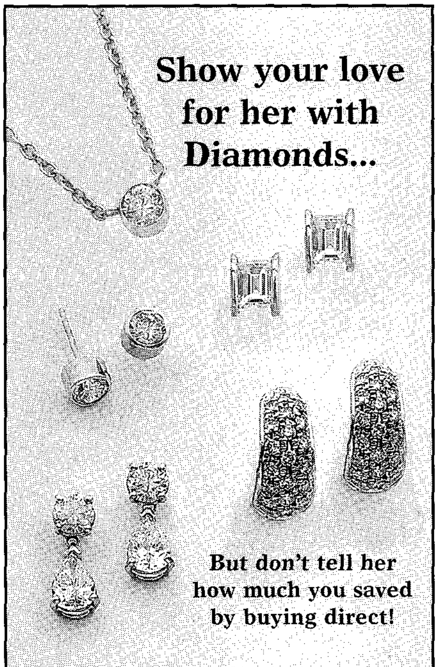

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DANCE TOBI TOBIAS

Overblowing It

Full-length productions from ABT clutter the Metropolitan Opera stage, while Peter Martins's big NYCB 'Swan Lake' leaves one guessing at his motives.

TRUE TO ITS LATTER-DAY FORM, **American Ballet Theatre** is devoting most of its annual spring season at the Metropolitan Opera House to program-length story ballets. Too many of these are excessively decorated trash (*The Snow Maiden*, for instance) or, nearly as discouraging, gaudy constructions that do little more than puff up some splendid kernel to Brobdingnagian dimensions. We don't really need the whole of *La Bayadère,* only the "Kingdom of the Shades" act, a marvelous example of classicism–according–to–Marius Petipa, which means as pure and sharp as a multifaceted diamond. We certainly don't need *Don Quixote* or *Le Corsaire* full-length. The virtuoso pas de deux from both do fine as party pieces; apart from the "Jardin Animé" sequence in *Corsaire,* the rest is excess baggage. Even where these multi-act ballets have an authentic nineteenth-century provenance, the work's mime, character-dance, and "ethnic"-dance passages have been savagely altered according to contemporary whim, which tolerates these once-relevant aspects of ballet hardly at all; the audience won't watch the stuff, and the dancers either can't do it or hate to.

In choosing such a scenery-laden repertory, ABT's artistic director, Kevin McKenzie, his board of directors, and his colleagues in the company's administration have indicated that "the public must be served." Sometimes I wonder what public they have in mind. It doesn't include me or many other veteran dance aficionados. If they're cultivating a new, sizable audience with this programming, what is their purpose? Are they, perhaps, producing a commodity that passes for ballet for a public that will pay for spectacle but is not all that keen on dancing?

Consolation for fans of the real thing lies in the performances of individual dancers. ABT's current season runs through June 19, and these are some of the artists I'll be watching closely: Ashley Tuttle, the most musical ballerina since Violette Verdy; Alessandra Ferri, whose technical strength is a sometime thing but who can act, giving the most fervid extravagances the impact of home truths; and Nina Ananiashvili, Russia's finest, with her cool aplomb and a receptive intelligence that is continually expanding her expressive range. Most fascinating to me among the men are Vladimir Malakhov (another Russian import), of the princely body and neurotic-hayseed face, whose artistic growth is remarkable; our native Ethan Stiefel, who has mercifully emerged from his look-at-me! phase to offer his astounding virtuosity with a more relaxed grace; and Jose Manuel Carreño, not just for his considerable athletic prowess but for an infallible courtesy through which he makes any woman he partners seem beloved.

PETER MARTINS, ARTISTIC DIRECTOR AND CHIEF SUPPLIER OF new repertory to the **New York City Ballet**, may have had several reasons—besides aesthetic impulse, which one must in good faith assume—for staging *his* version of *Swan Lake,* the work synonymous with classical dancing in the general consciousness. (His first production of the ballet was mounted on his alma mater, the Royal Danish Ballet, in 1996; now he has adapted that interpretation for the NYCB, employing a mind-boggling variety of casts.)

One of Martins's motives may have been ambition—the desire, exemplified by Peter Schaufuss, Martins's contemporary and RDB comrade, to register his own interpretation of the three "big" nineteenth-century ballets that owe so much of their glory to their Tchaikovsky scores. Martins is prevented (I hope) from tackling *The Nutcracker* by the existence of Balanchine's enchanting version, the progenitor of the *Nutcracker* mania that prevails in ballet land at snowflake time; he has already tackled *The Sleeping Beauty.* Another, equally understandable motive is box office. *(continued on page 70)*

Ashley Tuttle in American Ballet Theatre's *Symphonie Concertante.*

Photograph by Mira.

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D'Arc Angel

With 'Joan of Arc,' CBS treads—heavily and none too subtly—where poets and playwrights, historians and biographers, have gone before.

SHE REALLY LIKED BELLS. WE MAY NOT KNOW the color of her eyes or hair, how much she weighed, how tall she stood, how often she smiled, if at all, or whether she ever suffered, as some moderns have suspected, from anorexia or maybe even "androgen-insensitivity syndrome." But the Maid of Orleans is on record as having told the accusers at her trial and the friars who took her confession in 1431 that church bells at Vespers and Angelus, at Matins or Compline, triggered her voices and visions. From childhood on among the peasants and the sheep of Domremy, the teenager who was burned at the stake by the Inquisition—because she was absolutely positive that she heard Saint Catherine and Saint Margaret and saw the warrior angel Michael, and who recklessly insisted, even in her prison cell, on dressing as a man—had been enraptured by carillons.

Joan of Arc (Sunday and Tuesday, May 16 and 18; 9 to 11 P.M.; CBS) is big on swords but skimpy on bells. It is infatuated with medieval castles, of which there are many in the Czech Republic, where it was shot, but tone-deaf to the contrapuntal soundtrack of the superstitious times, in which witchcraft and heresy were obsessions, virginity a big deal and transvestism subversive, and church and state duked it out to establish the authority to certify kingship. It is attentive to the transcripts of her trials and posthumous rehabilitation hearing, but peculiarly determined to blame almost everything bad that happened to her on the faithlessness of Charles VII, the king she pretty much crowned with her own symbolic valor.

I'm not saying that the mini-series script, by Ronald Parker and Michael Miller, is any more wrongheaded than the play by Maxwell Anderson that inspired Victor Fleming's 1948 film with Ingrid Bergman; or the play by George Bernard Shaw that inspired Otto Preminger's 1957 film with a hapless Jean Seberg; or Voltaire's *La Pucelle d'Orleans,* in which she was laughed at; or Shakespeare's *Henry VI,* in which she was set upon by demons; or Schiller's Weimar tragedy, in which she fell in love with an English soldier; or Martha Graham's ballet, in which she made erotic love to the fire; or any of the Joans to be found in poems by Southey, Lamartine, and René Char, in biographies by Michelet, Anatole France, and Vita Sackville-West, and in the fantasies of, say, Charles De Gaulle. As Marina Warner has observed in *Joan of Arc: The Image of Female Heroism,* she is unique among historical personalities as the only universal female figure who wasn't "a queen, nor a courtesan, nor a beauty, nor a mother, nor an artist"—not even, till 1920, a saint. Neither a wife, a mother, a mistress, nor a muse, "she belongs to the sphere of action." Like Cleopatra, like Hypatia, she's been rewritten down through the five centuries according to what men think they need: Amazon, Christian mystic, La Belle France, right-wing anti-Semitic patriot, child victim of the cult of innocence, sexual hysteric, etc.

Still, there is no historical evidence whatsoever that Charles set her up to fail at Paris, although CBS seems to insist Tuesday night that neither her own careless arrogance nor any voice or vision in her head could possibly have led her astray; it had to be ungrateful co-conspirators. Nor is there any evidence that, like Jesus, she had been forewarned of her betrayal into the hands of the vengeful English and Burgundians, abetted by the territorial church, but went anyway to Compiegne. Still less is there anything in the record to indicate that, at the direction of Brother John Le Maistre (Maximilian Schell), she was ordered to be raped. This is not a brief for the Inquisition; if there's a hell, they should all of them rot in it forever. But rape as a policy was not among their repertoire of tortures. When Peter O'Toole's Bishop Cauchon buries an anguished face in palsied hands, it ought to be his own behavior he is worried about, and

Bells were ringing: Leelee Sobieski as the Maid of Orleans, leading the troops.

Photograph by Sean Gallup/CBS.

his own soul, not what a guard did because a mini-series needed some sexual violence to up the dreadful ante. And they also might have mentioned somewhere in these four hours that in the immediate aftermath of her burning, Joan's brothers sought to capitalize on her popularity by floating a fraudulent substitute.

As Joan, 16-year-old Leelee Sobieski's no Jean Seberg. She more resembles the Helen Hunt who played Kathleen Turner's daughter in *Peggy Sue Got Married.* There is about her self-absorption something persuasively spiritual as well as adolescent-sulky. She's got an indignant pout that serves her well during interrogation, if rather less so earlier on, when she must plunge into battle on the usual white horse, looking a little too much like Laurie of Lorraine playing Lawrence of Arabia. Oh, my, how O'Toole suffers, the very embodiment of second thoughts, bad faith, and the corruptions of worldly power. As Joan's mother, Jacqueline Bisset is far too gorgeous to belong for long in a peasant village instead of a Renaissance painting; and, like Leelee, she must have had the best dentist in the fifteenth century. Powers Boothe is one of those fathers who think the only voice any daughter ought to hear is their own. Neil Patrick Harris is in danger of growing up from Doogie Howser to either Malcolm McDowell or Roddy McDowall; his epicene Charles oddly chimes with Leelee's pubescence. Peter Strauss, part mercenary and part chevalier, is a little late with the cavalry. Shirley MacLaine's cameo as Madame de Beaurevoir proves that she can hold her own with Judi Dench.

Although my preview cassette arrived in rough cut, with a few of the special effects yet to come, there's no reason to think the finished product won't be impressive. But by downplaying just how many borders she transgressed, this *Joan of Arc* ends up muddling the deeper reasons why our daughters love her more than Robin Hood.

NOT THAT THE MINI-SERIES ISN'T A LOT MORE interesting than its sweeps competition, which on NBC consists of **Atomic Train** (Sunday and Monday, May 16 and 17; 9 to 11 P.M.), with Rob Lowe managing to save only his extended family from the nuking of Denver by a leftover Soviet missile; and on ABC consists of **Double Platinum** (Sunday, May 16; 9 to 11 P.M.), with Diana Ross and Brandy, both of whom would've been much more fun in concert than they are as the singer mother and the singer daughter who haven't seen each other for eighteen years and have miles to go and issues to resolve before a furious Brian Stokes Mitchell will sit still for their duet. *Atomic Train* wastes Edward Herrmann, and *Double Platinum* wastes Harvey Fierstein. ■

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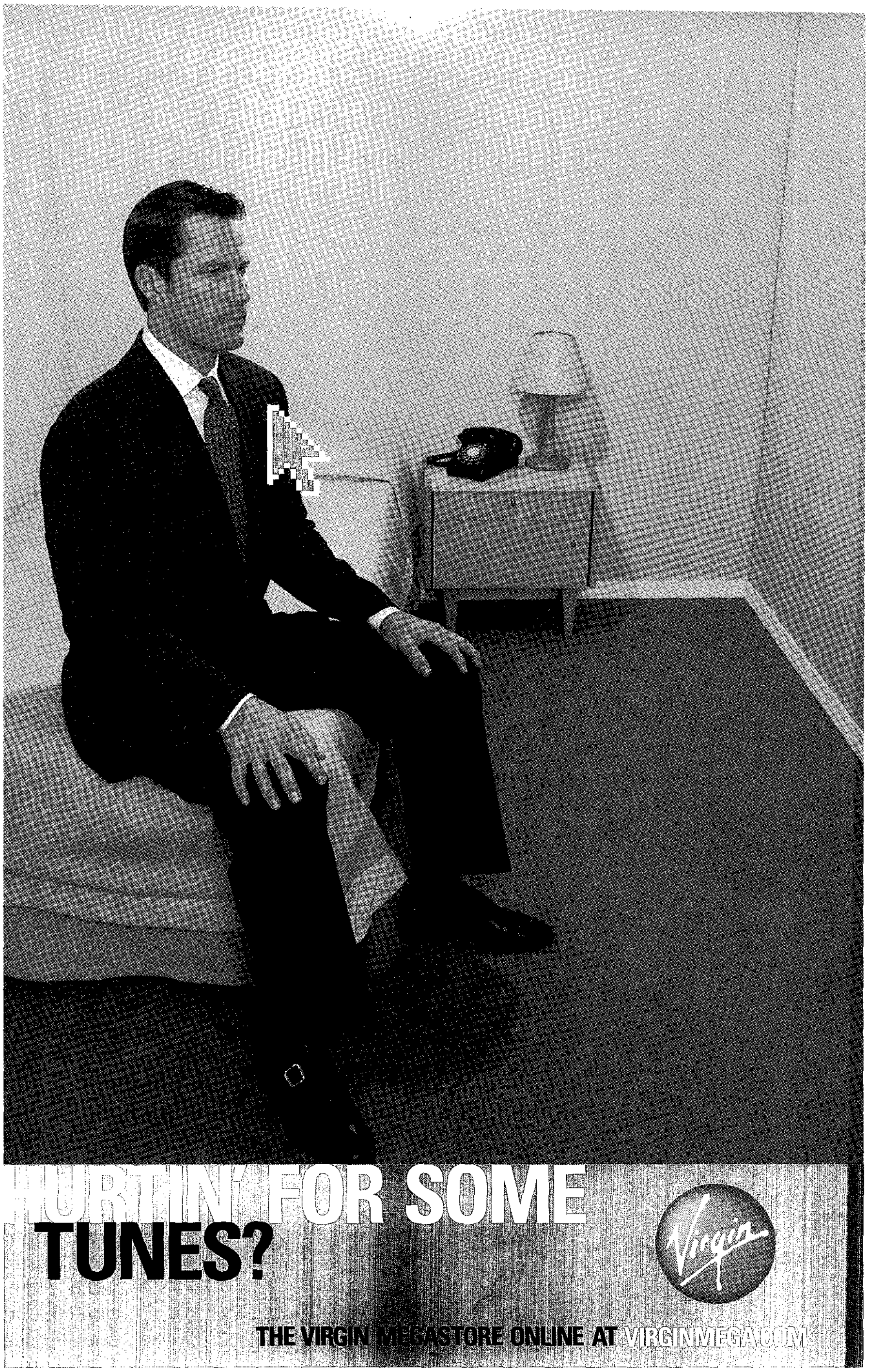
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POP MUSIC **ETHAN BROWN**

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One song at the Grammys changed Latin pop star Ricky Martin's life—but newly minted crossover status doesn't guarantee a good record.

OH, TO BE RICKY MARTIN. HIS FACE APPEARS ON MTV nearly 24 hours a day. Record executives salivate over his record sales. Madonna worships him. Members of both sexes lust for him. And the media have anointed him the prince of a rising Latin-pop revolution.

The Puerto Rican singer was anything but a household name just a few months ago. Then his hungry, grab-success-by-the-throat performance of "The Cup of Life" (the official song of the 1998 World Cup) at the Grammys in February resuscitated that musty mausoleum of a show. After the ceremonies, Madonna planted a very public kiss on the singer, and his record-label status was instantly upgraded from Sony Latin to Columbia. Martin's English-language debut became a priority for the entertainment conglomerate, which set off a frenzied P.R. campaign that yielded coverage like *Entertainment Weekly*'s panting cover line RICKY MARTIN: CRAZY, SEXY, DROOL.

But as with most overnight-success stories, Martin's night was a long one. A child actor since age 8, he was recruited into the Latin boy band Menudo at 12. He spent five years with the group before he was let go because of Menudo management's age restrictions. Avoiding a *Behind the Music*–ready life of drugs, self-pity, and excess, Martin kept himself busy with a recurring role on *General Hospital* and a brief stint in *Les Misérables* until he landed a recording contract with Sony in 1990.

Four Spanish-language albums followed, most notably 1998's *Vuelve,* for which Martin took home the Grammy for Best Latin Pop Performance on the very same night he thrilled audiences with his performance of the World Cup theme. Martin had sold more than 15 million albums worldwide before the Grammy performance, but in a music industry where nonwhite artists are often ghettoized in "urban" or "Latin" departments, he still wasn't considered a crossover artist.

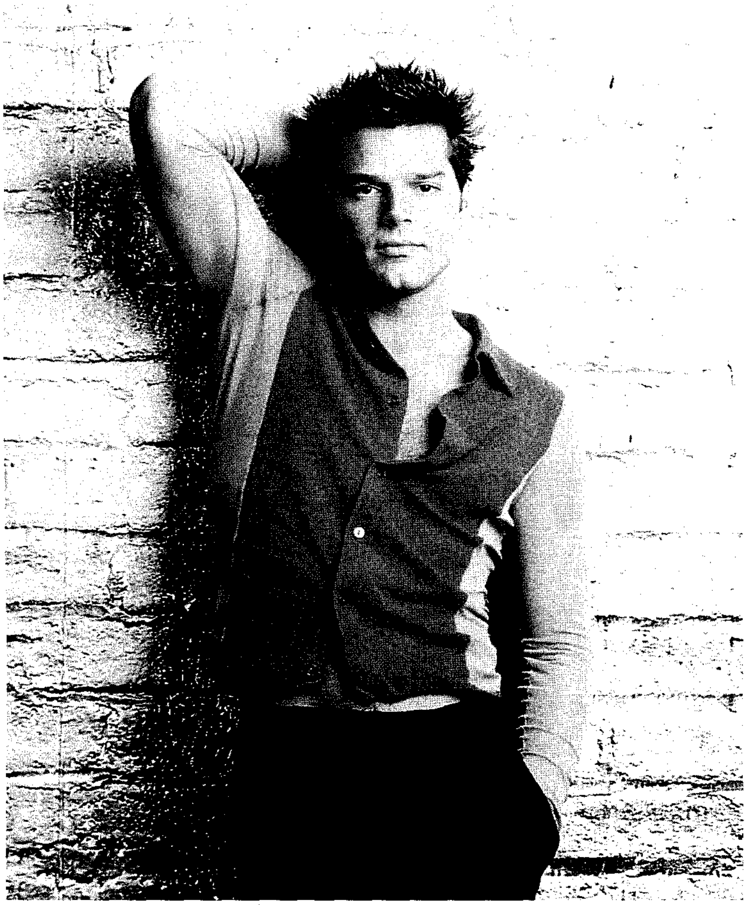
All of which added to the storybook quality of the Grammy performance. Ricky Martin is the sort of underdog most Americans like rooting for, but as the 27-year-old singer's self-titled English-language debut reveals, success carries a high price tag (though not in the typical crossover terms we're so often taught to believe must define an ethnic artist's rise to mainstream acceptance). Few outside the music industry realize that the air at the top of the corporate ladder is very, very thin indeed; at that level, *all* artists must succumb to market realities.

So instead of presenting an overlooked artist in a way that breaks with pop tradition, *Ricky Martin* offers the sound of market researchers at work. The album's first single, "Livin' La Vida Loca," is a cartoonish mix of Gap-ad-era swing, Mighty Mighty Bosstones–style ska, and surf-rock twang that nearly pummels the listener into submission with its never-ending hooks. Much of the album is filled with the kind of soppy, aching balladry (like "You Stay With Me" and the hideously named "Private Emotion") of boy bands like N'Sync and 98 Degrees that currently dominates the Top 40.

Martin's serviceable voice (which ranges from sexy-boy whisper to Bono-esque croon) is buried under layers upon layers of strings, pounding drums, and synthesizers by heavyweight producers like Desmond Child, best known for his work with pop-rockers like Aerosmith and Bon Jovi. The songwriting, provided by Child, the ubiquitous Diane Warren, and Emilio Estefan Jr. (husband of Gloria), isn't much better. There are cringe-inducing lyrics ("Up in the Himalayas / C'mon I wanna lay ya" from "Shake Your Bon-Bon"), and songs such as "Spanish Eyes" that present a Harlequin-romance-novel portrayal of south-of-the-border desire. (A benefit to singing in Spanish: Lots of people won't know how crappy your lyrics are.)

Ironically, as much as Martin seems to have been prepped for the Anglo big time by his Sony bosses, the few Spanish songs on the record are the ones that work best. With its percus- *(continued on page 70)*

Oh, Ricky, you're so fine: Instant heartthrob Martin has the ladies—and men—swooning.



Photograph by Youri Lenquette/Retna.

THE UNDERGROUND GOURMET JOSEPH O'NEILL

Re-wrapped

As presented by the SoHo crêperie Palačinka and TriBeCa's Omjavi, the much-maligned meal-in-a-flatbread achieves something like redemption.

THE WRAP STORM THAT BLEW OVER NEW YORK city a few years ago has passed, apparently without causing any permanent damage. For a while, even the Underground Gourmet—usually an eat-and-let-eat, man-for-all-seasonings sort of fellow—battened down the hatches, stunned by Cajun chicken wrapped with sour cream and mustard greens, and Thai spicy beef with tofu and broccoli. Washing it all down with that other West Coast arriviste, the smoothie, didn't improve matters greatly. But let's not forget, as we shake off our umbrellas, that foodstuffs wrapped in flatbread are not at all bad. Quite the contrary: In their classic forms, they can make the perfect meal.

SoHo's Palačinka feels like an *American* expat cafe in thirties Paris.

Which brings us to the SoHo crêperie **Palačinka** (28 Grand Street; 625-0362). This is a mysterious establishment. It has a Hungarian-sounding name but a distinctly Rive Gauche atmosphere, even though a close inspection reveals few French touches other than pots of Bonne Maman jam, an Orangina poster, and some Baleine sel de mer containers. There is nothing particularly Gallic about the tin ceilings or the metallic tables or the decorative bric-a-brac—a predictable assortment: wooden tennis racquets, leather suitcases, an old accordion—and the drowsy music that suffuses the restaurant's intimate candlelit space is usually Depression-era American (but sometimes Slavic folk music). The effect is American expat café in thirties Paris, and it works.

As does the nosh: brown, bulging (but not overstuffed) crêpes that look, but happily do not taste, like buff envelopes. The portobello crêpe ($7) comes with grilled mushrooms, mozzarella, roasted potato, and superbly pitched pesto, and is a subtle delight. So too is the ham-Gruyère-and-tomato combo ($7), which features the cheese in an oozy incarnation, with lots of grain mustard. The Italian salami ($7.50)—in appropriately mouth-stinging form—is partnered with mozzarella, roasted spuds, and black-olive tapénade; like the other crêpes, it comes with fresh organic mixed greens and a guile and coherence that newfangled wraps, with their willy-nilly mélanges, so often lack. Palačinka also serves a Mediterranean salad ($9)—you've guessed it: mixed greens, feta cheese, olives, Italian salami, roasted peppers, and kalamata olives—that is serviceable but, in comparison with its griddle-made pals on the menu, paltry on the palate.

For dessert, you eat more crêpes, only this time they're sweet, and they are fabulous. One number has Pollockesque drippings and drizzlings of chocolate on the outside and banana on the inside ($5). Likewise, the chestnut-purée crêpe—delicious! earthy!—hoards crème de marrons within its folds, covered with thick freckles of powdered sugar.

Palačinka has no liquor license, so remember to bring a bottle of wine. Unless you're coming for breakfast.

Palačinka is open Monday through Sunday, 10 A.M. to 10 P.M. Cash only.

INSPIRED BY THE CHARMS OF PALAČINKA, I dropped in on **Omjavi** (112 Chambers Street; 732-1949). This spacious Jamaican restaurant has a wide-ranging menu that features the likes of cow foot, jerk chicken, ackee and salt fish, and cow-cod soup (ranging from $6 to $10), but I was there to eat rotis. Sitting beneath a huge mural of bright Jamaican landscapes, I discovered a curry-vegetable roti ($5), in which spinach, carrots, onions, or cabbage—your choice—are crisp and fresh and swathed in a flatbread as big as a tabloid, and which is very, very good news. The curry-goat roti ($5) was also flawless, if monotonously meaty alongside its vegetarian counterpart. Which is not to say that the meat was anything other than excellent: tender, yet still chewy enough to give you that slight workout of the jaw muscles that goat properly demands. The curry in both of the rotis was mild and complemented the sweet fried plantains ($2), which in turn went down very well with an order of rice and "peas" (i.e., red beans).

Omjavi was uncrowded the night I went there, but it is pretty clear that this TriBeCa haunt, with its at-

Photograph by Steven Freeman.

tentive staff, cavernous interior, and unique character, would make a great place to have a party. If the music videos playing on the TV screens are anything to go by, expect rap.

Omjavi is open Monday through Wednesday 11 A.M. to 8 P.M., Thursday and Friday till 11 P.M., and Saturday 10 a.m. to 6 P.M. All major credit cards accepted.

ON SOMETHING OF A ROLL, AS IT WERE, THE Underground Gourmet headed for one of his favorite spots in Manhattan, the gritty, potpourri West Thirties, the location of one his favorite exemplars of a cuisine that bundles food with a savvy vengeance—Mexican. **Los Dos Rancheros Mexicanos** (507 Ninth Avenue, at 39th Street; 868-7780) is a no-frills place that immediately distinguishes itself by the three superb salsas that come with slightly greasy but reassuringly homemade fried tortilla chips: a salsa fresca that has loads of cilantro, a bite of jalapeño, and garlic galore; a very smoky, very luxurious chipotle purée (it's a rare treat to have this served as a dip: If it doesn't appear as a matter of course, ask for it and the staff will oblige); and a tomatillo salsa, which is tangy and snappy with lime and cilantro.

The tacos are good here—make that *great*: soft corn tortillas piled high with slivers of grilled chicken or chorizo (nicely hot), with onions and cilantro ($2). This is cheap, but the tostadas are an even better deal. For $2, you get, in addition to the corn tortilla (fried crispy, of course), a really thin layer (thin is good) of black refried beans with your meat of choice, salad, salsa, and a sprinkling of white cheddar. This value makes the flautas (a steep $8) not the most cost-effective way of getting your fill of rice and beans. On the other hand, the enchiladas verdes also cost $8, but with their zippy sauce and pillowy cheese have that something extra that makes them worth every penny.

The food here is so engrossing—and let's not forget the beer, which at $2 a bottle of Corona is as cheap as you'll find in any Manhattan restaurant—that it is only in the postprandial bliss-out that one fully appreciates the charm of the environment. There is a füssball table (sluggish and missing one ball, but playable), a jukebox (which, if you're not careful, will drown out your conversation), murals (low-key), and mainly Hispanic patrons (also low-key). Table service is an unhurried, friendly, Spanish-language affair. Sit back with a mamey batidas milkshake ($3), banish any thoughts of smoothies, and consider the day a wrap.

Los Dos Rancheros Mexicanos is open seven days a week from 11 A.M. to 10.30 P.M. Cash only.

Joseph O'Neill's 1999 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com**.

Tobias *continued from page 64*

The man has to sell tickets; his plight is the same as Kevin McKenzie's over at ABT. Full-evening story ballets attract an audience—regardless, apparently, of their ability to entertain or inspire.

NYCB's publicists have their work cut out for them, since Martins's *Swan Lake*—like his *Sleeping Beauty*—does little to ingratiate itself with its audience. As I noted in my review of the Copenhagen production ("Star Search," *New York*, April 14, 1997), Martins duly pays his respects to his inspired predecessors. He has borrowed from Petipa and Lev Ivanov, the pair who created the first viable choreographic realization of the Tchaikovsky score, and from Balanchine's ingenious and haunting one-act version for the NYCB. Giving this inheritance his own gloss, however, and creating new material that emphasizes a scintillating display of technique at the expense of soul-stirring poetry, Martins has fashioned a piece that is at heart anti-Romantic. He sets in motion an intricate mechanism of dazzling steps, the material relentlessly patterned on a grid and frontally oriented, as if the subtleties offered by the oblique or the curved were anathema. Story, character, communal contexts, mood, and metaphor—essential to *Swan Lake*—are indicated only fitfully and, one feels, grudgingly. The result is both unappealing and confusing.

The first cast for the NYCB production was headed by Darci Kistler, also slated to do the *Live From Lincoln Center* telecast, which for better or worse provides a lasting record. Alas, for some time now she has been plagued by physical weaknesses that prevent her from embodying her soaring imagination. Kistler was sympathetically partnered by Damian Woetzel, who actually created a character in the prevailing vacuum. The other Swan Queen I saw was Monique Meunier, whose vast, peculiar talent has never been properly cultivated. Here she exhibited a feral quality that might be the key to a powerful interpretation, but otherwise she looked as if she were on foreign turf without passport or compass. With few exceptions, the others onstage, striving for high-energy precision—an NYCB hallmark that Martins has turned into a fetish—had a paper-doll flatness and zero affect.

The most moving aspect of this production is, oddly, its scenery. Designed by Per Kirkeby, an acclaimed Danish painter, it's an abstract gloss on the psychological dimension of *Swan Lake*, its colors somber or icy, its slashes of paint—even when overlaid by a thin veil of architecture indicating civil habitation—evoking tangled underwater roots in which one might be tempted to drown. ■

Tobi Tobias's 1997–99 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com**.

Brown *continued from page 68*

sive, timbale-driven beat and call-and-response hook, "The Cup of Life" is an irresistible anthem. And on his much-anticipated duet with Madonna, "Be Careful (Cuidado con Mi Corazón)," Martin displays a vulnerability all too rare on this often insufferably macho record (another pitfall of Latin superstardom—just ask the constantly in-heat Antonio Banderas). When Martin croons in a sweet falsetto, "Be careful with my heart, you could break it," while Madonna soothingly sings the chorus in Spanish, the effect is disarming and gentle. The record's in-your-face production takes a rest here, too, thanks to U.K. electronica producer William Orbit (the mastermind behind Madonna's own *Ray of Light*) who deftly meshes flamenco guitar-playing with rich, ambient soundscapes.

Of course, critical takes on the record will hardly matter when the product arrives in stores. *Ricky Martin* is certain to hit a bull's-eye with the country's most important demographics: teenagers and Latinos. (Need any more evidence about the importance of these demos? Just ask Time Warner, which has successfully launched both *People en Español* and *Teen People.*)

Ricky Martin will also set off a lemminglike race to sign so-called Latin-pop artists, a move typical of the perpetually asleep-at-the-wheel music industry, which tends to recognize musical trends and demographic shifts years after they initially take root. But Latin pop may turn out to be the rare case where "next big thing" status is actually deserved. The audience for Latin pop is mushrooming (Latin-music sales totaled $571 million last year), and new talent, like salsa singer Marc Anthony (who enlivened Paul Simon's *Capeman* with his stunning voice) and actress turned aspiring pop star Jennifer Lopez (who'll have a record out in June on Sony's Work Group label), is in abundance.

As for Ricky Martin, well, his placid pop could use a dose of the kind of discomfort (and downright anger) he has already displayed at the music business's Columbus-like discovery of Latin music. There's a long history of angry, disillusioned-with-success follow-up records (from Fleetwood Mac's *Tusk* and Sly & the Family Stone's *There's a Riot Goin' On* to De La Soul's *De La Soul Is Dead*). But that sort of renegade renunciation would be too much to hope for from Martin. After all, he's never been in the business of creating art—he's just been in the business. ■

Ethan Brown's 1999 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com**.

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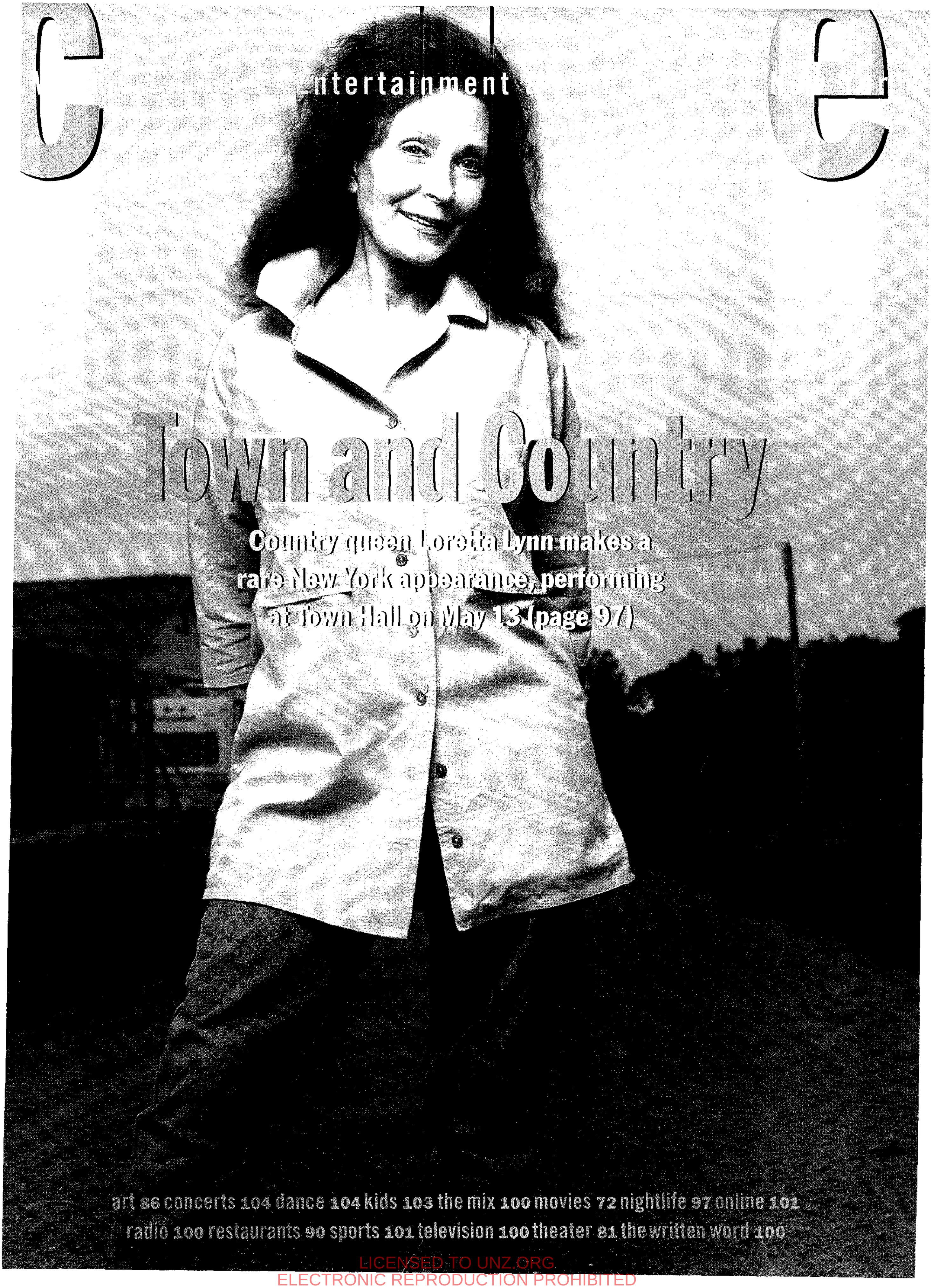
entertainment



Town and Country

Country queen Loretta Lynn makes a rare New York appearance, performing at Town Hall on May 13 (page 97)

art 86 concerts 104 dance 104 kids 103 the mix 100 movies 72 nightlife 97 online 101
radio 100 restaurants 90 sports 101 television 100 theater 81 the written word 100

movies

Miss India Georgia . . . After Life . . . Roam Sweet Roam

New Films

★**Affliction**—Writer-director Paul Schrader's adaptation of the 1989 Russell Banks novel is a heavy dose of oppressiveness. Small-town New Hampshire looks like hell frozen over. Barreling his way through this frostbitten inferno, Wade Whitehouse (Nick Nolte) is the archetypal walking wounded. He may try to wriggle out of his fate but it's bigger than he is. The world of this movie is framed as a battlefield of male privilege, and even if you reject the hallucinatory machismo at its core, it holds you. There's excellent supporting work by Sissy Spacek, Willem Dafoe, Mary Beth Hurt, and James Coburn. Nolte is near the top of his form. The character he plays is afflicted, all right—beyond reckoning. The movie is his dirge. (Rainer; 1/11/99) (1 hr. 54 mins.; R) *CO Worldwide Cinemas.*

After Life—Heaven's caseworkers help the newly dead select one memory to travel with them for eternity. Written and directed by Kore-eda Hirokazu. Shown with *Bunny,* this year's Oscar-winning animated short film. (1 hr. 58 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

Analyze This—Robert De Niro plays a Mafia boss who suddenly finds himself experiencing panic attacks. Delivered up to a psychiatrist (Billy Crystal), he approaches the sessions as if they were summit meetings. Initially on guard, he begins to catch on to the ritual. It's like learning a new scam. De Niro is quite funny; comedy seems to rejuvenate his actor's instincts. Crystal is unduly dour. Harold Ramis, who directed, brings off some classic sequences, but he sets up the capo and the psychiatrist as matching mopes. They learn life lessons from each other. And what we learn yet again is that potentially terrific comedies are often whacked by filmmakers feeling the need to spread a little therapy themselves. (Rainer; 3/15/99) (1 hr. 45 mins.; R) *Loews Village; CC Murray Hill Cinemas; Loews 19th St. East; UA Criterion; Loews New York Twin; Loews Orpheum 7; Sony Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Whitestone; Clearview's Cobble Hill; UA Marboro; Main Street Cinemas; UA Movieworld; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

Baby Geniuses—A talking-baby movie. With Kathleen Turner. (1 hr. 34 mins.; PG) *Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Centre Sunnyside; Main Street Cinemas.*

The Castle—A proud homeowner fights an airport extension that would take away his house. With Michael Caton and Sophie Lee. Directed by Rob Sitch. (1 hr. 25 mins.; R) *CC Angelika Film Center; CC Cinemas 1, 2, 3; Sony Lincoln Square.*

★**Central Station**—I can't join in with the prevailing opinion that Walter Salles's *Central Station* is on par with early De Sica—I love early De Sica too much. But in this otherwise rather schematic swatch of social catharsis, Brazil's Fernanda Montenegro gives the best performance by an actress I've seen all year. De Sica might not have made this movie, but he would have recognized in her bitter, beseeching portrayal a kindred character. (Rainer; 12/14/98) (1 hr. 55 mins.; R) *Screening Room; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas; North Shore: Kew Gardens Cinemas.*

★**Cookie's Fortune**—Robert Altman's latest, set in small-town Mississippi, is a pleasingly shaggy parody of southern gothic. You keep expecting it to drop a few octaves, but it never does; it's Delta pop that never becomes Delta blues. Still, this is not such a bad thing. Altman's feints and throwaways are very easy on the eyes; he shows off his townsfolk, played by the likes of Glenn Close, Liv Tyler, Patricia Neal, Chris O'Donnell, Julianne Moore, and Ned Beatty, with wiggy affection. The film is a goosey little jape, and it's crowned by a performance by Charles S. Dutton, as a man fingered for a phony murder rap, that's perfection. He has such an easygoing comic grace that he practically dances the part. (Rainer; 4/12/99) (1 hr. 58 mins.; PG-13) *CC Angelika Film Center; Clearview's Chelsea; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas; Clearview's Cobble Hill; Cinemart; Main Street Cinemas.*

The Corruptor—An idealistic NYPD cop learns how power has corrupted his superiors. Starring Chow Yun-Fat and Mark Wahlberg. Directed by James Foley. (1 hr. 51 mins.; R) *CO Worldwide Cinemas.*

Doug's First Movie—The animated story of a boy's quest to save the local monster from certain death. (1 hr. 17 mins.; G) *Clearview's Cobble Hill; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; Main Street Cinemas.*

★**The Dreamlife of Angels**—This first feature by the 42-year-old French director Erick Zonca is marvelously observant of the ways of friendship. Isa (Elodie Bouchez) is a 21-year-old free spirit with close-cropped black hair and saucer eyes. Marie (Natacha Régnier), her newfound roommate, seems prematurely hard-bitten. At first, they hit it off: They throng the malls and pull pranks and try to crash nightclubs; they smoke in bed together and razz men. But Marie is temperamentally Isa's opposite; she looks at life not as a lark but as a minefield. The tragedy of their friendship is that they damage each other without meaning to. The two performers deservedly shared the Best Actress award last year at Cannes. (Rainer; 4/12/99) (1 hr. 53 mins.; R) *Quad Cinema; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas; BAM Rose Cinemas; Kew Gardens Cinemas.*

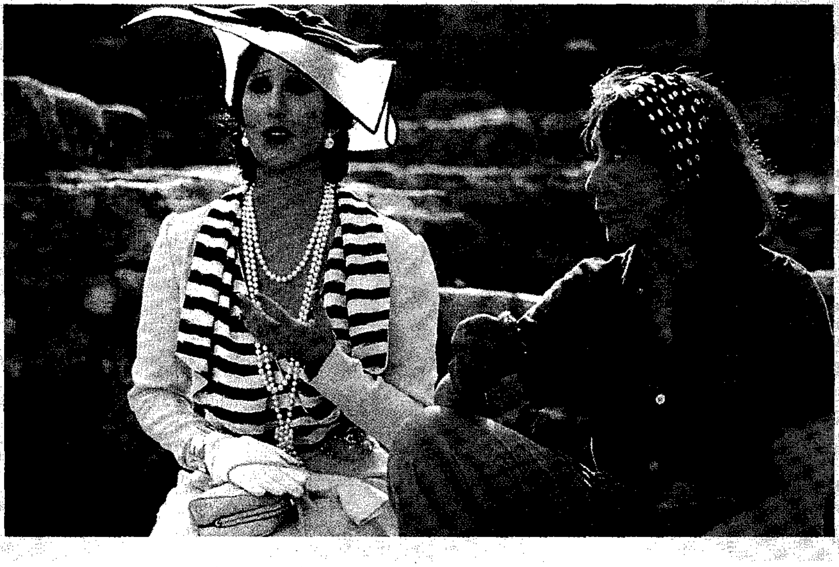
Edge of Seventeen—An Ohio teen falls in love with another guy during the summer of 1984. With Chris Stafford and Tina Holmes. Directed by David Moreton. (1 hr. 50 mins.; NR) *Opens 5/14 at Quad Cinemas.*

8½—Federico Fellini's 1963 film about a director who alternates between his dreams and his reality. Starring Marcello Mastroianni and Claudia Cardinale. (2 hrs. 18 mins.; NR) *Paris Theatre.*

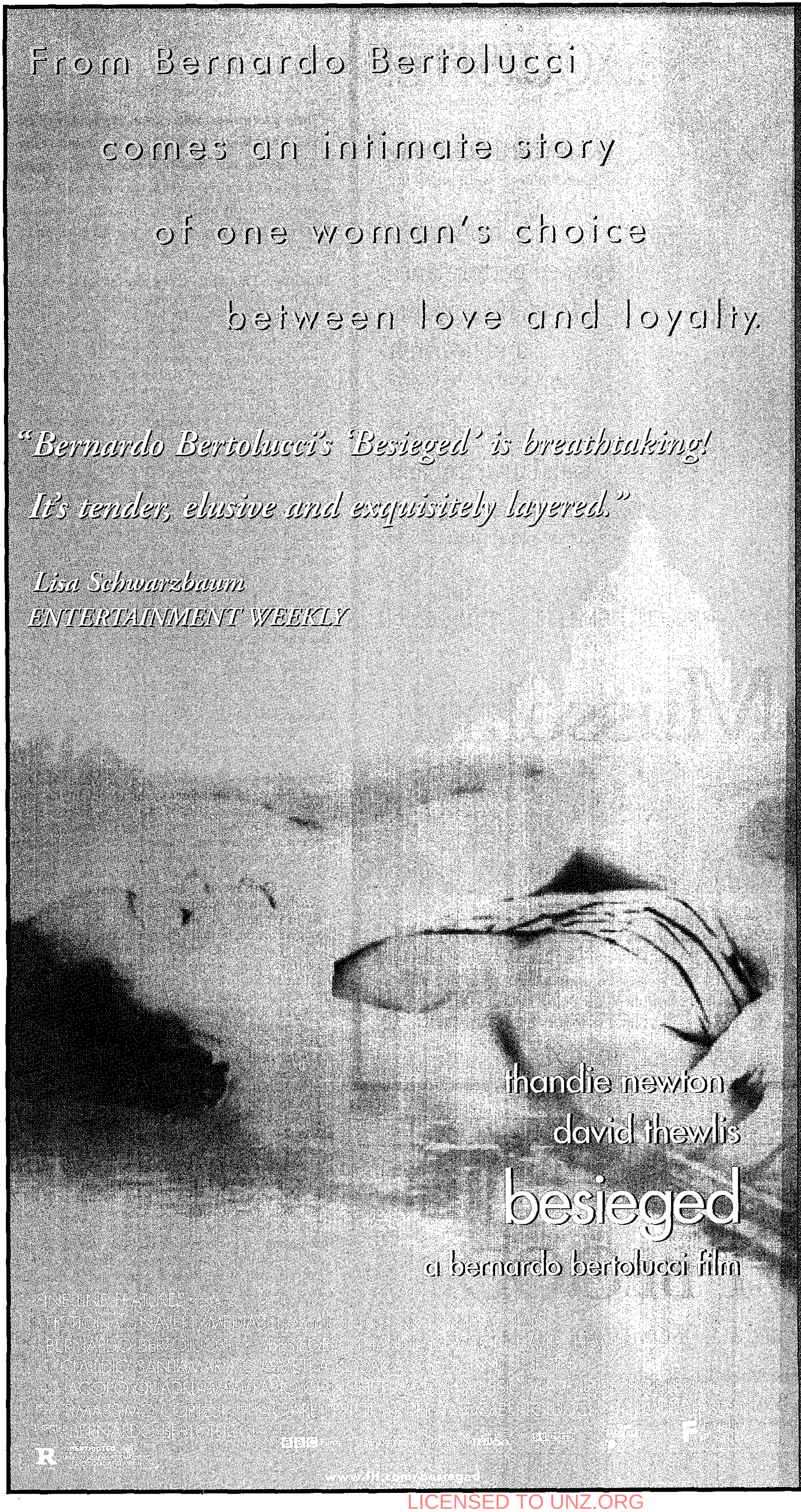
Election—Alexander Payne and Jim Taylor—the director-writer team that gave us the abortion comedy *Citizen Ruth*—are back with this facetious smarty-pants satire about a popular Midwest-high-school history teacher (Matthew Broderick) who acquires as his nemesis the school's No. 1 student overachiever (Reese Witherspoon). The filmmakers should be commended for making a high-school movie that, for a change, isn't aimed only at high-school students. It's an anti-high-school high-school movie, and it captures the dreary institutional climate: the ugly green hallways and generic auditoriums and all the other memento mori of those years. But *Election* could stand to be a little less satisfied with its smarts. Like brainy adolescents, Payne and Taylor mock everything in sight. After a while, you begin to wonder what makes them so all-fired special. (Rainer; 5/3/99) (About 2 hrs.; R) *Loews Village; Loews 19th St. East; CO Coronet; Loews Orpheum 7; Sony Lincoln Square; Whitestone; Pavilion; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

Opening
Loose Lips

Cher is a gold-digging American trekking through Northern Italy and Lily Tomlin is the local lesbian in *Tea With Mussolini,* a femme-flick about a colorful group of otherwise British women (including Dames Maggie Smith and Judi Dench) who survive World War II in Florence by keeping a full social schedule. Franco Zeffirelli's latest starts Friday, May 14.



'Cue' cover photograph by Mark Seliger/Outline.



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A FRANCO ZEFFIRELLI FILM
Tea with Mussolini

A FRANCO ZEFFIRELLI FILM STARRING (IN ALPHABETICAL ORDER) CHER JUDI DENCH JOAN PLOWRIGHT MAGGIE SMITH LILY TOMLIN AND INTRODUCING CHARLIE LUCAS AND BAIRD WALLACE "TEA WITH MUSSOLINI" WITH MASSIMO GHINI PAOLO SEGANTI AND MICHAEL WILLIAMS COSTUME DESIGNERS JENNY BEAVAN, ANNA ANNI AND ALBERTO SPIAZZI ART DIRECTORS CARLO CENTOLAVIGNA AND GIOIA FIORELLA MARIANI MUSIC BY ALESSIO VLAD AND STEFANO ARNALDI ASSOCIATE PRODUCER PIPPO PISCIOTTO EXECUTIVE PRODUCER MARCO CHIMENZ EDITOR TARIQ ANWAR DIRECTOR OF PHOTOGRAPHY DAVID WATKIN SCREENPLAY BY JOHN MORTIMER AND FRANCO ZEFFIRELLI PRODUCED BY RICCARDO TOZZI, GIOVANNELLA ZANNONI AND CLIVE PARSONS DIRECTED BY FRANCO ZEFFIRELLI

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Ground Rules:

These brief reviews, where noted, are condensed versions of reviews by Peter Rainer…A ★ denotes a current release that *New York* recommends, ranging from best-of-the-year picks to worthy curios to flawed movies with one outstanding element…Reviews are followed by the theaters where the film is playing.

Elizabeth—This film, about the daughter of King Henry VIII and Anne Boleyn, has real verve. It's not all that great even so, but in the historical-bio genre, liveliness counts for a lot. Cate Blanchett plays the young Elizabeth from the time she is nearly rendered headless by her half-sister Queen Mary (Kathy Burke) to her final ascension as the Virgin Queen. We are not to take that moniker literally. The Elizabeth on view here is a frolicker who knows how to dangle her spinsterhood before her panting suitors. She's a sexy queen, especially when she realizes she needs to ensure her power by lopping off a few heads of her own. The Indian director Shekhar Kapur and his screenwriter, Michael Hirst, would like us to see her as a feminist icon: She could do it all—dance the volta with her lover Robert Dudley (Joseph Fiennes) in full scandalous view of her court and lord it over the old fuds in Parliament. "I am no man's Elizabeth," she cries out while still in her marriageable mode. Later, she amends that: "I am married to England." Lucky England. (Rainer; 11/16/98) (2 hrs. 4 mins.; R) *Quad Cinema; CO Worldwide Cinemas.*

The Empty Mirror—A surrealist fantasy set in the last days of World War II and narrated by Adolph Hitler. Starring Joel Grey and Norman Rodway. Directed by Barry Hershey. (1 hr. 59 mins.; NR) *CC Village East.*

Endurance—The life story of Haile Gebrselassie, the 1996 gold-medal winner in the 10,000-meter race. Directed by Leslie Woodhead. (1 hr. 23 mins.; G) *Opens 5/14.*

Entrapment—Sean Connery stars as Mac MacDougal, the greatest art thief in the world, in this mildly diverting knockoff of movies as diverse as *The Thomas Crown Affair* and *Topkapi*. Catherine Zeta-Jones is the insurance investigator who becomes his partner. First they rob an ancient mask from a heavily guarded London exhibit, then a computerized bank account worth billions from a bank in Kuala Lumpur. Connery is worth watching even in junk; amid all the fireworks and ploddingly staged action, he actually gives a real performance. Zeta-Jones works well with him; their May/December thing is equal parts hubba hubba and rue. (Rainer; 5/10/99) (1 hr. 50 mins.; R) *CC Village East; CC Murray Hill Cinemas; Clearview's Chelsea West; UA Criterion; Clearview's Park and 86th St.; UA Gemini; Clearview's 62nd and Broadway; Nova; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Kent Triplex; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; Ridgewood; UA Marboro; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Centre Sunnyside; Jackson Triplex; Main Street Cinemas; Plaza; UA Astoria; UA Crossbay II; UA Movieworld; UA Hylan Plaza; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

eXistenZ—A video-game designer becomes the target of a fringe group when her new game takes its players too far into an alternate reality. With Jennifer Jason Leigh, Jude Law, Willem Dafoe, Ian Holm, and Sarah Polley. (1 hr. 30 mins.; R) *CC Angelika Film Center; CC Cinemas 1, 2, 3; Sony Lincoln Square.*

Fare Games—The story of two New York City cabdrivers and the younger women they become involved with. With Russell Stuart and Eddie Estefan. Directed by Brian O'Hara. (1 hr. 30 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema.*

Forces of Nature—Ben Affleck meets Sandra Bullock on the way to his wedding. With Blythe Danner and Maura Tierney. Directed by Bronwen Hughes. (About 2 hrs.; PG-13) *Cinemart.*

Get Real—A gay British teen falls for the big man on campus and discovers, to his surprise, the BMOC may be gay, too. With Ben Silverstone. Directed by Simon Shore. (1 hr. 50 mins.; R) *CC Angelika Film Center; Loews 19th St. East; Sony Lincoln Square.*

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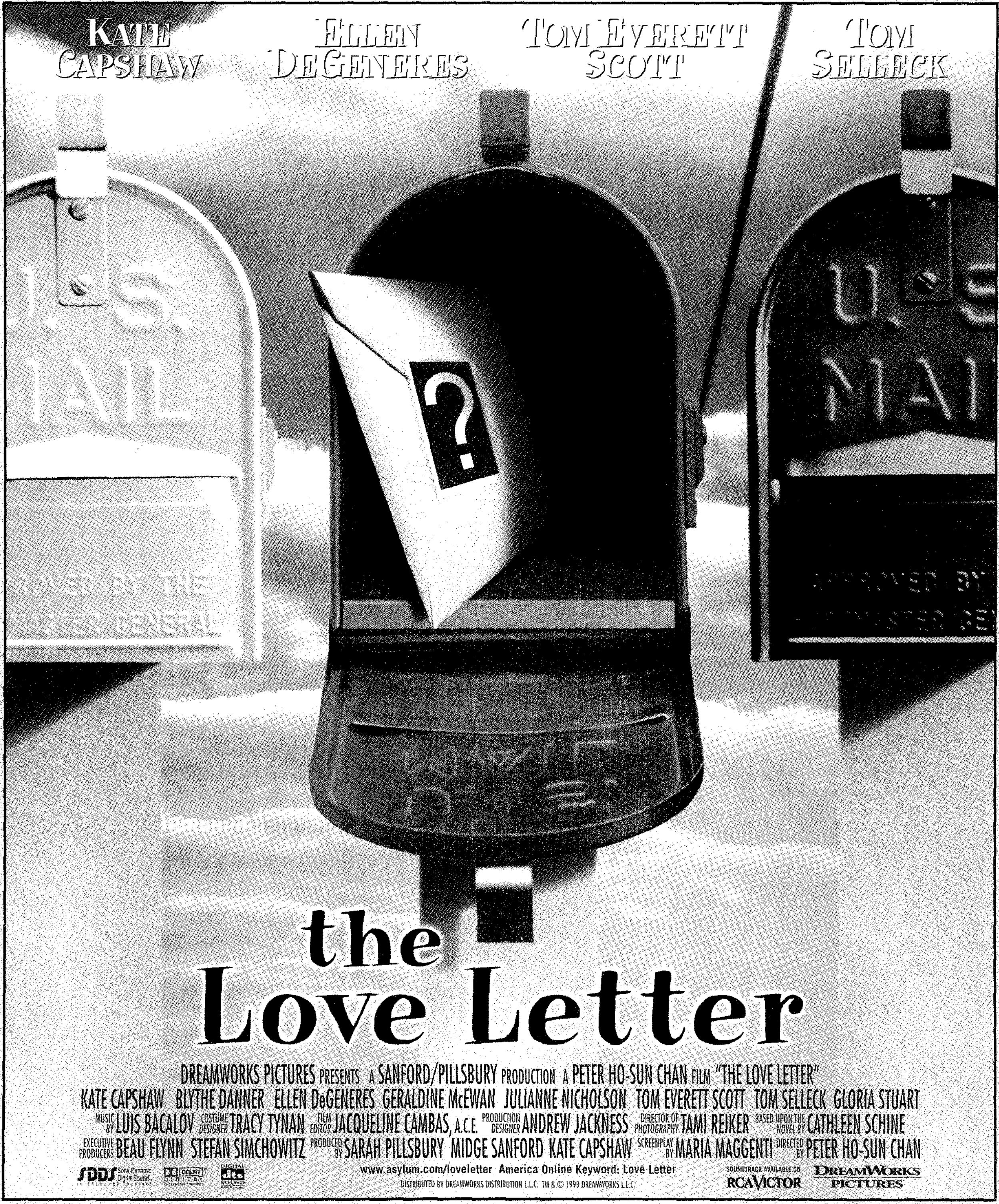

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The first 200 readers to call 1-888-696-2498 on Thursday, May 13th, beginning at noon, will receive a complimentary screening pass for two.

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Opening

The Sweet Hereafter

In the moving *After Life,* caseworkers in the Beyond trundle through the interview process with the newly dead. Their bittersweet task? Helping the arrivals sort through their lives for the one memory they want to travel with for eternity. Is it a battle scene? A summer breeze? A maternal embrace? Sorting through a lifetime, as you might guess, is not an easy undertaking. Kore-eda Hirokazu's film opens May 12 at Film Forum (where it will be preceded by this year's Oscar-winning short, *Bunny*).

Photograph courtesy of Artistic Licence Films.

Go—Directed by Doug Liman from a script by John August, this is one of those Sundance specials that seem to incorporate just about everything on the current Young Turk–indie-producer checklist: It has drug deals and hip chicks and lap dancing, it has cartoon violence and real blood, it has Vegas and L.A., it has a turn-back-the-hand-of-time dramatic structure. Liman (*Swingers*) is a virtuoso talent with a knack for locating the pulse of a scene, and he's good with actors—Sarah Polley, as a chicklet set up by a narc, is particularly good. But finally, there's nothing much to this movie except a lot of funky attitude. (Rainer; 4/19/99) (About 2 hrs.; R) *UA Sheepshead Bay; UA Astoria; UA Gemini; UA Crossbay I; UA Midway; UA Movies at Staten Island; Loews Village; Loews 19th St.; Sony Lincoln Square; Loews Orpheum 7.*

Gods and Monsters—The story of aging director James Whale (Ian McKellen) and his relationship with his lawn boy, played by Brendan Fraser. With Lynn Redgrave. Written and directed by Bill Condon. Based on the novel *Father of Frankenstein.* (1 hr. 45 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema; Kew Gardens Cinemas.*

★**Hands on a Hard Body**—It's about one of those homespun real-life gothic events just crying out to be chronicled. Every year in Longview, Texas—population 70,000—an auto dealership stages a contest in which entrants are required to stand around a fully loaded Nissan hard-body pickup with at least one hand on the truck at all times. The last person standing wins. Seth Bindler, an NYU Film School grad, shot this film on video for less than the cost of the truck—around $15,000. It's not all that it might be, but Bindler doesn't turn the contestants into freaks or saps. Errol Morris might have turned this subject into a creepy-crawly sideshow, but it's probably best he didn't get wind of it. Weirdness this good deserves the plain treatment. (Rainer; 2/15/99) (1 hr. 37 mins.; PG) *BAM Rose Cinemas.*

The Harmonists—A pretty good German film about the legendary a cappella vocal ensemble the Comedian Harmonists, who gave to the waning days of Weimar a bubbly frivolity before being broken up by the Nazis. (Three of the six vocalists were Jewish.) The destruction of the arts in Germany by the Nazis is often framed in terms of high culture. Here's an instance of pop culture being blown apart. (Rainer; 3/22/99) (2 hrs.; NR) *CC Sutton; North Shore.*

Hideous Kinky—Far from a masterpiece but worth seeing for Kate Winslet's performance and the lush rendition of Morocco, which at times resembles Matisse's Moroccan paintings. Winslet plays Julia, a mother of two small daughters who wanders about Marrakech and then more remote territory looking for spiritual salvation. She's the apotheosis of hippieness. (The time is 1972.) It's to Winslet's credit that she doesn't soft-pedal Julia's narcissism; the film is very good at conveying how lust—for an exotic country and for exotic lovers—can fog our good sense. As the film moves along, Julia seems to become more childlike while her two daughters come to resemble miniature English ladies of breeding. (Rainer; 4/26/99) (1 hr. 40 mins.; R) *Loews Village; Clearview's Chelsea; CC Cinemas 1, 2, 3; Clearview's Metro Cinema; Cinemart.*

Idle Hands—The devil possesses the right hand of a pot-smoking high-school slacker. With Devon Sawa and Vivica Fox. Directed by Rodman Flender. (1 hr. 30 mins.; R) *Clearview's Chelsea; Loews State; Loews Orpheum 7; Loews 84th Street; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; UA Marboro; Centre Sunnyside; UA Astoria; UA Crossbay; UA Movies at Bayside; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

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Iris Blond—A washed-up singer takes a cruise-ship job, follows one woman to Belgium, then forms a singing duo with another. Written, directed, and starring Carlo Verdone. (1 hr. 40 mins.; R) *Opens 5/14.*

The King and I—An animated story based on the musical by Rodgers and Hammerstein. Featuring the voices of Miranda Richardson and Martin Vidnovic. (1 hr. 30 mins.; G) *Cinemart.*

The King of Masks—Director Wu Tianming has fashioned the kind of straightforwardly sentimental tale that tends to cop the best-foreign-film award come Oscar time—but actually, it's better than that. Set in China in the 1930s, it's about an old street performer who grudgingly takes on a young orphaned girl and ultimately grows close to her. It comes by most of its emotions honestly. (Rainer; 5/10/99) (1 hr. 41 mins.; NR) *Cinema Village; Clearview's 34th Street Showplace; Clearview's First & 62nd St; Kew Gardens Cinemas.*

★**The Last Days**—A superb documentary, directed by James Moll, from the Survivors of the Shoah Visual History Foundation centering on testimony from five Hungarian Jewish survivors of the Holocaust. The film's tone is ostensibly inspirational, but what stays with one, too, is the abomination of these people's lives. (Rainer; 2/15/99) (About 2 hrs.; NR) *North Shore Towers.*

Leila—See Rainer, page 59. (2 hrs. 9 mins.; NR) *Opens 5/14 at Cinema Village.*

Life—Somehow, a comedy in which Eddie Murphy and Martin Lawrence are serving life sentences in Mississippi. Directed by Ted Demme. (1 hr. 52 mins.; R) *Clearview's 34th Street Showplace; Clearview's Chelsea; Loews State; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; Loews Orpheum 7; Loews 84th Street; New Coliseum; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; Ridgewood; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Main Street Cinemas; UA Astoria; UA Crossbay II; UA Movies at Bayside; UA Movieworld; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

Life Is Beautiful—An Italian Jew and his son are taken to a concentration camp at the end of World War II, and the father attempts to hide the horror through fun and games. Starring Roberto Benigni, Sergio Bustric, Nicoletta Braschi, and Giorgio Cantarini. In Italian, with subtitles. (1 hr. 54 mins.; PG-13) *CC Angelika Film Center; Guild 50th Street; Loews 72nd St. East; Loews 84th Street; Clearview's Cobble Hill; Centre Sunnyside; Cinemart.*

Lock, Stock and Two Smoking Barrels—It's about four petty hoodlums from London's East End who fight their way out of debt and throw in a doublecross. First-time writer-director Guy Ritchie sets four separate gangs against each other in what amounts to a serial Gunfight at OK Corral, and he stages the splatter like an MTV-generation Peckinpah; it has a hideous giddiness. He's a director to watch. (Rainer; 3/15/99) (1 hr. 47 mins.; R) *Loews Village.*

Lost & Found—David Spade is an L.A. restaurateur who woos his beautiful French neighbor (Sophie Marceau) by kidnapping her dog. With Martin Sheen. Directed by Jeff Pollack. (1 hr. 38 mins.; PG-13) *Loews New York Twin; Centre Sunnyside.*

Lovers of the Arctic Circle—Two stepsiblings fall in love and follow each other to the ends of the earth. Starring Najwa Nimri and Fele Martínez. Directed by Julio Medem. (1 hr. 52 mins.; R) *Art Greenwich Twin; BAM Rose Cinemas.*

The Matrix—Keanu Reeves investigates an alternate reality. (2 hrs. 15 mins.; R) *CC Murray Hill Cinemas; Clearview's Chelsea; CO Coronet; Loews Orpheum 7; Clearview's Olympia; New Coliseum; Sony Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Canarsie; Kent Triplex; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; Ridgewood; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Centre Sunnyside; Main Street Cinemas; UA Astoria; UA Crossbay; UA Movieworld; UA Hylan Plaza; UA Movies at Staten Island; UA Brandon Cinema.*

A Midsummer Night's Dream—See Rainer, page 58. (1 hr. 55 mins.; PG) *Now playing.*

Mighty Peking Man—A group of Hong Kong explorers try to track down a giant ape. Starring Danny Lee and Evelyne Kraft. Directed by Ho Meng-Hua. (1 hr. 40 mins.; NR) *CC Angelika Film Center.*

The Mummy—Brendan Fraser is a dashing explorer who fights to save the world from curse of the Keeper of the Dead. With Rachel Weisz, John Han-

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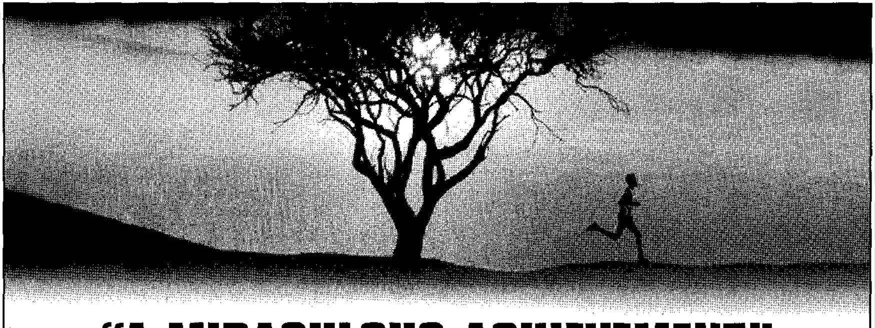

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Documentary

Geritol Gypsies

Filmmaker Ellen Spiro joins the aging, adventurous RV crowd in 'Roam Sweet Roam,' an engaging account of her time on the road with a roving community in a 1964 Airstream, accompanied by her dog, Sam. The story of this unique world is narrated by none other than writer Allan Gurganus, who, sadly, stayed home. At MOMA. *See "Museums, Societies, Etc." for more info.*

nah, and Omid Djalili. Directed by Stephen Sommers. (About 2 hrs.; PG-13) *Clearview's Chelsea; Loews Astor Plaza; Clearview's Beekman; Loews Orpheum 7; Clearview's Olympia; New Coliseum; Nova; Sony Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Canarsie; Kent Triplex; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; Ridgewood; UA Marboro; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Centre Sunnyside; Jackson Triplex; Main Street Cinemas; Plaza; UA Astoria; UA Crossbay II; UA Movies at Bayside; UA Movieworld; UA Hylan Plaza; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

★**Never Been Kissed**—Drew Barrymore really comes into her own in this teen comedy about a twentysomething copy editor for the Chicago *Sun-Times* who is assigned the job of going undercover at a local high school. The joke is, Barrymore's Josie was out of it then, and she's out of it now. The film, in its present-day sequences and also in flashbacks to Josie's choicest high-school humiliations, turns the worst embarrassments of high school into sicko horror-movie scenarios—which, of course, is how we remember them now. Trying to be cool, Josie reenters high school wearing white jeans and a pink feather boa and big hair. It's a disastrous getup, and pretty soon her only allies are the geeky math-club brains. Barrymore works up the awfulness of being ostracized with such comic brio that we almost dread her inevitable cool-girl transformation. And yet when she becomes a winner, she's just as loosey-goosey as ever. Barrymore gives her so much grace and passion and smarts that she makes this pop schlock matter. (Rainer; 4/19/99) (1 hr. 47 mins.; PG-13) *UA Criterion; UA East; Bay Plaza; Pavilion; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Centre Sunnyside; UA Astoria; UA Crossbay II; UA Movieworld; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

Open Your Eyes—A Spanish psychological thriller about a man who loses touch with reality after a car crash. Subtitled. With Eduardo Noriega and Penelope Cruz. Directed by Alejandro Amenábar. (1 hr. 50 mins.; R) *Art Greenwich Twin; BAM Rose Cinemas.*

The Out-of-Towners—A midwestern couple visit New York on a business trip that turns into a series of mishaps. Starring Goldie Hawn, Steve Martin, and John Cleese. Directed by Sam Weisman. (91 mins.; PG-13) *Loews State; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; Sony Lincoln Square.*

Pusher—A heroin dealer runs afoul with his supplier. Directed by Nicolas Winding Refn. In Danish with English subtitles. (1 hr. 45 mins.; NR) *Cinema Village.*

Pushing Tin—Whose bright idea was it to make a *M*A*S*H*-style movie about air-traffic controllers? Done up as a black comedy, this new-to-movies subject might have worked, but what we get instead is a film that should warm the cockles of all the fearful fliers in the audience: an unfunny romp in which our friendly skies are shown to be at the mercy of a gaggle of hypercaffeinated yahoos. The cast is a spiffy assortment of talent, mostly wasted, including John Cusack as the controller at Long Island's Terminal Radar Approach Control Center and Billy Bob Thornton, a new arrival to the center, as his cooled-out rival. Cate Blanchett, playing Cusack's wife, shows up sporting a Long Island accent; and Angelina Jolie, in the film's best performance, plays Thornton's wife—a tarty, blase bombshell. (Rainer; 5/3/99) (2 hrs.; R) *CC Village East; Clearview's Chelsea; Clearview's Ziegfeld; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; Pavilion; Cinemart.*

The School of Flesh—A successful fashion designer falls for a dangerous young bartender. Starring Isabelle Huppert and Vincent Martinez. In French with English subtitles. (1 hr. 45 mins.; NR) *Cinema Village.*

Shakespeare in Love—A fanciful romp about the young Will who wrote *Romeo and Juliet* and the romantic liaison that may have led to it. Joseph Fiennes is blandly dashing as the Bard and Gwyneth Paltrow, as his muse, is blandly pretty. She'd be better off if she didn't keep trying to set herself up as the Grace Kelly of the twentysomething set. She's best when she shows some steel, as in *Hard 8* and *Flesh and Bone.* (Rainer; 12/21/98) (2 hrs.; R) *CC Village East; Clearview's 34th Street Showplace; CC Sutton; UA Criterion; Loews 84th Street; Centre Sunnyside; Kew Gardens Cinemas.*

Tea With Mussolini—Joan Plowright, Judi Dench, Maggie Smith, Lily Tomlin, and Cher while away World War II in northern Italy. (About 2 hrs.; R) *Opens 5/14.*

The Third Man—Carol Reed's classic film noir based on a story by Graham Greene, restored and rereleased for its fiftieth anniversary. With Joseph Cotten, Trevor Howard, and Orson Welles. (1 hr. 44 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

This Is My Father—A Chicago schoolteacher visits Ireland to learn the story of the father he never met. With Aidan Quinn, Stephen Rea, James Caan, Colm Meaney, and John Cusack. Directed by Paul Quinn. (2 hrs. ; R) *Loews 19th St. East; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; Loews 84th Street.*

Three Seasons—This is the first American independent film to be shot in Vietnam with a primarily Vietnamese cast, but it has no center of gravity. It's very pretty; the director Tony Bui has a fine eye for lotus petals and rain-swept alleys. But his aestheticism turns everything into spun sugar. Harvey Keitel shows up as an ex-Marine looking for his daughter, and there are also episodes involving a prostitute and an cyclo driver, a street urchin, and a girl who harvests lotus blossoms. Won best picture at the 1999 Sundance film festival. (Rainer; 5/10/99) (1 hr. 50 mins.; PG-13) *CC Angelika Film Center; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas; Kew Gardens Cinemas.*

Trippin'—A teenage boy gets with the program when he realizes life—and his school crush—is passing him by. Starring Deon Richmond and Maia Campbell. Directed by David Raynr. Opens 5/12. (About 1 hr. 30 mins.; R) *CC Village East.*

True Crime—Clint Eastwood directed and stars in this creaky melodrama about a womanizing, down-on-his-luck newspaper reporter who discovers in the course of covering the last hours of a condemned man (Isaiah Washington) that he may be innocent. Eastwood is playing a good guy, but he seems leaner and hungrier than ever. The role of hack reporter seeking redemption brings out Eastwood's penchant for bluesy blahness. He spends lots of time in dank places feeling mopey. The newsroom atmosphere on display is counterfeit: Didn't anybody connected with this film ever step inside one? As Eastwood's editor, James Woods carries on like a cackling banshee; he's about as believable as Perry White on the old *Superman* TV series. Still, in political terms, this is a far cry from *Dirty Harry.* It actually stands up for due process of law. In Hollywood, this is known as mellowing. (Rainer; 3/30/99) (2 hrs.; R) *CO Worldwide Cinemas.*

Twice Upon a Yesterday—A forlorn lover gets to turn back time and relive a relationship that went wrong. With Lena Headey and Penélope Cruz. Directed by María Ripoll. (1 hr. 36 mins.; R) *Opens 5/14 at Angelika Film Center.*

Twin Dragons—Twin brothers separated at birth join together to fight the Hong Kong mob. Starring Jackie Chan. (About 2 hrs.; R) *UA Criterion; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; UA Crossbay.*

The Underground Comedy Movie—Various revue-comedy sketches starring Slash, Joey Buttafuoco, and Karen Black. Directed by Vince Offer. (1 hr. 27 mins.; NR) .

Manhattan

Below 14th Street

Art Greenwich Twin—97 Greenwich Ave., at W. 12th St. (929-3350) *Lovers of the Arctic Circle; Open Your Eyes.*

CC Angelika Film Center—18 W. Houston St. (995-2000) *The Castle; Cookie's Fortune; eXistenZ; Get Real; Life Is Beautiful; Mighty Peking Man; Three Seasons.*

CC Village East—189 Second Ave., at 12th St. (529-6799) *The Empty Mirror; Entrapment; Pushing Tin; Shakespeare in Love; Trippin'; Xiu Xiu: The Sent Down Girl.*

Cinema Village—22 E. 12th St. (924-3363) *The King of Masks; Pusher; The School of Flesh.*

Clearview's Waverly—323 Sixth Ave., at W. 3rd St. (777-FILM#603) *Idle Hands; The Mummy; Rushmore.*

Film Forum—209 W. Houston St. (727-8110) *After Life; The Third Man.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Loews Village—66 Third Ave., at 11th St. (50-LOEWS#952) *Analyze This; Election; Go; Hideous Kinky; Lock, Stock and Two Smoking Barrels.*

Quad Cinema—34 W. 13th St. (255-8800) *The Dreamlife of Angels; Elizabeth; Fare Games; Gods and Monsters; Testimento.*

Screening Room—54 Varick St., below Canal (334-2100) *Central Station; Windhorse.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

UA Union Square—13th St. and Broadway (253-2225) *Idle Hands; Life; The Matrix; The Mummy; Never Been Kissed; A Walk on the Moon; The Winslow Boy.*

14th–41st Streets

CC Murray Hill Cinemas—160 E. 34th St. (689-6548) *Analyze This; Entrapment; The Matrix.*

Clearview's 34th Street Showplace—238 E. 34th St. (777-FILM#700) *The King of Masks; Life; Shakespeare in Love.*

Clearview's Chelsea—260 W. 23rd St. (777-FILM#597) *Cookie's Fortune; Hideous Kinky; Idle Hands; Life; The Matrix; The Mummy; Pushing Tin.*

Clearview's Chelsea West—333 W. 23rd St. (777-FILM#614) *Entrapment.*

Loews 19th St. East—890 Broadway, at 19th St. (50-LOEWS#558) *Analyze This; Election; Get Real; Go; This Is My Father.*

42nd–60th Streets

CC Cinemas 1, 2, 3—1001 Third Ave., at 60th St. (753-6022) *The Castle; eXistenZ; Hideous Kinky.*

CC Crown Gotham—969 Third Ave., bet. 57th and 58th Sts. (759-2262) *A Walk on the Moon.*

CC Eastside Playhouse—919 Third Ave., bet. 55th and 56th Sts. (755-3020) *Xiu Xiu: The Sent Down Girl.*

CC Sutton—205 E. 57th St. (759-1411) *The Harmonists; Shakespeare in Love.*

Clearview's 59th Street East—239 E. 59th St. (777-FILM#615) .(See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Photograph courtesy of Ellen Spiro.

Clearview's Ziegfeld—141 W. 54th St. (777-FILM#602) *Pushing Tin.*
CO Coronet—993 Third Ave., bet. 59th and 60th Sts. (505-CINE#608) *Election; The Matrix.*
CO Worldwide Cinemas—340 W. 50th St. (505-CINE#610) *Affliction; The Corruptor; Elizabeth; The Faculty; She's All That; True Crime.*
Guild 50th Street—33 W. 50th St. (757-2406) *Life Is Beautiful.*
Loews Astor Plaza—44th St. bet. Broadway and Eighth Ave. (50-LOEWS#699) *The Mummy.*
Loews State—1540 Broadway, bet. 45th and 46th Sts. (50-LOEWS#901) *Idle Hands; Life; The Out-of-Towners.*
Paris Theatre—4 W. 58th St. (688-3800) *8½.*
UA Criterion—1514 Broadway, bet. 44th and 45th Sts. (354-0900) *Analyze This; Entrapment; Foolish; Never Been Kissed; Shakespeare in Love; Twin Dragons.*

61st Street and Above, East Side

Clearview's Beekman—1254 Second Ave., bet. 65th and 66th Sts. (777-FILM#606) *The Mummy.*
Clearview's First & 62nd St.—400 E. 62nd St. (777-FILM#957) *Cookie's Fortune; The King of Masks; Life; The Out-of-Towners; Pushing Tin; This Is My Father.*
Clearview's Park and 86th St.—125 E. 86th St. (777-FILM#604) *Entrapment.*
Loews 72nd St. East—1230 Third Ave., bet. 71st and 72nd Sts. (50-LOEWS#704) *Life Is Beautiful.*
Loews New York Twin—1271 Second Ave., bet. 66th and 67th Sts. (50-LOEWS#698) *Analyze This; Lost & Found.*
Loews Orpheum 7—1538 Third Ave., at 86th St. (50-LOEWS#964) *Analyze This; Election; Go; Idle Hands; Life; The Matrix; The Mummy.*
UA East—1629 First Ave., at 85th St. (249-5100) *Never Been Kissed.*
UA Gemini—1210 Second Ave., at 64th St. (832-1670) *Entrapment; Go.*

61st Street and Above, West Side

Clearview's 62nd and Broadway—1871 Broadway, at 62nd St. (777-FILM#864) *Entrapment.*
Clearview's Metro Cinema—2626 Broadway, bet. 99th and 100th Sts. (777-FILM#609) *Hideous Kinky; Xiu Xiu: The Sent Down Girl.*
Clearview's Olympia—2770 Broadway, bet. 106th and 107th Sts. (777-FILM#613) *The Matrix; The Mummy.*
CO Regency—1987 Broadway, bet. 67th and 68th Sts. (505-CINE#585) *Call theater for showtimes.*
Lincoln Plaza Cinemas—30 Lincoln Plaza, on Broadway bet. 62nd and 63rd Sts. (757-2280) *Central Station; Cookie's Fortune; The Dreamlife of Angels; Three Seasons; The Winslow Boy.*
Loews 84th Street—2310 Broadway, at 84th St. (50-LOEWS#701) *Idle Hands; Life; Life Is Beautiful; Shakespeare in Love; This Is My Father.*
New Coliseum—701 W. 181st St. (740-1545) *Trippin'; Life; The Matrix; The Mummy.*
Nova—3589 Broadway, bet. 147th and 148th Sts. (862-5728) *Trippin; Entrapment; The Mummy.*
Sony Lincoln Square—1998 Broadway, at 68th St. (50-LOEWS#638) *Analyze This; The Castle; Election; eXistenZ; Get Real; Go; The Matrix; The Mummy; The Out-of-Towners; A Walk on the Moon.*

Bronx

Area Code 718

Bay Plaza—2210 Bartow Ave., behind Bay Plaza Mall (320-3020) *Analyze This; Baby Geniuses; Entrapment; Foolish; Idle Hands; Life; The Matrix; The Mummy; Never Been Kissed; Twin Dragons.*
Concourse Plaza—214 E. 161th St. (588-8800) *Baby Geniuses; Entrapment; Idle Hands; Life; The Matrix; The Mummy; Twin Dragons.*
Whitestone—2505 Bruckner Blvd., at Hutchinson River Pkwy. (409-9037) *Analyze This; Baby Geniuses; Election; Entrapment; Idle Hands; Life; The Matrix; The Mummy; Twin Dragons.*

Brooklyn

Area Code 718

BAM Rose Cinemas—30 Lafayette Ave. (623-2770) *The Dreamlife of Angels; Hands on a Hard Body; Lovers of the Arctic Circle; Open Your Eyes.*
Brooklyn Heights—70 Henry St. (596-7070) *Call theater for showtimes.*
Canarsie—9310 Ave. L, at E. 93rd St. (251-0700) *Trippin'; The Matrix; The Mummy.*
Clearview's Cobble Hill—265 Court St. (596-9113) *Goodbye Lover; Analyze This; Cookie's Fortune; Doug's First Movie; Life Is Beautiful; A Walk on the Moon.*
CO Alpine—6817 Fifth Ave., at 69th St. (777-FILM#580) *Call theater for showtimes.*
CO Fortway—6720 Ft. Hamilton Pkwy., at 68th St. (777-FILM#578) *Call theater for showtimes.*
CO Kenmore—Church Ave. nr. Flatbush Ave. (777-FILM#576) *Call theater for showtimes.*
CO Kings Plaza—5201 Kings Plaza; Flatbush Ave. at Ave. U (777-FILM#579) *Call theater for showtimes.*
CO Kingsway—946 Kings Hwy., at Coney Island Ave. (777-FILM#577) *Call theater for showtimes.*
Kent Triplex—Coney Island Ave. at Ave. H (338-3371) *Entrapment; The Matrix; The Mummy.*
Linden Boulevard Multiplex—Linden Blvd. and Eldert Lane (277-0303) *Baby Geniuses; Doug's First Movie; Entrapment; Foolish; Idle Hands; Life; The Matrix; The Mummy; Twin Dragons.*
Pavilion—188 Prospect Park W. (369-0838) *Doug's First Movie; Election; Entrapment; Life; The Matrix; The Mummy; Never Been Kissed; Pushing Tin.*
Ridgewood—55-27 Myrtle Ave., at Putnam Ave. (821-5993) *Trippin'; Entrapment; Life; The Matrix; The Mummy.*
UA Marboro—6817 Bay Pkwy., at 69th St. (232-4000) *Analyze This; Entrapment; Idle Hands; The Mummy.*
UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay—3907 Shore Pkwy, off Exit 9 at Belt Pkwy. (615-1700) *Election; Entrapment; Go; Life; The Matrix; The Mummy; Never Been Kissed; A Walk on the Moon.*

Queens

Area Code 718

Centre Sunnyside—42-17 Queens Blvd. (361-6869) *Baby Geniuses; Entrapment; Idle Hands; Life Is Beautiful; Lost & Found; The Matrix; The Mummy; Never Been Kissed; Shakespeare in Love.*
Cinemart—106-03 Metropolitan Ave., at 72nd Rd., Forest Hills (261-2244) *Cookie's Fortune; Forces of Nature; Hideous Kinky; The King and I; Life Is Beautiful; Pushing Tin.*
CO Cinema City—183-15 Horace Harding Expy., at 183rd St., Fresh Meadows (777-FILM#592) *Call theater for showtimes.*

Documentary
Whatta Dal

It was just another beauty contest in the heart of pageant country—Atlanta, Georgia—but the ethnic assimilation it represented, and the show-womanship it involved, made for a wickedly funny and compelling documentary subject. "When the winner did a baton-twirling routine to 'Havah Nagila,' we just looked at each other and said, 'We have to do this,' " recalls Dan Friedman, who, along with partner Sharon Grimberg, made the brilliant "post-ethnic" *Miss India Georgia* (May 14–15 at the American Museum of Natural History; see "Museums, Societies, Etc." for more info). The two filmmakers—who met as graduate students at the University of Michigan—spent the summer of 1995 in Atlanta (the home of 20,000 Indian-Americans), following four contestants of varying backgrounds (and temperaments) as they prepared for the big night. There is a talent routine to be chosen (one performs an aerobic dance routine to techno music; another sings a wobbly "Don't Cry for Me Argentina"), and dresses to be bought (the big debate: sari or sequins?). Onscreen, notions of southern womanhood and Indian femininity clash in varying degrees as the teenagers struggle to absorb both. There's Nisha (below), who grew up in an all-white suburb, and whose Toyota vanity plates read SABRINA (the name her friends know her by); Anu, from a strict Hindu family, who was named a Barbara Bush Scholar at Ashley Hall, the exclusive Charleston girls' school; Misty, a born-again Christian with a thick southern drawl who works at Chick-Fi-Lay and feels she's "not as Indian as the others." And Mini, an outspoken Scarlett O'Hara type (above) who fights her traditional mother and Brahmin father and grew up wishing her family was as "cute and perfect" as those on American sitcoms. Grimberg and Friedman, who grew up Jewish in Singapore and the Midwest, respectively, had a personal interest in the issue of maintaining dueling identities, though Friedman points out that they realize each immigrant experience is a unique one. "There are signs we are coming into a period in which ethnicity will be seen as a much more fluid, less rigidly defined thing," he says, "and more subject to personal invention and choice." In *Miss India Georgia,* we have the first proof. PATRICIA FALVO

Photographs by Andrea Braslavsky.

CO Fresh Meadows—Eastbound Service Rd. at 190th St. (777-FILM#619) *Call theater for showtimes.*

Jackson Triplex—82nd St. at Roosevelt Ave. (478-6777) *Entrapment; The Mummy; Trippin'.*

Kew Gardens Cinemas—81-05 Lefferts Blvd. (441-9835) *Central Station; The Dreamlife of Angels; Gods and Monsters; The King of Masks; Shakespeare in Love; Three Seasons.*

Main Street Cinemas—72-66 Main St. (263-4828) *Analyze This; Baby Geniuses; Cookie's Fortune; Doug's First Movie; Entrapment; Life; The Matrix; The Mummy.*

North Shore—27-10 Grand Central Pkwy., Floral Park (229-7702) *Central Station; The Harmonists; The Last Days; Message in a Bottle.*

Plaza—103-14 Roosevelt Ave., at 103rd St., Corona (639-0012) *Entrapment; The Mummy.*

Sony Bay Terrace—211-01 26th Ave. and Bell Blvd., Bayside (777-FILM#712) *Call theater for showtimes.*

Sony Elmwood—57-02 Hoffman Dr., Elmhurst (777-FILM#733) *Call theater for showtimes.*

Sony Trylon—98-81 Queens Blvd., at 66th Ave., Rego Park (777-FILM#735) *Call theater for showtimes.*

UA Astoria—28-60 Steinway St. (726-1279) *Entrapment; Go; Idle Hands; Life; The Matrix; The Mummy; Never Been Kissed.*

UA Brandon Cinema—70-20 Austin St., Forest Hills (544-1020) *The Matrix.*

UA Crossbay—94-11 Rockaway Blvd., at Woodhaven Blvd., Ozone Park (848-1738) *Go; Idle Hands; The Matrix; Twin Dragons.*

UA Crossbay II—92-10 Rockaway Blvd., at 93rd St., Ozone Park (641-5330) *Entrapment; Life; The Mummy; Never Been Kissed.*

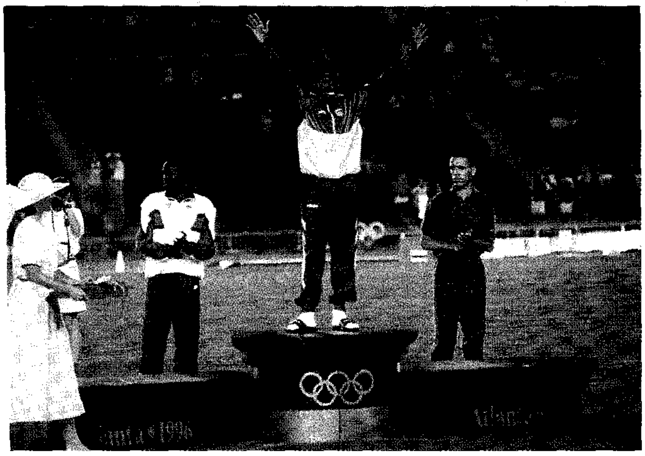
UA Midway—108-22 Queens Blvd., at 71st Ave., Forest Hills (261-8572) *Analyze This; Entrapment; Go; Life; The Mummy; Never Been Kissed; A Walk on the Moon.*

UA Movies at Bayside—38-39 Bell Blvd., at 39th Ave. (225-7711) *Idle Hands; Life; The Mummy; A Walk on the Moon.*

UA Movieworld—242-02 61st Ave., off Exit 31, Douglaston (423-7200) *Analyze This; Entrapment; Life; The Matrix; The Mummy; Never Been Kissed.*

Opening
Chariot of Fire

He's been called the world's fastest man, but what's even more inspirational than watching Ethiopian Haile Gebrselassie run (and win, as he did in the 10,000-meter race in Atlanta's 1996 Olympics) is discovering the drama of his life in 'Endurance.' The eighth of ten children in a poor farming family, he sprinted six miles to school every day, worked the fields, and tolerated his father's pleas to quit running and prepare for a real job. Thankfully for us, he didn't listen. The docu-drama opens May 14.



Staten Island

Area Code 718

Atrium—680 Arthur Kill Rd., nr. Richmond Ave., Eltingville (317-8300) *Analyze This; Baby Geniuses; Doug's First Movie; Election; Entrapment; Idle Hands; The Matrix; The Mummy; Never Been Kissed.*

UA Hylan Plaza—107 Mill Rd., at Hylan Blvd., New Dorp (351-0805) *Entrapment; The Matrix; The Mummy.*

UA Movies at Staten Island—141 E. Service Rd., at Victory Blvd., Travis (983-9600) *Analyze This; Election; Entrapment; Go; Idle Hands; Life; The Matrix; The Mummy; Never Been Kissed; A Walk on the Moon.*

Museums, Societies, Etc.

American Museum of Natural History—5/14–5/15: *Miss India Georgia.* Free with admission. Central Park West at 79th St. (769-5100).

American Museum of the Moving Image—"Fred Astaire Centennial Celebration." 5/15: *Top Hat* (1935) and *Swing Time* (1936). 5/16: *Shall We Dance* (1937) and *Follow the Fleet* (1936). "Emerging Cinema Technologies: Digital vs. Traditional." 5/15: Various computer technologies are presented and discussed at the Directors Guild of America (110 W. 57th St.). AMMI: 36-01 35th Ave., Astoria, Queens (718-784-0077). Tickets, $4.50–$8.50. Members and children under 4, free.

Anthology Film Archives—"New Filmmakers." 5/12: Various shorts and Michael Wechsler and Terry Keefe's *Slaves of Hollywood* (1998). "Hans-Jürgen Syberberg Films." 5/15: *The Night* (1985). In German with English subtitles. "James Benning." 5/4–5/5: *Utopia* (1998). "Igor Vamos." 5/6–5/7: *Le Petomane: Fin-de-Siècle Fartiste* (1998). "Andrej Zdravic." 5/6–5/7: *Riverglass* (1997). "Takeshi Kitano." 5/7: *Violent Cop* (1989). "Women in Abstract Cinema." 5/7: Various artists. 32 Second Ave., at 2nd St. (505-5110); $7.

Cinema Classics—"Mayhem: A Month of Horror." 5/11: *Five Million Years to Earth* (1968). 5/12–5/14: *Fearless Vampire Killers* (1967) with *Vampire Circus* (1971). 5/15–5/17: *The Evil Dead* (1983). Double feature $5. 332 E. 11th St.; call 675-6692 for info.

Different Light—5/16: *The Bad Seed* (1956). 7 P.M. 151 W. 19th St. (989-4850); free.

Faze Festival—5/16: Contemporary music videos from directors like Chris Cunningham and Jonas Akerlund. At Cantor Film Center, 36 E. 8th St. Screenings at 4 P.M., 6 P.M., and 8 P.M. Tickets $10 available via Ticketmaster (307-7171).

Film Forum—"Harold Lloyd." 5/17: *Safety Last* (1923) and *Movie Crazy* (1932). "Tout Truffaut." Through 5/24: Eleven features and two shorts by France's seminal New Wave figure. 5/11: *Stolen Portraits* (1993). 5/11–5/16: *Jules and Jim* (1961). 5/18–5/19: *The Wild Child* (1970). 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110); $8.

Film Society of Lincoln Center (The Walter Reade Theater)—"Bunco: The Art of the Con." 5/10: *Gaslight* (1944) and *Whirlpool* (1949). 5/12–5/13: *Nothing Sacred* (1937) and *The Lady Eve* (1941). 5/14–5/15: *The Music Man* (1962) and *Yolanda and the Thief* (1945). 5/16: *The Fortune Cookie* (1966) and *The Producers* (1968). 5/17: *Blonde Crazy* (1931) and *The Mind Reader* (1933). 5/18: *High Pressure* (1932) and *I Love You Again* (1940). "Movies for Kids." 5/16: *The Sun, the Moon, and the Stars* (1996). 65 W. 65th St., plaza level (875-5600); regular screenings $8.50–$15.

French Institute—"Cinéclub." 5/11: *May Fools* (1990). 5/18: *Léolo* (1992). Subtitled. Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160); $7.

Japan Society—"Tai Kato Retrospective." Through 5/21: Nine of Kato's best-known yakuza films. 5/11: *Tokijiro of Katsukake: Lone Yakuza* (1966). 5/14: *I, the Executioner* (1968). 333 E. 47th St. (752-3015); $5 members, $8 nonmembers, students, and senior citizens.

Knitting Factory—5/13: *Next Year in Jerusalem*, followed by a Q&A with its director and cast. 6:30 P.M. 74 Leonard St. (219-3006); $6.

Korean Film Festival—5/13–5/15: Three recent films starring Korean star Han Suk-Kyu. Subtitled. Visit www.cshore.com for more info. Jeolloda, 116 E. 4th St. 8 P.M. Free.

Lower East Side Film Festival—5/13–5/16: Ten features and more than 40 shorts shown in various Lower East Side restaurants and bars, followed by Q&A's with directors, live music, and parties. Tickets $5. Visit www.nylesff.com or call 254-9360 for more info.

Museum of Jewish Heritage—5/12: *Hollywoodism: Jews, Movies, and the American Dream* (1998). At Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. Admission is free but seating is limited. Call the museum (18 First Pl., Battery Park City) at 968-1800 for more info.

Museum of Modern Art—"Alfred Hitchcock." 5/10: *The Lady Vanishes* (1938) and *Jamaica Inn* (1939). 5/11 and 5/15: *Rebecca* (1940) and *Foreign Correspondent* (1940). 5/13: *Hitchcock, Sleznick & the End of Hollywood* (1999) and *Mr. and Mrs. Smith* (1941). 5/14 and 5/17: *Suspicion* (1941). 5/15 and 5/18: *Shadow of a Doubt* (1943). 5/16: *Spellbound* (1945). 5/16 and 5/18: *Saboteur* (1942). 5/17: British Government films. "Ann Sothern." 5/10: *Let's Fall in Love* (1934), *Hooray for Love* (1935), and *The Killing Kind* (1973). 5/14: *A Letter to Three Wives* (1949). 5/14 and 5/18: *The Whales of August* (1987). 5/15: *Lady in a Cage* (1964) and *The Killing Kind* (1973). 5/16: *The Sharpest Girl in Town* (1999), *Lady Be Good* (1941), and *Maisie Was a Lady* (1941). 5/16: *Shadow on the Wall* (1950) and *Folies Bergère de Paris* (1935). 5/17: *Maisie Gets Her Man* (1942). "Stan Brakhage." 5/11: Recent acquisitions, 1997–98. "Big as Life." 5/13: Films by Guttenplan and Frank. "New Documentaries." 5/13-5/14: *Roam Sweet Roam* (1996). "Cineprobe." 5/17: *Almost the Cocktail Hour* (1997). 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9400); free with $9.50 admission.

New York Public Library—"Strike Three, Yer Out." Throughout May: Films about baseball. 5/12: *Dodgers Sym-Phony* (1998) and *Rhubarb* (1951). 5/19: *The Sandlot* (1993). Donnell Media Center, 20 W. 53rd St. (621-0619); free.

Ocularis—5/16: *Le Petit Soldat* (1960). 70 N. 6th St., Williamsburg, Brooklyn (718-388-8713); $5.

School of Visual Arts—"Dusty Film Festival and Awards." 5/17–5/18: Graduating seniors present their achievements in screenwriting, cinematography, editing, animation, directing, film, and acting. At Loews Cineplex Worldwide Cinemas, 340 W. 50th St. Call 592-2195 for info.

Screening Room—Midnight movie: *Faster, Pussycat! Kill! Kill!*. Sunday brunch: *Breakfast at Tiffany's* (1961). Call theater for info. 54 Varick St. (334-2100); $8 ($5 for Sunday brunch patrons).

Sephardic Film Festival—Through 5/23: Sixteen films representing Sephardic communities from around the world. At the French Institute, Tinker Auditorium, 55 E. 59th St. Tickets $9 for public; $7 for Sephardic House and Yeshiva University Museum members, seniors, and students. Call 355-6160 for more info.

Symphony Space—"Marcello Mastroianni Salute." Through 6/15: A 21-film tribute to the film star. 5/11: *Vie Privee* (1962) and *Ginger and Fred* (1986). 5/18: *The Tenth Victim* (1965) and *Dark Eyes* (1987). 2537 Broadway, at 96th St. (864-5400); $8, $5 members.

Tonic—"Monday Night Film Series." 5/17: *The Wicker Man* (1973). Tickets, $4. 107 Norfolk St. For more info, call 358-7501 or visit www.tonic107.com.

YWCA Cine-Club—"A Celebration of Japanese Cinema." 5/15–5/16: *Seven Samurai* (1954). 610 Lexington Ave., at 53rd St. (735-9717); $6 members, $7 nonmembers.

Photograph by Guy D'Alema.

theater

Richard Nelson ... Moonwork's *Midsummer*

Opening Bedlam

As the title implies, *Things You Shouldn't Say Past Midnight* is all about postcoital dos and don'ts—with an emphasis on the latter category, we're guessing. First-time playwright Peter Ackerman wrote it; assorted stage and television people star. Opens May 13 at the Promenade Theatre.

Broadway

Now Playing

Amy's View—You may want to know what this new play by David Hare is about. Hard to answer—the best I can do is: It's about life. About mothers and daughters, husbands and wives, human relations. It is about the childlike artist and the diligent worker; about theater versus real life; about art versus pseudo-art; about being right but ultimately wrong, or wrong but ultimately proven right. Being about life, it is about surprises all the way and about dots that you yourself must struggle to connect. For example: Who is saved: the actressy, irresponsible star and grande dame, the seemingly defeated Esme; or the largely realistic and clear-sighted daughter, the morally involved activist yet probably even more defeated Amy? It would be an insult to this multifarious play to reveal more. As Esme, Judi Dench is all you have heard in advance of her dazzling skill, all you have seen of her powerful personality on film, and much, much more. (Simon: 4/26/99.) $35–$65. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Barrymore Theatre, 243 W. 47th St. (239-6200).*

Annie Get Your Gun—Bernadette Peters plays the sharp-tongued, sharpshootin' gal from Cincinnati who eclipses her lover, Frank Butler (played by Tom Wopat), in Buffalo Bill's traveling Wild West Show. Irving Berlin did the lyrics and score; Peter Stone updated the book. $35–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Marquis Theatre, 1535 Broadway, bet. 45th and 46th Sts. (307-4100).*

Art—I sympathize with this play by Yasmina Reza. The plot is simple. Serge spends 200,000 francs on a five-by-four painting by the renowned Antrios that is all white except for some diagonal scratches. His friend Marc considers this Antrios shit, and Serge's purchase of it an insult to their friendship. He tries to enlist the third of our musketeers, Yvan, to side with him. But confronted with Serge and the painting, Yvan does what he does best: He wavers. Reza's cunning dialogue has been fluently Englished. (Simon: 3/16/98 and 10/5/98.) Now with Buck Henry, Wayne Knight, and George Segal. $45–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 3/1/98. *Royale Theatre, 242 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Beauty and the Beast—A musical based on a movie based on a fairy tale. Andrea McArdle plays the girl; James Barbour plays the (hairy) boy. Lyrics by Tim Rice and Howard Ashman; music by Alan Menken. $22.50–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 6:30. Opened: 4/18/94. *Palace Theatre, 1564 Broadway, at 47th St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Cabaret—The Roundabout is to be roundly applauded for re-creating Sam Mendes's 1993 London production. Aided by Rob Marshall as co-director and choreographer, Mendes confirms his directorial reputation with the nightclub scenes. Joe Masteroff's refurbished book emphasizes the squalor of 1930 Berlin nightlife and the bisexuality of Clifford, the writer hero. The supporting cast delivers staunchly. Shortcomings notwithstanding, this revival has enough to satisfy all but the most fastidious. (Simon: 3/30/98.) Starring Alan Cumming. $25–$85. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. Opened 3/19/98. *Studio 54, 254 W. 54th St. (239-6200).*

Cats—Now and for the foreseeable future. By Andrew Lloyd Webber, of course, with an assist from T. S. Eliot. $40–$75. Mon. and Tues. at 8, Wed. at 2 and 8, Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. Opened: 10/7/82. *Winter Garden Theater, 1634 Broadway, at 50th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Chicago—Minimalism prevails in this splendid production. Every bosom, pelvis, and long leg is in business to keep the women in the audience identifying, the men panting. But revisiting this show two years later presents obstacles. Karen Ziemba, a lovely dancer and likable singer, radiates innocent chirpiness that is all wrong for Roxie, so magisterially created by Ann Reinking. Still, there are compensations. You now pay more attention to the glittering ensemble work of the rest, and relish the new and even better Mary Sunshine of R. Bean. (Simon: 11/30/98.) $20–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 11/14/96. *Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

The Civil War—With this musical, Frank Wildhorn—a man who has made a career out of pleasing crowds and underwhelming critics—has three shows running simultaneously on Broadway. (His other two are *The Scarlet Pimpernel* and *Jekyll & Hyde.*) He wrote the book with Gregory Boyd and Jack Murphy; Jerry Zaks did the staging. $20–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *St. James Theater, 246 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

Closer—A sad, savvy, often funny play that casts a steely, unblinking gaze at the world of relationships and lets you come to your own conclusions. There are four characters. As several years go by, everyone ends up sexually and emotionally involved with everyone else, each trying vainly to get closer to the other. Patrick Marber tells his story in short, staccato scenes. As Larry, Ciaran Hinds conveys well the weaknesses of a strong man. Rupert Graves gets the volatile, puppyish but still hurtful mischievousness of Dan perfectly, and Natasha Richardson splendidly balances coolness and passion, irony and pain. As for Alice: No one could capture the intermingled aggressiveness and vulnerability of youth with more empathy than Anna Friel. *Closer* does not merely hold your attention; it burrows into you. (Simon: 4/5/99.) $15–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. *Music Box Theatre, 239 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Death of a Salesman—This *Salesman* is a hard but efficacious sell. "I sell, therefore I am" is the neo-Cartesian maxim Willy is meant to embody and explicate. Rightly, Miller embeds this value system in a business, social, and family context, but the interaction of the elements is achieved more by contrivance than by a sense of the inevitable. Yet most of the acting is splendid. Brian Dennehy is a man truly at the end of his tether, letting us in on every step of his decline. Elizabeth Franz settles into a quietly and thoroughly moving Linda. Kevin Anderson welds Biff's duality as unmoored drifter and canny *raisonneur* into a totally believable and heartrending amalgam. (Simon: 2/22/99.) $45–$65. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Eugene O'Neill Theatre, 230 W. 49th St. (239-6200).*

Footloose—Kevin Bacon is not a part of this maxi-musical adaptation of the 1984 movie, but the lead does have his haircut. Kenny Loggins, Tom Snow, et al., did the lyrics; Dean Pitchford and director

Photograph by Jonathan Barkey.

Previews Puckish

The Moonwork Theater Company, an upstart downtown operation with an affection for Mr. Shakespeare, reimagines 'A Midsummer Night's Dream' as a theater parable about the jitters and gremlins of opening night. Previews begin May 13 at the Connelly Theatre.

Walter Bobbie did the book. $20–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened 10/22/98. *Richard Rodgers Theater, 226 W. 46th St. (307-4100).*

Fosse—A tribute to the late choreographer-director, whose swivelin'-hips-and-bowler-hat aesthetic came roaring back with the revival of *Chicago*. $55–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Broadhurst Theatre, 235 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

The Gershwins' Fascinating Rhythm—A sexed-up and svelte revue about the brothers Gershwin. $35–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Longacre Theater, 220 W. 48th St. (239-6200).*

The Iceman Cometh—However well you may know *Iceman*, you must see this wondrous production, staged by Howard Davies with consummate artistry. The staging is splendidly pictorial and tirelessly resourceful, and the actors, including five repeaters from the London cast, perform this comic nightmare like an intoxicating dream. Kevin Spacey plays a Hickey who, by the time we meet him, is ice-cold and sinisterly charming. It is a performance to make every nonactor want to take up acting and every actor want to give up in despair. (Simon: 4/19/99.) $50–$100. Mon.–Fri. at 7, Sat. at 1 and 7. *Brooks Atkinson Theatre, 256 W. 47th St. (307-4100).*

It Ain't Nothin' but the Blues—*See Simon, page 60.* Powered by seven electrifying singers and a swinging band, this revue traces the history of the blues, starting with chants from the plantation and ending with sets from the bars of Chicago. $35–$65. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Vivian Beaumont Theatre, 150 W. 65th St. (239-6200).*

Jekyll & Hyde—Man turns into beastly man, all in the name of science. Book and lyrics by Leslie Bricusse, music by Frank Wildhorn. $45–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 4/28/97. *Plymouth Theatre, 236 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Les Misérables—The implacable Inspector Javert hounding the innocent ex-convict Jean Valjean; the pathetic Fantine, wronged by the entire world, dying as she entrusts her daughter, Cosette, to the now-prosperous Mayor Valjean; the dastardly Thénardiers bringing up Cosette as a scullion while cosseting their own daughter, Eponine—what a story! Just synopsizing the plot brings tears to the iciest eyes. (Simon: 3/31/97.) $15–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 3/12/87. *Imperial Theater, 249 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 3 hrs. 15 mins.*

The Lion in Winter—One of the iffy things a play can do is try too hard. That is precisely what James Goldman's 1966 play does. Dialogue should be witty; so every line is, or tries to be, an epigram. On the other hand, many of the lines really are funny, or at least clever, and the actors are given plenty of chances to strut their stuff. As for the plot, it is ingenious and complex. We get the continuous machinations of England's Henry II; his queen and adversary, Eleanor of Aquitaine; and their three sons, each of whom covets the crown. Laurence Fishburne's Henry is good enough to erase memories of Peter O'Toole in the movie version but not good enough to efface Robert Preston in the play's premiere. (Could anyone?) Stockard Channing is sassily sparkly as Eleanor, but I recall Rosemary Harris's achieving as much with greater ease. The others are problematic. (Simon: 3/22/99.) $60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. *Roundabout's Stage Right, 1530 Broadway, at 45th St. (719-1300).*

The Lion King—This spectacle rightfully earns that most abused of epithets: *magical*. Kiddies will delightedly swallow it whole, unless they are tiny and flappable. But this is the one such show adults will feast on, too, mostly because of the wonders wrought by Julie Taymor, who designed and directed this cornucopia of dazzlements. Puppetry from East and West is put to superlative use, yet the actors, singers, and dancers are accorded enough humanity to ply their anthropomorphic skills. And Taymor has found ways to transmute the strictly cartoonish bravura of the big-screen *Lion King* onto a stage so that nothing is lost in translation. (Simon: 12/1/97). $20–$80. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 6:30. Opened 11/13/97. *New Amsterdam Theater, 214 W. 42nd St. (307-4747).*

The Lonesome West—Martin McDonagh, author of *Beauty Queen of Leenane*, riffs on two of his favorite themes: cabin fever and family warfare (between brothers this time). $20–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Lyceum Theatre, 149 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Miss Saigon—This reworking of Puccini's *Madama Butterfly*, set in Vietnam during the fall of Saigon, is now one of Broadway's ten longest-running musicals. Music by Claude-Michel Schonberg; lyrics by Alain Boublil and Richard Maltby Jr.; directed by Nicholas Hytner. $15–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 4/11/91. *Broadway Theater, 1681 Broadway, at 53rd St. (239-6200).*

Night Must Fall—Another Broadway revival of an old spine-tingler, this time with Matthew Broderick as the charming sociopath. Judy Parfitt plays the elderly English woman who employs him, J. Smith-Cameron plays her niece, and John Tillinger directs. $40–$65. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Helen Hayes Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

Not About Nightingales—It is not often that a lost early work of a playwright is exhumed smelling like roses rather than of corpse. That, however, is the case of this remarkable fourth play by Tennessee Williams. The play shuttles between the prison block—where a number of diverse prisoners roister, quarrel, and struggle to survive under the draconian regime of a psychopathic prison warden, Boss Whalen—and the warden's office and waiting room. What he wrote here lends itself splendidly to both small and thunderously big performances—none bigger than Corin Redgrave's grotesque yet scary Boss Whalen. *Stupendous* is the word for Trevor Nunn's direction, the kind you see only a few times in a life of theatergoing. Even if you shun so-called depressing plays, you'd better catch this one, unless you want regrets for the rest of your days. (Simon: 3/15/99.) $65. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Circle-in-the-Square Theatre, 1633 Broadway, at 50th St. (239-6200).*

Peter Pan—Cathy Rigby is flyin' again, much to the delight of the kiddies. $25–$75. Wed. at 2 and 7:30, Thurs. at 2, Fri. at 7, Sat. at 2 and 7:30, Sun. at 1 and 6:30. Through 8/29. *Gershwin Theatre, 222 W. 51st St. (307-4100).*

The Phantom of the Opera—Ten leads, eleven years, and roughly 7 million theatergoers later, Andrew Lloyd Webber's blockbuster continues to pack them in. $15–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 1/26/88. *Majestic Theater, 247 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Ragtime—A musical based on E. L. Doctorow's historical novel, which braids the fates of three fictitious families—one black, one Jewish, one Wasp—and an assortment of historical characters. Book by Terrence McNally; music by the composer-lyricist team of Stephen Flaherty and Lynn Ahrens. $31–$125. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 1/18/97. *Ford Center for the Performing Arts, 213 W. 42nd St. (307-4100).*

Rent—The late Jonathan Larson's reimagining of Puccini's *La Bohème* as it might be lived by a gaggle of contemporary sick and hip types living in the East Village. $35–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 7. *Nederlander Theater, 208 W. 41st St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 45 mins.*

Ring Round the Moon—Jean Anouilh's 1950 comedy about two identical twins who woo the same beautiful woman. A cast of stalwarts, including Marian Seldes, Toby Stephens, and Frances Conroy, star; Gerald Gutierrez directs. $25–$55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun at 3. Through 6/27. *Belasco Theatre, 111 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

The Scarlet Pimpernel—The show about romance, honor, the French Revolution, and, most important, fabric. Pop composer Frank Wildhorn did the score. Nan Knighton has recently revised her book, adapted from Baroness Orczy's novel for the stage. Douglas Sills stars. $20–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 11/9/97. *Minskoff Theatre, 200 W. 45th St. (307-4100).*

Side Man—*A must.* This enjoyable play by Warren Leight is about sidemen, yesteryear's second-tier jazz musicians who hired out as supplementary players to various bands, and about their women. It is narrated by Clifford, the son of Gene, a trumpet player, and Terry, a sweet thing turned bitter. As the play moves from 1985 to 1953 and back, we hear about his parents' courtship, his birth, and the parents' growing estrangement as he grows up. We also get glimpses of the lives of Gene's fellow sidemen. As things move near-imperceptibly from comedy to drama, we relish the jive, the jokes, the frustrations enacted by seven actors in a production neatly tied together by Michael Mayer's apt direction. (Simon: 3/23/98.) $25–$60. Tues. at 8, Wed. at 2 and 8, Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, and Sun. at 3. *Golden Theatre, 252 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Smokey Joe's Cafe: The Songs of Leiber and Stoller—They say the neon lights are bright on Broadway, and when this show—drawn from the songbook Jerry Leiber and Mike Stoller wrote to accompany the American baby-boomer childhood experience—breezes into New York City, people gonna scrape and bow. A tip, tip, tip, young blood: Buy yourself a ticket, sit down in the very first row. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. $65–$75. *At the Virginia Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. (239-6200)?* Uh-huh. *2 hrs. 10 mins.*

The Sound of Music—Returns to Broadway for the

Photograph by Scott Hall.

first time since its 1959 premiere. Hum along; bring the kids. Laura Benanti plays the nun turned governess, and Richard Chamberlain plays the widower captain. $30–$75. Tues. at 8, Thurs. at 7, Fri. and Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7; Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. Opened 3/12/98. *Martin Beck Theatre, 302 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Via Dolorosa—Does a playwright's holding forth in person for 90 minutes about journeying to Israel and the Gaza Strip sound like good theater? No? Guess again; you'll be riveted by this new drama. David Hare can observe, write, think (already rare enough in a dramatist), and also *act.* I could quote forever from a play—and it is a play, not a lecture—whose every other line is quotable. But you must hear it from Hare, in what he calls a monologue "ideally to be performed by its author." And ideally performed it is: with great but controlled flourishes, sparing but effective scenery, and subtle direction by Stephen Daldry. (Simon: 3/29/99.) $35–$55. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. *Booth Theatre, 222 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

The Weir—A brew of ghost stories and ale from Ireland's baby-blue eminence Conor McPherson, who turned 27 this year. $60. Tues.–Fri at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. Through 5/30. *Walter Kerr Theatre, 219 W. 48th St. (239-6200).*

You're a Good Man, Charlie Brown—This revival is a curious hybrid, half delightful, half letdown. Clearly, if an adult cast of six is to animate a half-dozen popular cartoon figures, they have to be expert performers as well as something even more important: able to dig up the buried child (or dog) in themselves. Three cast members can; three fail. Clark Gesner's music and lyrics never rise above the functional, but at least they are that. The book is better, thanks to the original "Peanuts" vendor, Charles Schulz. Michael Mayer's direction tirelessly whips these ex-drawings into exciting life. Kristin Chenoweth, as Sally Brown, is something you won't often encounter: perfection. (Simon: 2/15/99.) $15–$75. Tues.–Thurs. at 7:30, Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 1 and 5:30. *Ambassador Theatre, 219 W. 49th St. (239-6200).*

Off Broadway

Previews and Openings

The Author's Voice/Imagining Brad—New one-acts by (respectively) Richard Greenberg and Peter Hedges, two very fine playwrights. The first is about a novelist with an overzealous editor; the second, about an eccentric friendship that develops between two women who meet at church. The Drama Dept. presents. $12. Tues.–Sat. at 8. Previews begin 5/11 for a 5/20 opening. Through 5/29 only. *Greenwich House Theater, 27 Barrow St. (541-8441).*

Drowning in Euphoria—On the anniversary of her aunt's drowning, a young woman returns to her New England beach house to confront her cousins, uncle, and lover. By Liza Lentini; presented by Silk Rd. Theatre Company. $25. Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3. Previews begin 5/13 for a 5/17 opening. *McGinn/Cazale Theatre, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. (279-4200).*

East Is East—Ayub Kahn-Din's debut play about the tensions in a large London family helmed by a traditional Pakistani father and a liberal English mother. Directed by Scott Elliott. $50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2:30 and 8, Sun. at 2:30 and 7. In previews for a 5/25 opening. *Manhattan Theatre Club, 131 W. 55th St. (581-1212).*

Goodnight Children Everywhere—Five years after they were separated and evacuated from London for their safety, four siblings try to reconstruct their lives in the confusing aftermath of World War II. Written and directed by Richard Nelson. $37.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. In previews for a 5/26 opening. *Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. (279-4200).*

Hurrah at Last—A new play by Richard Greenberg about one of his favorite (and most expertly handled) subjects: a tormented writer. Starring Peter Frechette; directed by David Warren. $55. Tues.–Sat. at 7:30, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2:30. Previews begin 5/13 for a 6/3 opening. *Gramercy Theatre, 127 E. 23rd St. (719-1300).*

Things You Shouldn't Say Past Midnight—A comedy in three beds by freshman playwright Peter Ackerman. $19–$48. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. In previews for a 5/13 opening. *Promenade Theatre, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. (239-6200).*

This Lime Tree Bower—Three men on a misadventure Conor McPherson–style, meaning booze and tall tales dominantly figure into the action. Ireland and London had it first; directed here by Harris Yulin. $30–$35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. In previews for a 5/19 opening. *Primary Stages, 354 W. 45th St. (333-4052).*

Now Playing

Ancestral Voices—Another family story by A. R. Gurney at Lincoln Center, playing on the dark nights of *Far East.* With a splendid cast, including David Aaron Baker, Elizabeth Wilson, Linda Emond, and Donald Moffat. $45. Sun. at 7:30, Mon. at 8. Through 6/6. *Lincoln Center's Mitzi E. Newhouse Theatre, 150 W. 65th St. (239-6200).*

Angel Street—Patrick Hamilton's delectably sadistic thriller about a man who makes his wife believe she's going mad. Later made into the movie *Gaslight* starring Charles Boyer, Ingrid Bergman, and Joseph Cotten. $20–$33. Tues. and Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. Through 5/23. *Pearl Theatre Company, 80 St. Marks Pl. (598-9802).*

Beautiful Thing—Jonathan Harvey's 1993 play (and later, acclaimed film) about two working-class teenage boys who fall in love. $45–$47.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. (239-6200).*

Belmont Avenue Social Club—Bruce Graham's play about five men's attempt to rig a city-council election in order to preserve the neighborhood they know. $20. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. Through 5/16. *Intar Theater, 420 W. 42nd St. (279-4200).*

Blue Man Group: Tubes—Smart silliness, with toilet paper, neon-colored paint, cereal, etc. Wildly inventive, and appropriate for just about everyone—kids, adults, foreigners, haters and lovers of performance art. $45–$55. Tues., Wed., Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 4 and 7. *Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. (254-4370).*

The Cider House Rules, Part I: Here in St. Cloud's—*See Simon, page 60.* The first part of Peter Parnell's ambitious adaptation of the John Irving novel, conceived and directed by Tom Hulce and Jane Jones. Josh Hamilton plays Homer Wells, the orphan who never gets adopted; Colm Meaney plays Dr. Wilbur Larch, the orphanage director and part-time abortionist who cares for him. $39–$45. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 7. *Atlantic Theatre, 336 W. 20th St. (239-6200).*

A Couple of Blaguards—Tired yet of the brothers McCourt? We thought not. Come see Frank and Malachy's coming-of-age story, performed by Mickey Kelly and Michael Judd. $45. Mon., Tues., Thurs., and Fri. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Triad Theatre, 158 W. 72nd St. (799-4599).*

De la Guarda—A show that's part carnival, part rock concert, and almost entirely airborne. Dress in tatters; bring aspirin. $37.50–$45. Tues.–Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 7. *Daryl Roth Theatre, 20 Union Square East, at 15th St. (239-6200).*

Dreaming in Cuban—Two solo pieces conceived and directed by Wynn Handman about young Latinos grappling with their identities. Performed by Eileen Galindo and Michael John Carcés. Rum drinks and classic Cuban food will be served. $25–$30. Mon, and Wed.–Fri. at 7:30, Sat. at 1:30 and 7:30, Sun. at 2:30. Through 5/16. *American Place Theatre, 111 W. 46th St. (239-6200).*

Exactly Like You—Shows with music by Cy Coleman will not be without gratifying tunes, and this one is no exception. The same blanket endorsement cannot be extended to A. E. Hotchner, the librettist and co-lyricist. Still, thanks also to the endearing direction of Patricia Birch and an eager cast in which Kate Levering and Michael McGrath stand out, you will not be bored. Just leave any greater expectations at home. (Simon: 4/26/99.) $35–$40. Wed. at 2:30 and 8, Thurs. and Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2:30 and 8, Sun. at 2:30 and 7:30. Through 5/30. *Theatre at Saint Peter's Church, Citicorp Cen-*

Previews
Admirable Nelson

Though he often sets his dramas against the bloodier episodes of world history (the Revolutionary War, the Inquisition, an unnamed uprising in Central America), Richard Nelson usually brings to them modest objectives. In his latest, *Goodnight Children Everywhere,* four siblings reunite in their London home after being separated during World War II, but it's not political discussions that dominate—Winston Churchill doesn't suddenly stroll out onstage, as George Washington did in *The General from America*—but personal ones, as if Nelson were inadvertently trying to prove the old feminist adage in the cozy confines of Playwrights Horizons, where the play is now previewing. "This was a world and supersensitive context," Nelson explains, "where I could bring up the issues that mattered to me." Those issues would be: the confusing effects of a skipped or accelerated adolescence, the terrors of displacement, the repressed sexual tensions of wartime, and, yes, the plight of women in a society whose eligible-male population has been recently decimated. Nelson somehow ties all of them together by introducing an incestuous relationship into the plot, but it doesn't seem unreasonable or gratuitous, given the context; it's just unsettling. Nelson also does his homework to get the historical details right: He read essays by Edmund Wilson and novels by Graham Greene, and on several occasions visited a British exhibit about the wartime evacuation of London children, which he says served as the inspiration for this play. But the 48-year-old American author, who's an honorary associate artist at the Royal Shakespeare Company, insists he's no historian manqué: "True scholars would hate what I've done," he says. "Because I charge into their territories, take what I need, and then leave—quickly."

JENNIFER SENIOR

Photograph by Joan Marcus.

ter, 619 Lexington Ave., at 54th St. (935-5820).

Fables in Slang—A Ragtime Revue—A new musical based on the writings of social satirist George Ade; with music by Irving Berlin, Scott Joplin, and others. The Melting Pot Theatre presents. $25–$35. Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. Through 5/29. *Theater 3, 311 W. 43rd St. (279-4200).*

Fantasticks—The musical perennial that, happily, refuses to go away. $36.50–$39. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 7, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened: 5/3/60. *Sullivan St. Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St. (674-3838).*

Far East—A new play from A. R. Gurney about a young American Navy lieutenant who finds himself caught between the wife of his commanding officer and the woman he loves. Starring Michael Hayden. $50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Lincoln Center's Mitzi E. Newhouse Theater, 150 W. 65th St. (239-6200).*

Forbidden Broadway Cleans Up!—Gerard Alessandrini's newest update of his long-running musical spoof poking fun at the assorted absurdities of the Great White Way. $45–$47.50. Mon. and Wed.–Fri. at 8:15, Sat. at 2:30 and 8:15, Sun. at 3:30 and 7:30. Food and drink available, optional. *Stardust Theatre, Broadway at 51st St. (239-6200).*

The Gimmick—A coming-of-age tale about two childhood friends, both artists and outcasts, who fantasize about life beyond their Harlem tenements. Written and performed by Dael Orlandersmith. $35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. *New York Theatre Workshop, 79 E. 4th St. (460-5475).*

Hedwig and the Angry Inch—A German transsexual achieves self-actualization, not to mention tabloid fame, through songwriting in this brave, bizarre rock musical by John Cameron Mitchell. Michael Cerveris stars; Stephen Trask did the music and lyrics. $20–$49.50. Mon., Wed., and Thurs. at 8, Fri. at 8 and 11, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 7. Opened 2/14/98. *Jane Street Theatre at the Hotel Riverview Ballroom, 113 Jane St. (239-6200).*

I Love You, You're Perfect, Now Change—A contemporary musical about an amusingly quaint subject: heterosexual love. $47.50–$50. Mon. and Tues. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (239-6200).*

The Joy Luck Club—Pan Asian Repertory's adaptation of Amy Tan's multigenerational tale of Chinese women and their American-born daughters. $35. Tues. at 11:30 A.M., Wed at 2 and 8, Thurs. and Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8. Through 5/15. *St. Clement's Theatre, 423 W. 46th St. (279-4200).*

Killer Joe—A new cast of television and movie types reinvigorates Tracy Letts's play about gore and dysfunctional ugliness in a Texas trailer park. $45. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2:30 and 8, Sun. at 5. *Soho Playhouse, 15 Vandam St. (239-6200).*

Lake Hollywood—*See Simon, page 61.* Signature Theatre finishes its John Guare season with his new comedy examining the beginning and end of a couple's life together. Along the way, we meet a bitter sister, a sottish uncle, and a randy neighbor who speaks like Marlene Dietrich. $37.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. Through 5/23. *Signature Theatre Company, 555 W. 42nd St. (244-PLAY).*

Late Nite Catechism—Maripat Donovan as a parochial-school teaching nun backed by a magisterium of unassailable moral authority and some mean wrist action with a ruler. $35. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 5. *St. Luke's Church Annex, 308 W. 46th St. (239-6200).*

Lips—A play about Washington political intrigue, involving hackers, sex, and the first female president of the United States. Written by Constance Congdon. $30–$35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. Through 5/16. *Primary Stages, 354 W. 45th St. (333-4052).*

The Mineola Twins—This is neither top- nor bottom-drawer Paula Vogel. It is the story of how the twins Myrna (conventional, bourgeois, reactionary) and Myra (rebellious, promiscuous, radical) fared through the Eisenhower, Nixon, and Bush eras. Vogel writes farce here, and the jokes come thick and fast. Many of the gags are recycled or ersatz, but some manage to squeeze fresh laughs out of old fallacies. What helps the play enormously is the letter-perfect production. And then there's the acting. As the twins, Swoosie Kurtz lets her exemplary facial play, timing, inflection, and body language perform double miracles in antipodal roles. (Simon: 3/1/99.) $55. Tues.–Sat. at 7:30, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2:30. *Roundabout Theatre Company, 1530 Broadway, at 45th St. (719-9300).*

Molloy—An adaptation of Beckett's novel of the same name, with Irish actor Conor Lovett in the lead role. $30–$35. Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 2 and 5. *Irish Arts Center, 553 W. 51st St. (581-4125).*

Much Ado About Nothing—Set on the American plains of 1876, the year of Custer's last stand. Presented by the Irondale Ensemble Project. $25. Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8. *Theatre for the New City, 155 First Ave., bet. 9th and 10th Sts. (633-1292).*

The Mystery of Irma Vep—The late Charles Ludlam's penny-dreadful vehicle for himself, Everett Quinton, and a glistening mound of wigs. It was a sensation in 1984; Quinton returns for this repeat engagement with Stephen DeRosa. $47.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 5 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Westside Theater, 407 W. 43nd St. (239-6200).*

Never on a Friday—A showcase for the vocal talents of David (Dudu) Fisher, the cantor turned Broadway star. Jewish Repertory Theatre presents. $35. Tues. at 8, Wed., at 2 and 8, Thurs. at 8, Sat. at 9, Sun. at 2 and 7. Through 5/16. *Playhouse 91, 316 E. 91st St. (831-2000).*

Over the River and Through the Woods—A new Joe DiPietro comedy about the meddling efforts of four Italian-American grandparents to change the life of their grandson. $45. Mon., Tues. , Fri., and Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *John Houseman Theatre, 450 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

Perfect Crime—Warren Manzi's long-running thriller about a wealthy psychiatrist accused of murdering her husband, and the small-town detective who tries to prove she committed the "perfect crime." $35. Mon. and Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 4/5/87. *Duffy Theatre, 1553 Broadway, at 46th St. (695-3401).*

Reunion—Another musical about the Civil War, this one by way of the Goodspeed Opera House. Conceived and written by Jack Kyrieleison; with music and songs by period composers (Stephen Foster, Henry Clay Work, George F. Root). $35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. Through 5/16. *Theatre Row Theatre, 424 W. 42nd St. (279-4200).*

Savion Glover/Downtown—The soft-shoe-shufflin' wunderkind is back for a limited engagement. No two performances are exactly alike, surprise guests swing through, and the NYOTs (Not Your Ordinary Tappers) provide valiant assistance. $25–$50. Mon.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 6 and 10. Through 5/22. *Variety Arts Theatre, 110 Third Ave., at 13th St. (239-6200).*

Secrets Every Smart Traveler Should Know—There is a decent amount of merriment to be had from this revue. Inspired—or incited—by a homonymous travel guide, this show by a number of hands pokes fun at every aspect of travel, from the hopeless phone calls for airline reservations to the joys of sandy Uzbekistan. Even the Ca*th*tilian li*th*p ge*th* a tuneful *th*ong tribute. (Simon: 12/15/97.) $20–$47.50; optional dinner one hour before curtain. Mon., Wed., Thurs., and Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2:30 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened 10/30/97. *Ibis Theatre, 321 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

The Shadow of a Gunman—A revival of Sean O'Casey's love story about a young woman who mistakes a penniless poet for a gunman on the lam. Directed by Charlotte Moore. $30–$35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Irish Repertory Theatre, 132 W. 22nd St. (727-2737).*

Snakebit—This is a small, well-made play. In a Hollywood home he is forced to vacate (he has been dumped by his boyfriend), a young social worker hosts visitors from New York: an ambitious actor friend up for a fat movie role and his forlorn wife, an ex-actress who is the last woman our hero ever bedded. The actor-author, David Marshall Grant, says smart things about East Coast and West Coast, theaters and movies, homos and heteros, men and women. (Simon: 3/22/99.) $17.50–$47.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Century Center, 111 E. 15th St. (239-6200).*

Stomp—As the title implies, an energetic show in which a troupe of performers dances, claps, and generally bangs on everything in sight. Featuring buckets, trash-can lids, and, yes, the kitchen sink. $24.50–$49.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10:30, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened: 2/27/94. *Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., bet. 7th and 8th Sts. (477-2477).*

Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding—A wedding at *St. Luke's Church, 308 W. 46th St.*, then a reception at *Vinnie Black's Vegas Room, Hotel Edison, 221 W. 46th St.*, with Italian buffet, champagne, and wedding cake. Wonderfully tacky—and it's lasted longer than a lot of real marriages. $65–$75. Thurs.–Sat. at 7, Sun. at 2. Opened: 2/6/88. *(239-6200).*

2.5 Minute Ride—Lisa Kron's one-woman show juxtaposing a trip to Auschwitz with her family's annual pilgrimage to an Ohio amusement park. Mark Brokaw directs. $25. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 2 and 7. *Public Theater, 425 Lafayette St. (239-6200).*

Vicki Sue Robinson . . . Behind the Beat—A bio-musical starring the disco diva; may she turn the beat around. $40. Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 5 and 9, Sun. at 3. Through 5/30. *Kaufman Theatre, 534 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

Onstage

Bravo, Diva!

Opera heroines are such a lampoonable lot—screeching high C's as they toss themselves off balconies, puffing long, respiratorily challenging arias as they suffocate or waste away from consumption. With the exception of Bugs Bunny, the all-male La Gran Scena Opera Co. probably does the most inspired (and virtuoso) send-up of this marvelous art form. The players perform at Town Hall on May 14 and 15; for tickets, call 840-2824.

Photograph by Robert Milazzo.

Ground Rules:

Except where noted, Broadway shows begin at 8 and are dark Monday. Wallet-watchers should keep in mind the TKTS booths, where discount tickets are available (for that day's performance only) to many Broadway and Off Broadway shows. TKTS booths are at Broadway and 47th St. and 2 World Trade Center, mezzanine level; call 212-768-1818 for more info. Involved in a production and want to submit details for a possible listing? Call 212-508-0740.

Wit—Can a play be made out of the last hours of a professor of literature dying of ovarian cancer? A play that hinges on a close reading of Donne's *Holy Sonnets*? That, without slighting its seriousness, sees the comedy in dying? No? Think again: Margaret Edson, with her firstling effort, has managed it, and more. It is a dazzling and humane play you will remember till your dying day, and especially then, thanks also to a near-flawless production. First, Kathleen Chalfant, a Vivian Bearing of power and vulnerability, commanding intelligence and compelling irony. Add a supporting cast in which all shine. For this play alone, Edson should be handed the Harvard English department, along with her Pulitzer. (Simon: 9/28/98.) $35–$49.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 3. *Union Square Theatre, 100 E. 17th St. (307-4100).*

The Wizard of Oz—Surrender, parents. Mickey Rooney is the wizard, Jo Anne Worley is the wicked witch, and 17-year-old Jessica Grové is Dorothy. $29–$59. Call for specific show times. Through 5/16. *Theater at Madison Square Garden, Seventh Ave., at 32nd St. (307-7171).*

Off-Off Broadway

The Bad Seed—As interpreted by artists of various other media, including fashion, publishing, painting, etc. $15. Wed.–Sun. at 8. *Ohio Theatre, 66 Wooster St. (971-1026).*

Funbox—An interactive, "sensory" theater work from Faux-Real Theatre Company, incorporating text, movement, sound, and light. $14. Thurs.–Sun. at 8. *Piano Store, 158 Ludlow St. (353-6935).*

Jodie's Body—Aviva Jane Carlin's acclaimed one-woman show about art, femininity, and South Africa. $35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 5 and 8, Sun. at 2. *Arc Light Theatre, 152 W. 71st St. (595-0355).*

Julius Caesar—With women in male roles and vice-versa. Presented by the Judith Shakespeare Company. $15. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. Through 5/23. *Mint Space, 311 W. 43rd St. (592-1885).*

Marathon '99—Ensemble Studio Theatre's annual spring salad of new and daring one-acts from established and emerging playwrights, including Romulus Linney, Michael Louis Wells, and Edward Allan Baker. $15. Mon., Wed.–Sat. at 7:30, Sun. at 3. Through 6/13. *Ensemble Studio Theatre, 549 W. 52nd St. (247-4982).*

A Midsummer Night's Dream—Reimagined as a piece about opening night jitteriness in the theater. Presented by Moonwork Theater Company. $10. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 8. Through 6/6. *Connelly Theatre, 220 E. 4th St. (279-4200).*

Monday Night Magic—Internationally known magicians munch on glass, puncture flailing assistants with swords, yank rabbits from hats, etc., all in an intimate setting. $20–$27.50. Mon. at 8. *Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St. (307-4100).*

Symphonie Fantastique—Puppeteer Basil Twist dances his fanciful creations around a 500-gallon tank. $25. Tues.–Fri. at 7, Sat. at 2 and 10:30, Sun. at 5. *HERE, 145 Sixth Ave., at Dominick St. (647-0202).*

2½ Jews—A comedy about a prominent civil-rights attorney's relationships with his irascible father and lawyer son. By Alan Brandt. $32.50. Wed. at 3 and 8:30, Sat. at 5 and 8:30, Sun. at 2. *Raymond J. Greenwald Theatre, 307 W. 26th St. (239-6200).*

Worry Baby—A dysfunctional family drama set in a delectably filthy Gotham underworld. By Marc Spitz. $12. Thurs.–Sun. at 8. Through 5/23. *Nada, 167 Ludlow St. (420-1466).*

Wolff *continued from page 31*

main desire. Cybering—"Do you cyber?" "Want to cyber?"—is a re-creation of the age of sexual experimentation and freedom, of the famous seventies grail, the zipless fuck (except that in cyberspace, there are no health fears or weight issues).

Soon enough, responsible parents are going to have to sit down with their children and say, "I want to talk to you about cybering."

As a positive by-product, cybering may be reinvigorating the narrative form. People tell stories. True stories, and not-true stories. It's a new oral tradition. Amazing stuff. Attention, English teachers!

ALL MEDIA IS NERD MEDIA—THAT IS, IT starts with an antisocial appeal, or an appeal to the disaffected. After all, media—the most successful media, anyway—offers an escape, it takes you out of where you are. For twenty years, new media—bulletin boards, news groups, multiplayer games—has been the frontier of the socially inept and the land of the sexually disaffected ("If spankers had a nation," wrote the Internet journalist Ben Greenman, "alt.sex.spankers would be their Congress").

But something must happen for disaffected media to become mass media. In this instance, the catalyzer is AOL—doing for the Internet what the Beatles did for rock.

First, there was the onslaught of a billion disks spread out over the nation. Unavoidable, omnipresent, irresistible. Filling the nation's sock drawers. Then there was the startling explicitness of AOL's conversations—tens of thousands of dirty chats. (Everybody knows the business rule that a new medium must expand the borders of prurience. AOL's competitors, on the other hand, CompuServe and Prodigy, never quite understood that media—i.e., dirty chat—was the business they were in.) But disks and dirty chat were just the early stage of the medium's development. The real crossover into mass media began in early 1997 with two developments.

"Flat pricing," identifies a boy at my daughter's school (kids always know tons about the media they are most enthralled with; the point about jock culture, for instance, is not that you play sports but that you watch sports).

"And the buddy list," adds a young woman.

Before flat pricing—AOL went from an hourly charge to a fixed monthly fee—you were spending your parents' money. You were monitorable, accountable, and, inevitably, irresponsible. After flat pricing, AOL was just a sea of time, oxygen. Before buddy lists, you had to contact someone: It was phone-call-ish; it required a conscious act. With the buddy list, it was like television: The world—your world—just appeared before your eyes. In addition, it's an omniscient world. Matter of fact, if you push the concept, it's a world of maximum knowledge. Everyone knows where everyone else is, what everyone else is doing, who everyone else is speaking to. A perfectly level playing field. The problem with cliques is not that they exclude you but that they are mysterious. AOL gives you the power to know not only what your friends are doing but what your would-be friends are doing, and your enemies too. This may not be bad.

Marketers say that when you achieve a 10 percent penetration of American households, you hit a magical point of no return. That's where the snowball effect occurs—that combination of word of mouth and keep-up-with-your-neighbor anxiety, when it's easier to go along than not go along. AOL hit 10 percent about eighteen months ago.

So every family is an AOL family—or soon will be. Seventeen million now. Looking to 35 million by 2002. In other words, there's not a lot of chance of going back.

IT'S TEN O'CLOCK. DO YOU KNOW WHERE your teenager is? You don't. You don't have the vaguest idea. Worse, you don't even know that you don't know where your teenager is. This is partly because you're stupid—the divide between what your child knows about technology and what you don't is going to be the source of tribulation and comedy for years to come. Now, it is true that unless you run a cyber company or are having cybersex yourself, there isn't a lot of reason to know about personal profiles and chat rooms and IMs and buddy lists and scanners and real-time audio players. But here we are.

And this is where your kid is. Down the hole. After the rabbit.

I could tell you how to follow your teen, pick up his or her trail, preserve those wayward electronic footprints, but you wouldn't do it anyway—you're as likely to follow your kid into cyberspace as you are to program your VCR.

But if it's any consolation, this is not about teens, and it's not about violence, and it's not about you—it's about media. That means that it will get larger and larger and more pervasive and more engulfing, and in fairly short order, it won't be strange or threatening at all, but just what we do—just the technology that facilitates the context in which we live. Or else it won't, and then we'll give up on it and do something else. ■

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art

Congolese Urban Art...Global Conceptualism

Galleries

Solos

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

George Bellows—Lithographs by the American realist from the collection of Dr. and Mrs. Harold Rifkin; through 6/5. Adelson, 25 E. 77th St. (439-6800).

Charles Henri Ford—Books, periodicals, and "poem posters" created, written, and/or published between 1929 and 1969 by the Mississippi-born writer and artist who was the editor and publisher of *View,* the influential art and literary magazine of the forties, and has lived and worked in New York since 1934; 5/15–7/2. Ubu, 16 E. 78th St. (794-4444).

David Hockney—New oil pastels from the artist's "Grand Canyon" series and a survey of his drawings from the past 30 years; through 5/28. Gray, 1018 Madison Ave. (472-8787).

Jennifer Lee/Maureen McQuillan—New stoneware vessels/Black-and-white drawings in printer's ink on resin coated paper; 5/13–6/11. Graham, 1014 Madison Ave. (535-5767).

Per Kirkeby—Recent paintings by the Danish artist; through 6/11. Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St. (794-0550).

Stanton Macdonald-Wright/Morgan Russell—Works on paper by and archival documents relating to the two American modernists who created synchromism, from the collection of Henry M. Reed. Through 5/28. Taggart, 48 E. 73rd St. (628-4000).

Brice Marden—Eight triptychs from the early seventies whose vertical panels of subtle colors epitomize the artist's painting at that time; through 5/29. C & M Arts, 45 E. 78th St. (861-0020).

Cy Twombly/John Lees—A selection of prints and drawings from the fifties through the seventies/Small-scale works on paper. Through 6/12. Hirschl & Adler Modern, 21 E. 70th St. (535-8810).

57th Street Area

Joe Andoe—New paintings depicting mares with their foals; through 6/5. Helman, 20 W. 57th St. (245-2888).

Donald Baechler—New color aquatints; through 6/12. 50 W. 57th St. (581-9191).

Ed Baynard—New paintings that depict the artist's arrangements of bowls and vases; through 5/30. Wright, 41 E. 57th St. (702-0132).

Brett Bigbee/Rudy Burkhardt—New paintings of solitary figures in interiors and landscapes/Recent photographs of Maine. Through 6/4. De Nagy, 724 Fifth Ave. (262-5050).

John Buck—Recent carved-wood sculptures that combine the human figure and symbolic objects; through 6/4. DC Moore, 724 Fifth Ave. (247-2111).

Sue Coe—A new series of narrative mixed-media paintings by the political artist titled "The Pit: The Tragical Tale of the Rise and Fall of a Vivisector"; through 6/5. St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St. (245-6734).

Eric Fischl—Recent portraits of the artist's friends, among them his dealer Mary Boone, the artist April Gornik (who is also Fischl's wife), the actor Steve Martin, and the sculptor Bryan Hunt; through 6/26. Boone, 745 Fifth Ave. (752-2929).

Sergio Hernandez—Recent paintings whose images suggest petroglyphs; through 6/4. Associated American Artists, 20 W. 57th St. (399-5510).

Susana Jaime-Mena—Recent sculptures that use earth, mildew, lead, blank paper, and wax; through 5/29. Haime, 41 E. 57th St. (888-3550).

Michael Kessler/Annette Davidek—New abstract paintings on wood panels that reflect the artist's move to New Mexico/Paintings of organic forms. Through 6/5. Littlejohn Contemporary, 41 E. 57th St. (980-2323).

Roy Lichtenstein—Four large paintings from the late artist's last series, "Interiors With Still Life (Virtual)," and drawings, prints, and collages; through 6/5. Rubin Greenberg Van Doren, 730 Fifth Ave. (445-0444).

Julian Schnabel—Recent plate-painting portraits, through 6/5, at PaceWildenstein, 32 E. 57th St. (421-3292), and early large-scale plate paintings from the late seventies, through 6/5, at PaceWildenstein, 142 Greene St. (431-9224).

Sean Scully—Recent monumental paintings and works on paper, through 6/11, at Lelong, 20 W. 57th St. (315-04770) and Danese, 41 E. 57th St. (223-2227)..

Serse—Graphite drawings of imaginary landscapes; through 6/30. Mathes, 41 E. 57th St. (752-5135).

Sarah Supplee—A memorial exhibition of the artist's realist landscapes; through 6/5. Tatistcheff, 50 W. 57th St. (664-0907).

Daisy Youngblood—New sculpture; through 5/29. McKee, 745 Fifth Ave. (688-5951).

SoHo and TriBeCa

Robert Birmelin—Recent paintings and works on paper that depict quotidian domestic objects invested with portent; through 6/5. Ross, 568 Broadway (343-2261).

Sandro Chia—New paintings; through 5/28. Shafrazi, 119 Wooster St. (274-9300).

Lena Cronqvist—New paintings and large bronze sculptures of girls; through 6/5. Collins, 83 Grand St. (226-1861).

Helmut Dorner—New paintings; through 6/26. Alexander, 59 Wooster St. (925-4338).

Tracey Emin—Large-scale sculptures, drawings, neon pieces, video, and a quilt by the English artist, whose subject matter is her own life; through 6/19. Lehmann Maupin, 39 Greene St. (965-0753).

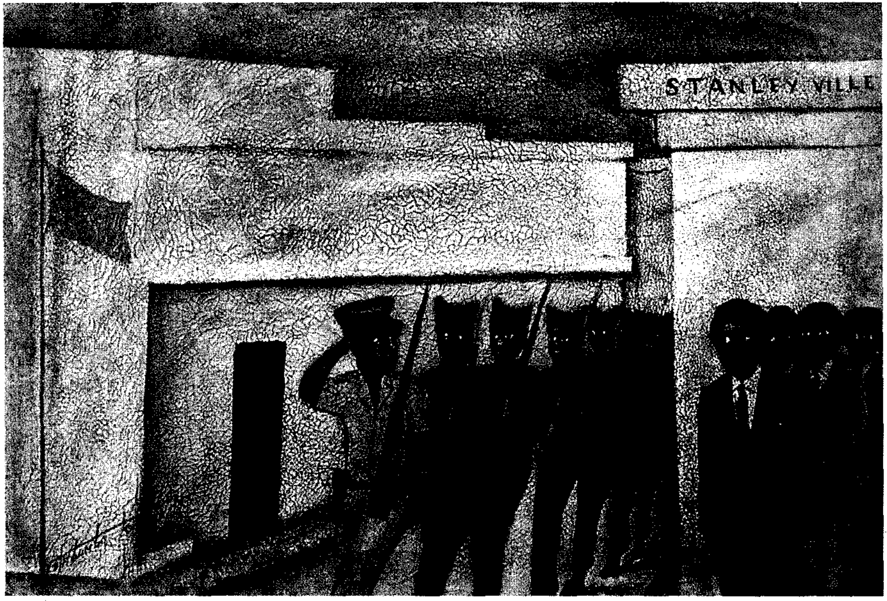
Eric Heather Chan Schatz—Wall works that incorporate computer-controlled embroidery and appliqué processes by the collaborative team Eric Chan and Heather Schatz; through 6/5. Basilico, 26 Wooster St. (966-1831).

Robert Feintuch—Recent paintings of objects and life-size nude self-portraits; through 5/29. CRG, 93 Grand St. (966-4360).

Teresita Fernandez—*Borrowed Landscape,* an installation whose five suspended veils of scrim dyed in brilliant colors divide the gallery into rectangular spaces; through 6/5. Deitch Projects, 76 Grand St. (343-7300).

Viola Frey—New monumentally scaled ceramic figures and tile walls; through 6/2. Hoffman, 429 W. Broadway (966-6676).

On View **Since the twenties, Congolese artists have been chronicling their country's political affairs in paintings, using such scavenged materials as flour sacks and shirt fabric as their "canvases" and exhibiting the works in local cafés. One of their favorite subjects, considered too controversial for the cafés, was the stormy career of the African Independence hero Patrice Lumumba. One New York City museum has no such qualms: "A Congo Chronicle: Patrice Lumumba in Urban Art" features a large group of paintings of the postal worker turned prime minister by Tshibumba Kanda-Matulu (below, *Lumumba at Stanleyville*) as well as works by others of the Congolese Urban Art movement. At the Museum for African Art, 593 Broadway, near Houston Street; through August 15.**



Photograph courtesy of The Museum for African Art.

Doug Hilson—Paintings whose geometric compositions are overlaid with futuristic cityscapes; through 5/22. Donahue/Sosinski, 560 Broadway (226-1111).

Kellyanne Burns—Abstract paintings; 5/13–6/12. M-13, 72 Greene St. (925-3007).

Guillermo Kuitca—New paintings whose imagery is based on the architecture of public places and representational systems like mapping and charting; through 6/12. Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St. (431-3685).

Margaret Curtis/Erika Rothenberg and Tracy Tynan—Recent paintings whose images include lines of wash, trucks, tractors, flowers, and ribbons/A collaborative installation of wallpaper and prints based on the true stories of ten women who killed their lovers or family members. Through 5/29. P.P.O.W., 476 Broome St. (941-8642).

Virgil Marti—A mixed-media installation featuring ink-on-paper wallcoverings, mylar wallpaper, and ink on Plexiglas mirrors; 5/15–6/12. Solomon, 172 Mercer St. (941-5777).

Peter Soriano/Tony Berlant—New sculpture/Recent found-metal collages that use an image derived from the artist's fingerprint. Through 5/28. Lennon, Weinberg, 560 Broadway (941-0012).

Antoine Pevsner—120 drawings made by the Russian Constructivist sculptor between 1912 and 1956; through 7/10. Blum, 99 Wooster St. (343-0441).

Michael Rouillard—Minimal paintings comprised of layers of sheet aluminum; through 5/27. Stark, 113 Crosby St. (925-4484).

Nancy Rubins—A monumental sculpture composed of accumulated found airplane parts collected from the Mojave Desert; through 5/29. Kasmin, 74 Grand St. (219-3219).

Julian Schnabel—Early plate paintings from the late seventies, through 6/5, at PaceWildenstein, 142 Greene St. (431-9224), and recent plate-painting portraits, through 6/5, at PaceWildenstein, 32 E. 57th St. (421-3292)

Michael Scott/Olivier Mosset and Michael Zahn—New paintings in enamel on aluminum/Paintings by both. Through 5/29. Gering, 476 Broome St. (226-8195).

Philip Taaffe—New paintings; 5/15–6/19. Gagosian, 136 Wooster St. (228-2828).

Cecilia Vicuña—The latest installment of the touring exhibition "Cloud-Net," for which the Chilean-born artist creates an installation based on each hosting venue's original use; through 6/26. Art in General, 79 Walker St. (219-0473).

Chelsea

Victor Burgin/Susan Leopold—An installation of video and photographs/Wall sculptures that incorporate mirrors and photographs of public spaces in New York and Ellis Island. Through 5/22. Weber, 529 W. 20th St. (691-5711).

Abraham David Christian—A series of drawings made by the artist in Kalighat, Calcutta, in 1998, and sculptures; through 5/29. Nosei, 530 W. 22nd St. (645-9417).

Colette—A photographic retrospective of the artist's performances and installations; through 5/29. Foster, 529 W. 20th St. (229-0044).

Jack Featherly—New abstract paintings that draw on pop-art and color-field painting; through 5/29. Team, 527 W. 26th St. (279-9219).

Gary Gissler—New paintings and drawings in which incised abstract markings undulate in rhythmic patterns; through 6/5. Kirkland, 504 W. 22nd St. (627-3930).

Jon Kessler—New sculpture; through 6/4. Luhring Augustine, 531 W. 24th St. (206-9100).

Jutta Koether—Paintings that focus on the idea of the sun as a universal touchstone for all cultures; through 5/29. Hearn, 530 W. 22nd St. (727-7366).

Tracey Moffatt—Nineteen photogravures that depict an erotic Victorian narrative involving two female characters; through 6/25. Morris, 465 W. 23rd St. (727-2753).

Fiona Rae—New paintings that employ geometric shapes and painterly brush marks within solid black backgrounds; through 5/28. Luhring Augustine, 531 W. 24th St. (206-9100).

Bill Scanga—Recent sculptures based on theme-park underwater fantasies; through 6/5. Grimm, 505 W. 28th St. (564-7662).

Arlene Shechet—Painted sculptures inspired by the stupa, a primal form of Buddhist architecture; through 5/22. Harris, 529 W. 20th St. (463-9666).

Tony Smith—An installation of two sculptures, *Stinger* and *Trap,* both from 1968, and drawings related to both; through 6/30. Cooper, 534 W. 21st St. (255-1105).

Juan Uslé—New paintings; through 6/5. Cheim & Read, 521 W. 23rd St. (242-7727).

Yinka Shonibare—Photographs depicting the artist in the role of a dandy leading a Victorian lifestyle, dress forms in Victorian costumes made with African fabrics, and a large work comprising painting and fabric; through 5/29. Sikkema, 530 W. 22md St. (929-2262).

Other

Frederic Matys Thursz—A survey of the artist's monochromatic abstract paintings; through 5/15. New York Studio School of Drawing, Painting, and Sculpture, 8 W. 8th St. (673-6466).

Group Shows

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Artemis—23 E. 73 St. (288-8488). "Dutch Paintings of the Golden Age," works by Bendz, Dahl, Dreyer, Eckersberg, Købke, Skovgaard, others; through 5/28.

57th Street Area

Yoshii—20 W. 57th St. (265-8876). "Petits Format," small-scale twentieth-century works by Arp, Basquiat, Calder, Kahlo, Lichtenstein, Matisse, Oldenburg, Picasso, Torres-Garcia, others; through 6/19.

SoHo and TriBeCa

Artists Space—38 Greene St. (226-3970). Multimedia works by Buell, jazz-derived works by Jafa, miniature sculptures by Stevens, and works by Hawkins, Kolatan, and MacDonald; through 5/29.

Exit Art—548 Broadway (966-7745). "The Stroke," paintings by contemporary stars Bleckner, Dunham, Gallagher, McClelland, Marshal, Murray, Pittman, Reed, Sikander; through 7/2.

Fung—537 Broadway (334-6242). A reconstruction of Gordon Matta-Clark's "Infraform" architectural cutting with wall drawings by Barry, LeWitt, and Huebler; through 6/19.

Marcus—578 Broadway (226-3200). Drawings from the sixties by women artists Baer, Bontecou, Hesse, Martin; through 5/29.

Meltzer's on View—588 Broadway (343-8256). "I'm the Boss of Myself," works by 20 artists that take their inspiration from toys; through 6/12.

Senior—375 W. Broadway (941-0960). Recent prints by Close, Gober, Horn, Stockholder, and Winters with works by Milhazes; through 6/5.

Chelsea

Stux—529 W. 20th St. (352-1600). Sculpture, photographs, and paintings of hands by Croak, Frank, and Cox, with new paintings by Piotrowski; through 5/29.

White Columns—320 W. 13th St. (924-4212). New works by Kirchner, Levy, Mesa-Pelly, Parr, Rapson, Taylor, others; through 6/20.

Other

Newhouse Center—Snug Harbor Cultural Center, 1000 Richmond Terrace, Staten Island (718-448-2500). "Visions of Childhood," photographs of children from the Victorian era to the present by Bey, Cameron, Carroll, Fuss, Goldin, Mann, Weston, others; and "Play Things," paintings, sculptures, and photographs that reflect childhood games and toys, by Blake, Burden, Kalka, Pensato, Phelan, Wilson, others; through 10/3.

Pier Show 7—141 Beard St., Brooklyn (718-596-2507). Works by over 250 artists in various media displayed in the Brooklyn Waterfront Artists Coalition's annual show; through 5/30.

Photograph courtesy of the New Museum of Contemporary Art.

Installation

Good-bye, SoHo

Show up at "Open House," Michael Smith and Joshua White's amusing re-creation of an un-fixed-up SoHo loft whose owner, a middle-aged, not especially successful artist, is hoping to sell. At the New Museum of Contemporary Art, 583 Broadway, near Prince Street; through June 27.

Photography

Ansel Adams/David Berg—Classic landscape images/Fantastic, computer-manipulated landscape photographs. Through 6/12. Carter, 560 Broadway (966-1933).

Merry Alpern—Recent photographs from the photographer's *Shopping* series, taken with a miniature surveillance camera; through 7/1. Benrubi, 52 E. 76th St. (517-3766).

Fernando Bengoechea—New photographs by the Brazilian-born artist; through 5/29. McGrath, 20 W. 57th St. (956-3366).

Thomas Joshua Cooper—Landscape photographs executed by the Cherokee artist in Newfoundland around the time of the spring equinox whose prints have been chemically altered to cultivate subtle tones of maroon and blue; through 6/19. Kelly, 43 Mercer St. (343-2405).

Willie Doherty—New photographs and a video installation by the Irish artist; through 6/12. Alexander and Bonin, 132 Tenth Ave. (367-7474).

Frank Gohlke/Stuart Klipper—A photographic meditation on the life and length of the Sudbury River in Massachusetts/Panoramas of polar regions. Through 6/30. Dorsky, 379 W. Broadway (966-6170).

ICP—1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. (860-1777), Tues.–Thurs. 10–5, Fri. 10–8 (voluntary contribution 5–8), Sat. and Sun. 10–6; $6, $4 students and seniors. "Newman's Gift: Sixty Years of Photography," a retrospective that spans Arnold Newman's 60-year career, including his intimate portraits of Picasso, Capote, Cartier-Bresson, others; through 6/6.

Tim Maul—25 cibachrome prints of photographs taken during the last ten years in hotels; through 6/12. Tonkonow, 601 W. 26th St. (255-8450).

Andrea Modica—Recent platinum-palladium prints; through 6/26. Houk, 745 Fifth Ave. (750-7070).

Tina Modotti and Edward Weston—Images from the photographers' 1920s documentary collaboration in Mexico; through 7/17. Throckmorton, 153 E. 61st St. (223-1059).

William Mortensen—Vintage photographs by a former rival of Ansel Adams and Edward Weston whose controversial Mortensen School of Photographs and book *Monsters and Madonnas* profoundly aggravated mainstream mid-twentieth-century photography; through 6/26. Ricco/Maresca, 529 W. 20th St. (627-4819).

Ray Mortenson—New large-scale landscape photographs of the Rhode Island coast; through 6/4. Borden, 560 Broadway (431-0166).

Arnold Newman—Vintage and color photographs by the famed "environmental portraitist"; through 6/19. Greenberg, 120 Wooster St. (334-0010).

Bill Phelps—Recent, staged photographs that pair models with mechanical objects; through 6/27. Rice, 325 W. 11th St. (366-6660).

Sam Samore—"Sorcerers," a narrative series of color photographs that develop the artist's fairy tale; through 6/5. Gorney Bravin + Lee, 526 W. 26th St. (352-8372).

Cindy Sherman—New black-and-white photographs that depict harsh sexual imagery; 5/15–6/26. Metro Pictures, 519 W. 24th St. (206-7100).

Toshio Shibata—Recent black-and-white landscapes; through 5/27. Miller, 20 W. 57th St. (397-3930).

John Szarkowski/Dieter Appelt—Recent black-and-white landscape photographs by the artist and critic who directed MOMA's department of photography for three decades/New photographs from which the German artist is conspicuously absent. Through 6/12. PaceWildensteinMacGill, 32 E. 57th St. (759-7999).

Retrospective **Perhaps you thought that the defiant art movement called Conceptualism was a fundamentally American, quintessentially sixties phenomenon, like civil-rights marching, bra burning, and Woodstock. In fact, the idea-based art was being practiced in the late fifties in France and Hungary, later went on to have a presence in most developed countries, and is still very much alive. "Global Conceptualism: Points of Origin, 1950s–1980s," which gathers works in various media by more than 135 artists (above, Ana Lupas's *Action in the Village of Margau, Transylvania, Romania,* 1970) from around the world, documents the fearless movement's key moments. At the Queens Museums of Art, New York City Building, Flushing Meadows, Corona Park; through August 29.**

Photograph courtesy of the Queens Museum of Art.

Museums

American Craft Museum—"Stop Asking, We Exist: 25 Contemporary African-American Craft Artists"; 5/14–8/8. . . . "The Spirit of Cloth: African-American Quilts Today." Fiber art works by more than 30 African-American artists from the Women of Color Quilter's Network; 5/14–10/10. . . . "Rörstrand: Swedish Art Nouveau Porcelain From the Schreiber Collection." A rare collection of porcelain produced by Sweden's Rörstrand factory, Europe's second-oldest operating ceramics firm; through 5/23. 40 W. 53rd St. (956-3535); Tues., Wed., Fri., Sat., Sun. 10–6, Thurs. till 8 (pay as you wish 6–8); $5, $2.50 students and seniors.

American Museum of Natural History—"The *Endurance:* Shackleton's Legendary Antarctic Expedition." More than 150 photographs by ship photographer Frank Hurley documenting Sir Ernest Shackleton's voyage to the Antarctic in 1914; through 10/11. . . . "Epidemic! The World of Infectious Disease." Dioramas, three-dimensional models, videos, films, interactive computer systems, and photographs; through 9/6. Central Park West, at 79th St. (769-5100); Sun.–Thurs. 10–5:45, Fri. and Sat. 10–8:45; $8 suggested contribution, $6 students and seniors, $4.50 children.

Asia Society—"Bamboo Masterworks: Japanese Baskets From the Lloyd Cotsen Collection"; through 6/27. . . . "Fire Over Earth: Ceramics From the Collection of the Asia Society"; through 8/29. 725 Park Ave., at 70th St. (517-ASIA), Tues.–Sat. 11–6, Sun. 12–5, Thurs. 11–8 (6–8 free admission); $4, $2 students and seniors.

Bard Graduate Center for Studies in the Decorative Arts—"Life and the Arts in the Baroque Palaces of Rome: Ambiente Barocco." Furniture and decorative works from Roman palaces, on loan from public and private collections; through 6/13. 18 W. 86th St. (501-3000), Tues.–Sun. 11–5 (Thurs. to 8); $2, $1 students and seniors.

Brooklyn Museum of Art—"Mariko Mori: Empty Dream." Multimedia installations that feature large-scale computer-generated photographs of the artist in futuristic scenes; through 8/15. . . . "Working in Brooklyn: Domestic Transformations." Works by the Brooklyn-based artists Ann Agee, Ron Baron, Jean Blackburn, and Andy Yoder; through 6/13. . . . "A Voice of Conscience: The Prints of Jack Levine." Sixty-nine prints by the New York artist that have never been shown together; through 6/20. . . . "The Matthew Scott Sloan Collection of American Furniture"; through 9/30. 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000); Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. 11–6 (till 11 P.M. on the first Saturday of every month), Sun. 11–6; $4, $2 students, $1.50 seniors.

Cooper-Hewitt, National Design Museum, Smithsonian Institution—"The Huguenot Legacy: English Silver 1680–1760." Examples of silver produced by Huguenot silversmiths working in London in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, from the collection of Alan and Simone Hartman; through 8/8. . . . "Graphic Design in the Mechanical Age: Selections From the Merrill C. Berman Collection." More than 200 works by such pioneers of the avant-garde as Lester Beall, A. M. Cassandre, Gustav Klutsis, Alexandr Rodchenko, and Jan Tschichold, including posters, books, one-of-a-kind prototypes, collages, and other ephemera; through 5/23. 2 E. 91st St. (849-8300), Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. 12–5, Tues. 10–9 (free admission 5–9); $5, $3 seniors and students.

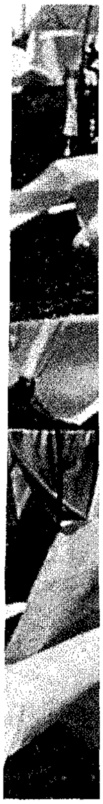
Dia Center for the Arts—"Stan Douglas and Douglas Gordon: Double Vision." New site-specific installations by the Canadian artist Stan Douglas and the Scottish artist Douglas Gordon; through 6/13. . . . "Andy Warhol: Shadows." A work made in 1978 composed of more than 100 silk-screened and hand-painted panels; through 6/13. . . . "Thomas Schütte: Scenewright." Early installations, small-scale modeled figures, proposals for monuments, watercolors, and photographs by the German artist; through 6/13. . . . "Joseph Beuys: Drawings After the Codices Madrid of Leonardo da Vinci, and Sculpture." Works from Dia's permanent collection, including 96 drawings made in response to two sketchbooks by Leonardo da Vinci, and sculptures; through 6/13. . . . "Robert Irwin: *Excursus: Homage to the Square 3.*" The second part of a site-specific installation by the California artist; through 6/13. 548 W. 22nd St. (989-5566), Wed.–Sun. 12–6; $6, $3 students and seniors.

Drawing Center—"Drawn From Artists' Collections." Drawings from the collections of Georg Baselitz, Eric Fischl, Helen Frankenthaler, Helen and Brice Marden, and other artists; through 6/12. 35 Wooster St. (219-2166), Tues.–Fri. 10–6, Sat. 11–6; donation suggested.

Frick Collection—"The Medieval Housebook: A Fifteenth-Century View of Life." The first American exhibition of the legendary illustrated book offering a view of life in a princely court at the end of the late Middle Ages; 5/18–7/25. . . . "Drouais's Portrait of Madame de Pompadour From the National Gallery, London." François-Hubert Drouais's celebrated full-length portrait of Madame de Pompadour; through 5/13. 1 E. 70th St. (288-0700); Tues.–Sat. 10–6, Sun. 1–6; $7, $5 students and seniors; children under 10 not admitted.

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum—"Jim Dine: Walking Memory, 1959–1969." The first survey of the artist's early paintings and constructions; through 5/16. . . . "Photography: An Expanded View—Recent Acquisitions." Works from the museum's permanent collection by modern masters and contemporary photographers Barth, Casebere, Coolidge, Demand, Eliasson, Jacobson, and others; through 5/16. 1071 Fifth Ave., at 88th St. (423-3500); Sun.–Wed. 10–6, Fri. and Sat. 10–8 (Fri. 6–8, pay what you wish), closed Thurs.; $12, $7 seniors and students.

Jewish Museum—"Sigmund Freud: Conflict and Culture." An exhibition organized by the library of Congress examining the life and work of the psychoanalyst through vintage photographs, prints, films, manuscripts, letters, and documents from the library's collection; through 9/9. . . . "Bar Mitzvah: A Collaboration by David Mamet and Donald Sultan." Drawings and text from the new book *Bar*



Mitzvah—Story by David Mamet, Drawings by Donald Sultan (Bulfinch); through 6/6. . . . "Ikat: Splendid Silks of Central Asia From the Guido Goldman Collection." Rare silk wall hangings, mounted panels, and robes made by master craftsmen in the kingdoms of Bukhara and Samarkand; through 5/16. 1109 Fifth Ave., at 92nd St. (423-3200); Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 11–5:45, Tues. 11–8 (Tues. after 5 free); $8, $5.50 students and seniors.

Metropolitan Museum of Art—"Prayer Book for a Queen: The Hours of Jeanne d'Evreux." A display of the pages from the medieval prayer book, whose depictions of the Christmas and Easter stories and the life of the crusader king Saint Louis are among the most evocative paintings of the Gothic era; through 8/29. . . . "Devotions and Diversions: Prints and Books From the Late Middle Ages in Northern Europe"; through 8/29. . . . "Our New Clothes: Acquisitions of the 1990s." Fashion masterworks by Geoffrey Beene, Calvin Klein, Giorgio Sant'Angelo, and other designers acquired by the museum's Costume Institute over the past decade; through 8/22. . . . "Hans Hofmann at the Metropolitan Museum of Art." Paintings by the abstract artist and influential teacher from the museum's collection, including nine paintings of "The Renate Series"; through 10/17. . . . "The Nature of Islamic Ornament, Part III: Geometric Patterns." The third exhibition in a four-part series covering designs in Islamic ornamentation; through 7/18. . . . "The Treasury of Saint Francis of Assisi." Approximately 70 masterpieces of medieval and Renaissance panel painting, goldsmiths' works, textiles, and manuscript illuminations from Assisi as well as works from European and American collections; through 6/27. . . . "Mirror of the Medieval World." Jewelry, manuscripts, sculptures, and other works acquired by the museum since 1977; through 7/15. . . . "Picasso: Painter and Sculptor in Clay." A survey of the artist's ceramic sculptures; through 6/6. . . . "Late-16th Century to Early-19th Century Indian Drawings"; through 7/5. . . . "Clay Into Art: Selections From the Collection of Contemporary Ceramics"; through 5/30. 1000 Fifth Ave., at 82nd St. (879-5500); Tues.–Thurs. and Sun. 9:30–5:15, Fri. and Sat. 9:30–9; $8 contribution, $4 children and seniors. The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park (923-3700); Tues.–Sun. 9:30–4:45 (closes at 5:15 between April and September); $8, $4 seniors and students.

El Museo del Barrio—"Cinema Kinesis." A life-size motorized pop-up movie theater by Uruguayan artist Marta Chilindrón; through 6/30. . . . "The S-Files." Works by 23 emerging New York-based Latino artists and U.S.-born artists of Latin American descent who have submitted work to the museum; through 6/30. . . . "Puerto Rican Santos de Palo: Sculptures Between Heaven and Earth." Forty-five carved wooden saint and holy figures from the museum's permanent collection; through 6/30. 1230 Fifth Ave., at 104th Street (831-7272), Wed.–Sun. 11–5; $4, $2 students and seniors.

Museum for African Art—"A Congo Chronicle: Patrice Lumumba in Urban Art." Paintings from the Congolese Urban Art movement, which began in the early twenties and is still extant, and by one of its best-known members, Tshibumba Kanda-Matulu, whose work depicts the rise and fall of Patrice Lumumba, the hero of Congolese independence who, in 1960, became the nation's first freely elected prime minister; through 8/15. 593 Broadway (966-1313), Tues.–Fri. 10:30–5:30, Sat. and Sun. 12–6; $5, $2.50 seniors, students, and children.

Museum of Modern Art—"Ellsworth Kelly: *Sculpture for a Large Wall* and Other Recent Acquisitions." MOMA's first showing of the artist's monumental sculpture acquired by the museum last fall and of early drawings and paintings recently given to the museum by the artist; through 7/6. . . . "Sigmar Polke: Works on Paper, 1963–1974." The first in-depth American examination of the German artist's early works on paper; through 6/16. . . . "The Museum As Muse: Artists Reflect." Works that address the concept and function of the museum by 60 artists, among them Barbara Bloom, Christian Boltanski, Marcel Broodthaer, Joseph Cornell, Marcel Duchamp, Komar and Melamid, Claes Oldenburg, and Hiroshi Sugimoto; through 6/1. . . . "Collecting in Depth: Drawings by Grosz, Schwitters, Ernst, and Klee." Works by these four artists who were active in Germany from 1910 through the thirties; through 7/20. . . . "Projects 68: William Kentridge." The world premiere of the South African filmmaker's most recent film animation, *Stereoscope*; through 6/8. . . . "Pop Impressions Europe/USA: Prints and Multiples From the Museum of Modern Art." Approximately 100 works highlighting printmaking within the Pop aesthetic; through 5/18. . . . "Mary Lucier: Floodsongs." A video and audio installation presenting portraits of residents of Grand Forks, North Dakota, and their reflections on the flood that ravaged their town in the spring of 1997; through 6/20. 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480); Sat.–Tues. 10:30–6, Thurs. 10:30–6, Fri. 10:30–8:30 (4:30–8:30 pay what you wish), closed Wed.; $9.50, $6.50 students and seniors.

Museum of the City of New York—"Paul Robeson: Artist and Citizen." A multimedia celebration of the life of the actor, singer, and human-rights activist; 5/15–9/5. . . . "The Astor Place Riot: Looking Back 150 Years." A look at the causes behind the infamous riot that occurred when the English actor William Macready appeared in *Macbeth* at the Astor Place Opera House in 1849; through 10/24. . . . "Gotham Comes of Age: New York Through the Lens of the Byron Company." Photographs documenting New York City life from the late 1890s to 1942 that were donated to the museum after the 1942 closing of New York's preeminent photography studio; through 9/26. . . . "Washington's New York." Paintings, costumes, maps, furniture, documents, and relics relating to George Washington's experiences in New York City as a military commander and political leader; through 7/4. . . . "Landscapes of Hope: Rebuilding New York City's Neighborhoods." Photographs by Larry Racioppo documenting the rebuilding of various New York City neighborhoods; through 6/27. 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (534-1672), Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. 1–5; $5 suggested contribution, $3 students and seniors.

New Museum of Contemporary Art—"Fever: The Art of David Wojnarowicz." The first retrospective of the work of the East Village artist, who died of AIDS in 1992; through 6/20. . . . "Open House: Michael Smith and Joshua White." An installation of a SoHo loft space that belongs to an imaginary middle-aged artist who is using an open-house event as an opportunity to show his art to real-estate agents; through 6/27. 583 Broadway (219-1222), Wed. and Sun. 12–6, Thurs., Fri., and Sat. 12–8, (free Thurs. 6–8); $5, $3 students, artists, and seniors, free for youths 18 and under.

New-York Historical Society—"Refuge: The Newest New Yorkers." Photographs by Mel Rosenthal documenting the lives of refugees in communities across New York State; through 6/20. . . . "The Celebrated Hatter." An exhibition of hats, advertisements, newspaper articles, and other objects and ephemera relating to the life of John N. Genin, the nineteenth-century New Yorker whose lower-Broadway store, Genin's Hat Emporium, made him a household name; through 6/13. . . . "Dance for a City: Fifty Years of the New York City Ballet." Costumes, musical scores, handbills, photographs, dancers' scrapbooks, and other ephemera; through 8/15. 2 W. 77th St. (873-3400); Tues.–Sun. 11–5; $5, $3 seniors and children.

New York Public Library—"Netherlandish Prints From the New York Public Library." Prints and books from the Library's Miriam and Ira D. Wallach Division of Art, Prints, and Photographs; through 6/26. . . . "Nabokov Under Glass." An exhibition drawn from the Vladimir Nabokov Archive of the Henry W. and Albert A. Berg Collection of English and American Literature, presented on the occasion of the centennial of the writer's birth; through 8/21. . . . "Inventing the American Past: The Art of F. O. C. Darley." A selection of drawings and sketches by the American illustrator (1821–1888) of such literary classics as *The Legend of Sleepy Hollow* and *The Old Curiosity Shop* drawn primarily from the library's Miriam and Ira D. Wallach Division of Art; through 6/26. Fifth Ave. and 42nd St. (869-8089); Mon. 10–6, Tues.–Wed. 11–6, Thurs.–Sat. 10–6; free.

P.S. 1 Contemporary Art Center—"Generation Z." An exhibition of works by emerging artists who transform conditions of conditions of contemporary society through their artistic practice; through 6/6. . . . "Denise Green: Resonating." A survey spanning 25 years of the Australian artist's career, tracing the evolution of her painting from her early "New Image" period to recent explorations in black and white; through 6/6. . . . "100 Drawings." Drawings by young artists; through 6/6. 22-25 Jackson Ave., at 46th Ave., Long Island City (718-784-2084), Wed.–Sun. 12–6; $5 suggested donation.

Pierpont Morgan Library—"Pierpont Morgan: Banker and Collector." An exhibition on the life and times of the turn-of-the-century financier, whose collection formed the basis of the Morgan Library; through 8/8. . . . "Detectives, Private Eyes, and Spies." Early editions of works by Ambler, Childers, Poe, and others; through 5/5. 29 E. 36th St. (685-0008), Tues.–Thurs. 10:30–5, Fri. 10–8, Sat. 10:30–6; Sun. 12–6; $7; $5 students and seniors.

Queens Museum of Art—"Global Conceptualism: Points of Origin, 1950s–1980s." The history of conceptual art as seen through the works of more than 135 artists; through 8/29. New York City Building, Flushing Meadows Corona Park (718-592-9700), Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 12–5; $3, $1.50 students and seniors.

Studio Museum in Harlem—"To Conserve a Legacy: American Art From Historically Black Colleges and Universities." Works of art drawn from the collections of Clark Atlanta University, Fisk University, Hampton University, Howard University, North Carolina Central University, and Tuskegee University; through 7/11. 144 W. 125th St. (864-4500), Wed.– Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 1–6; $5, 3 seniors and students (free on the first Sat. of every month).

Whitney Museum of American Art—"The American Century: Art & Culture 1900–2000." The first part of a two-part exhibition exploring this century's art and culture, covering the years 1900 to 1950 and comprising works drawn from the museum's collection and from public and private institutions across the country; through 8/22. 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (570-3676); Wed., Fri., Sat., Sun. 11–6, Thurs. 1–8 (6–8 pay what you wish); $12.50, $10.50 students, seniors, and groups of 15 or more. Timed tickets may be purchased in advance for a $2 service charge by calling 1-877-WHITNEY, or ordering online at www.whitney.org.

Auctions

Christie's—20 Rockefeller Plaza (636-2000). 5/12 at 7 and 5/13 at 10: "Impressionist and 19th-Century Art." On view from 5/8. 5/13 at 2: "20th Century Works on Paper." On view from 5/8. 5/13 at 7 and 5/14 at 10: "The Maurice and Margo Cohen Collection of 20th-Century Art." On view from 5/8. 5/17 at 10 and 2: "Coins." On view from 5/15.

Christie's East—219 E. 67th St. (546-1000). 5/12 at 10 and 2: "The Joseph Laica Civil War Collection." On view from 5/7. 5/18 at 10 and 2: "20th Century Art." On view from 5/14.

Doyle—175 E. 87th St. (427-2730). 5/12 at 10: "Couture and Textiles." On view from 5/8.

Phillips—406 E. 79th St. (570-4830). 5/11 at 2: "Impressionist, Modern, and Contemporary Art." On view from 5/4.

Sotheby's—1334 York Ave. at 72nd St. (606-7000). 5/11 at 7 and 5/12 at 10:15 and 2: "Impressionist Painting and Sculpture." On view from 5/7. 5/18 at 7: "Contemporary Art." On view from 5/14.

Swann Galleries—104 E. 25th St. (254-4710). 5/13 at 10:30 and 2: "Works of Art on Paper." On view from 5/8.

Ground Rules:

Galleries are generally open Tues. through Sat., from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6.

restaurants

Call Guy...Soft Sell...Paris by Mouth

Manhattan

Lower New York

Alison on Dominick—An impeccably turned-out room with blue banquettes and tender lighting. Perfectionist owner Alison Becker Hurt makes sure that all is well. *38 Dominick St., nr. Hudson St. (727-1188). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

American Park—Sophisticated seafood preparations and wonderful water views merit a special trip to the southern tip of Manhattan. In warm weather, outdoor seating is ideal for cocktails and light bites from the raw bar, but even in winter, walls of glass windows remind us that this is a coastal town, after all. Catering available. *Opposite 175 State St., Battery Park (809-5508). (M–E) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Arqua—Traditional Northern Italian fare—think homemade pastas, octopus salad, Venetian shellfish soup—served in a dining room that is as spare and elegant as downtown gets. Owner Leo Pulito has an impressive wine cellar. *281 Church St. (334-1888). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Chanterelle—Spare and elegant, virtually religious, this TriBeCa restaurant is a favorite among those who want a Big Deal. Chef David Waltuck runs a grand kitchen—seafood sausage, cold fruit soups, and anything he does with truffles in season. Wife Karen runs the front room with class and warmth. *2 Harrison St., at Hudson St. (966-6960). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Cub Room—Fighting back from the scorching bar scene his restaurant became last summer, chef-owner Henry Meer (from Lutèce)—doing penance for the butter and cream of the past—is dishing up contemporary American fare to an impossibly diverse crowd. Yes, that was Ethan Hawke. *131 Sullivan St., at Prince St. (677-4100). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Deanna's—Owner and recording artist Deanna Kirk sings nightly at her relocated supper club, now on the Lower East Side, where surprise guests drop in for impromptu performances. Silk lamp shades and candlelight transform a space built in the twenties as a Yiddish theater, and an alumnus of the kitchens of Le Cirque and Bouley turns out American bistro fare. *107 Rivington St. (420-2258). (I) ($).*

Diva—Another hip spot at the nexus of a hip neighborhood, with Italian specialties like homemade gnocchi and lobster-stuffed black ravioli. Iron candelabras and scarlet walls set the perfect sexy downtown mood. *341 W. Broadway, nr. Broome St. (941-9024). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Divine Bar—The jewel-toned financial-district branch of the popular Turtle Bay bar and lounge serves the same extensive selection of wine and beer, and a similar menu of appetizer-size plates they call "international tapas." Typically creative selections include a barbecued-buffalo sandwich, shrimp satay with hoisin sauce, and a wild-mushroom quesadilla. *55 Liberty St., second fl. (791-WINE). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Gigino Trattoria—The rustic Italian fare in this barnlike TriBeCa trattoria ranges from brick-oven pizza and calzones to salmon with broccoli rabe. The casual atmosphere and fresh, inventive peasant food have already gained a loyal neighborhood following. *323 Greenwich St. (431-1112). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Hudson River Club—From this Frank Lloyd Wright–ish dining room in the World Financial Center, you can see the Statue of Liberty and Ellis Island. But your attention may very well be diverted by the eye-catching American food—seafood sausage with stewed white beans, potato-and-truffle ravioli with saffron cream, seared yellowfin tuna with caramelized foie gras—right in front of you. *4 World Financial Ctr. (786-1500). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Layla—A Middle Eastern feast, complete with gyrating belly dancer, brought to you by Drew Nieporent and his TriBeCa production team. Menu highlights include crabmeat phyllo, cinnamon-braised lamb shank with okra, and toasted couscous and almond ice milk. *211 W. Broadway, at Franklin St. (431-0700). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Montrachet—Owner Drew Nieporent now has five places in New York, including Nobu, Layla, Zeppole at the TriBakery, and Tribeca Grill, and another in San Francisco. But this is his baby—attractive, lively, and one of the first truly great restaurants in lower Manhattan. There's lunch on Fridays—try the Roquefort-and-pear salad—and dinner Monday through Saturday. *239 W. Broadway, nr. White St. (219-2777). (E) AE only.*

Penang—This Malaysian mini-dynasty began in Queens and has sprouted multiple Manhattan locations. Sample such exotic offerings as roti canai, beef rendang, and sarang burung in environs that strive to evoke the tropics. *109 Spring St. (274-8883). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

Pierino—An Italian dining room full of businesspeople and city politicians for lunch and dinner for the bankers on their way uptown offering meta-traditional dishes like lobster and steak. Yes, that was Peter Vallone. *107 Reade St. (513-0610). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Provence—Lots of people have got engaged in the charming garden at this authentic country French restaurant; even more have sampled the bourride, bouillabaisse, and bass flambé. If you can't actually make it to the Côte d'Azur, this is the next best thing. *38 MacDougal St. (475-7500). (M–E) AE.*

Salaam Bombay—A far cry from the curry canteens of 6th Street, this Indian restaurant is a good alterna-

Opening

Tele-Scopa

With Scopa, a gargantuan 11,000 square feet of retail and restaurant space, former Fresco chef Vincent Scotto aims to nourish the entire Madison Square Park neighborhood, or whatever fraction of it Danny Meyer's willing to share. Phase one, Scopa to Go, opens this week with a takeout menu of breakfast coffee and pastries and Italian-American-inspired soups, salads, pizzas, and grilled sandwiches like bresaola and mozzarella with roasted peppers and garlic olive oil. (27 East 28th Street; 213-2424.)

Photograph by Amy Freeth.

tive to TriBeCa's medley of French and Italian standbys. Marble floors and a canopy above each table decorate the dining room. Regional specialties from all corners of the country include dahi batata poori from Bombay, khaman dhokla from Gujarat, and lamb pasanda from Kashmir. *317 Greenwich St. (226-9400). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Tennessee Mountain—This 1807 landmark farmhouse serves up huge portions of smoked chicken and grilled ribs, plus regional appetizers and desserts. Bring those breath mints and Handi-Wipes for a $17.95 all-you-can-eat on Monday night. *143 Spring St. (431-3993). (I) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Tribeca Grill—Though this spacious, brick-walled restaurant sometimes serves as canteen for the film execs (and movie stars) in offices upstairs, the creative American cuisine and lively bar scene make it a popular downtown destination. Known for its roasted meats and fish specials. *375 Greenwich St., at Franklin St. (941-3900). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Windows on the World—Chef and TV personality Michael Lomonaco supervises the kitchens of this landmark restaurant known for what may be the most spectacular view of Manhattan Island. His menu focuses on sophisticated renditions of American food, including stout-braised black Angus short ribs with Maytag blue cheese, and lobster potpie with truffle cream, spinach leaves, and a chive biscuit. Be sure to take advantage of the restaurant's 60,000-bottle wine cellar. *1 World Trade Center, 107th floor (524-7000). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Below 14th Street, East

Gotham Bar & Grill—Alfred Portale's kitchen, with its architectural ingenuity and whimsical creativity, serves as a finishing school for the city's all-star chefs before they launch their own careers. This awesome dining temple has long been a staple. *12 E. 12th St. (620-4020). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Knickerbocker Bar and Grill—A subdued steakhouse with vintage items on the walls—Hirschfelds, copies of the *Saturday Evening Post,* and nineteenth-century curios. A sophisticated combination of gastronomics and history. *33 University Pl., at E. 9th St. (228-8490). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Osso Buco—Popular Italian restaurant on a much-traveled Village corridor serving family-style portions of the eponymous house specialty, Caesar salad, fried calamari, and T-bone steak. *88 University Pl., nr. 11th St. (645-4525). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Below 14th Street, West

Bar Cichetti—Modeled after a typical bar in Venice, where patrons gather for a glass of wine—choose here among 50—and small snacks called *cichetti* (think Italian tapas). Sample among appetizer-size portions of rice balls, fried meatballs, frittatas, and crostini, or, should these snacks merely whet the appetite, have a full meal of pasta, chicken, fish, or beef. Perfect for pre– or post–Film Forum noshing. Live opera performances on Sunday nights. *220 W. Houston St. (229-0314). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Bombay City—This Indian newcomer offers the regular roster of subcontinental specialties, plus more offbeat tandoori preparations of steak and rabbit. The spacious premises are available for private parties; there's even room for a dance floor. *29 Seventh Ave. S., nr. Bedford St. (414-0931). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

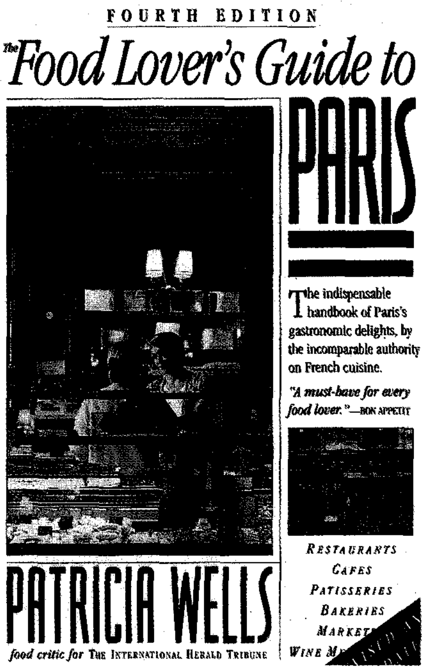
Da Silvano—Trattoria with tables out front converts this thoroughfare into a people promenade. Great food and views of the local color. Yes, that was Anna Wintour. *260 Sixth Ave., nr. Bleecker St. (982-2343). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Greenwich Cafe—This Village café, with its plush antique wing chairs and rococo mirrors, has a loungy feel and is open around the clock with a menu that crosses every border. Representative items include crab cakes with lobster sauce and fennel tempura, grilled salmon with jasmine rice, and a veggie burger with minted couscous. No cover for the jazz brunch. *75 Greenwich Ave. (255-5489). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Gus' Place—This welcoming Greek taverna in the West Village offers authentic Mediterranean meze and entrées; French doors open out onto warm evenings. The orzo with Gulf shrimp and the lamb-shank stifado are house specialties. *149 Waverly Pl. (645-8511). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Mono—The chef at this West Village bistro derives intense flavors from herbs, spices, and flavored oils, keeping butter and cream to a minimum. You couldn't tell by the taste of dishes like star-anise-cured salmon tartare with lentil pancake, vanilla-roasted spring vegetables, and chamomile-steamed wild striped bass. Each of three tasting menus—market, vegetarian, and seafood—is paired with appropriate wines. *342 W. 11th St. (645-9009). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

In Print "Bread is life," says Patricia Wells, the American in Paris who knows the city better than most Parisians, and who is a passionate baker and author of the completely revised edition of ***The Food Lover's Guide to Paris*** (Workman; $16.95), first published some fifteen years ago. Wells reports a renaissance of artisanal bakers and bistros. "It's so great to see a lot of young people in their thirties taking over from their parents and running the place, with enthusiasm and passion but with a modern sense," she says. "It gives one hope the craft will continue." Among the 150 new entries are two acolytes of the great Joël Robuchon to keep an eye on—Frédéric Anton at Le Pre Catalan and Eric Lecerf at L'Astor. Happily for diners who feel intimidated when confronted with a French menu, there is an expanded food glossary, and for those who just want to fantasize, there is a selection of mouthwatering recipes. For lovers of food and Paris, this is a must-have. **Gillian Duffy**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One if by Land, Two if by Sea—Elegant Village restaurant situated within an eighteenth-century carriage house previously owned by Aaron Burr. Four fireplaces and nightly piano music enhance a fine menu of American specialties like beef Wellington. *17 Barrow St. (228-0822). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Tio Pepe—A reliably festive spot for classic Mexican and Spanish fare, from tapas to paella Valenciana, with an enclosed sidewalk café and skylit garden room. *168 W. 4th St. (242-9338). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, East Side

Alva—Bare lightbulbs evoke Thomas Edison, the namesake of this sleek spot invented by Charles Palmer and designer Fernando Saralegui, but the food is all very twentieth-century: crispy shrimp cocktail, cod-and-salmon cakes, veal stew, an exciting cheese course. *36 E. 22nd St. (228-4399). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

An American Place—This venerable midtown spot is to New York as Chez Panisse is to Berkeley. With his eclectic American menu, Larry Forgione made the national cuisine interesting again. *2 Park Ave., at 32nd St. (684-2122). (E) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Back Porch—Ideal spot for Murray Hill residents to meet for drinks alfresco and southwestern-flavored fare. Sit outdoors as long as the weather holds. *488 Third Ave., at 33rd St. (685-3828). (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Bellew—The hand-carved dark woods, chandeliers, and cozy booths of this Murray Hill duplex are meant to evoke classic New York, as is the seasonal American menu of wood-grilled seafood, steaks, and chops. But the kitchen shows contemporary creativity with dishes like chestnut-honey-braised-duck salad, and shellfish-saffron chowder with Maine periwinkles. *167 E. 33rd St. (685-1466). (M–E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Bolo—There's nothing discreet about Bobby Flay's neo-Spanish cooking. In a room that reminds you of Gaudí by way of Pee-wee Herman, Flay turns out fiery, bold dishes like oven-roasted mushrooms with goat cheese and chili oil as well as paella with curried shellfish and chicken. We *love* the white-peach sangría. *23 E. 22nd St. (228-2200). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Campagna—The *Letterman* crowd is at one table, Time Warner honchos are at another, and isn't that . . . ? Despite the frenzy of having become Media Central, this smart little trattoria serves some of the most satisfying Italian food in Manhattan. Chef Mark Straussman is to thank for dishes like rabbit in polenta, gnocchi with wild mushrooms and truffle oil, and grilled tuna with beets. *24 E. 21st St. (460-0900). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

El Parador Cafe—Very possibly the oldest Mexican restaurant in New York City, this comfortable, dependable establishment is known for its enormous selection of premium tequilas and traditional dishes like mole poblano, carnitas, and duck with cuipotle glaze. *325 E. 34th St. (679-6812). (M) MC, V.*

Gramercy Tavern—As a second act to Danny Meyer's much-loved Union Square Cafe, this Flatiron American standout doesn't disappoint. The main dining room manages to be both impressive and cozy, the service superlative, and Tom Colicchio's food inspired. For lesser appetites and lower budgets, the bar menu in the Tavern Room is equally delicious. Orchestrate your own cheese course and sample the varied selection of wines by the glass. *42 E. 20th St. (477-0777). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

i Trulli—A Southern Italian restaurant that aims to prove that tomato sauce is not crucial for survival, i Trulli succeeds with tasty focaccia, homemade sausage, tripe, and venison. In warm weather, the garden is a perfect midtown escape. *122 E. 27th St. (481-7372). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Les Halles—Even though it hasn't been around forever, this utterly perfect re-creation of a Left Bank bistro seems like it has. This is the place to come for onion soup, steak-frites, celeri rémoulade, crème caramel—that sort of thing. *411 Park Ave. So., bet. 28th and 29th Sts. (679-4111). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Medusa—A lot of thought went into the décor at this new restaurant: The floors and bar are red travertine marble, and decorative ironwork details the sconces and door frames. The au courant Mediterranean menu includes such specialties as poppy-seed-encrusted tuna with lime sauce and rack of lamb with Chianti and grilled golden apples. *239 Park Ave. So., nr. 19th St. (477-1500). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Mesa Grill—Chef Bobby Flay believes in big flavors and big portions. He developed his own signature style, plundering the ingredients of the American Southwest for such mouthwatering creations as roasted-garlic shrimp tamales and ancho-honey-glazed salmon. Loud, stylish, and loads of fun, especially for those partaking of the house drink, a cactus-pear margarita. *102 Fifth Ave., nr. 16th St. (807-7400). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Novitá—A beautiful Flatiron restaurant with upscale, nouvelle Italian. Try, especially, the handmade pastas, which seem to have only beneficial effects on all the fashion types and Elite models who've made this room their home away from home. *102 E. 22nd St. (677-2222). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Osteria Laguna—A stone's throw from Grand Central, this rustic Italian restaurant features mostly Venetian fare. Risotto and pizza are particularly popular. *209 E. 42nd St. (557-0001). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Oyster Bar—When a fire temporarily shuttered this Manhattan landmark, its long-faithful clientele were bereft, unsure of what to do with themselves at lunchtime. The doors have reopened, the vaulted ceilings have been (for the most part) repaired, and the regulars are taking their places at the counter. Famous for its 25 varieties of oysters, extensive wine selection, and comprehensive seafood preparations, the restaurant is a magnet for commuters and tourists alike. *Grand Central Terminal, 42nd St. and Vanderbilt Ave. (490-6650). (M) AE, CB, DS, MC, V.*

Park Bistro—Provençal offerings prepared and served with notable agility in an intimate—sometimes crowded—setting. *414 Park Ave. at 28th St. (689-1360). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Patria—Zesty Latin American fare brought to you in a festive high-energy atmosphere. The three-story dining room suits the changing mood of diners: bright and airy by day and warm and earthy by night. Chef Doug Rodriguez comes from Miami via a childhood in New York. Really. Try the Mojito, Patria's signature drink made from sugarcane. *250 Park Ave. So., nr. 20th St. (777-6211). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Union Square Cafe—The careful service, human-scale dining rooms, and peerless California café cuisine make this one of the best restaurants in the city. *21 E. 16th St. (243-4020). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, West Side

Ben's Kosher Delicatessen—This casual delicatessen—the Art Deco–ish Manhattan offshoot of a Long Island chain—brings a full roster of pastrami, corned beef, sour pickles, potato latkes, and other highlights of kosher cooking to the garment district. All baking is done on the premises, and for those who hanker for something a little stronger than Dr. Brown's, there's a full bar. *209 W. 38th St. (398-2367). (I) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Bright Food Shop—A Chelsea luncheonette with an innovative, healthy Mexican menu with Asian influences. Excellent desserts and a great selection of Mexican fruit sodas. *216 Eighth Ave., at 21st St. (243-4433). (I–M) ($).*

Caffe Bondí Ristorante—Popular with the photographers who work in the Flatiron district and food-

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GAEL GREENE

What bliss to live in a world where every spring, Chesapeake Bay's hard-edged crabs shed their armor and, like Blanche du Bois, are caught with their soft slips showing. Count on Gotham Bar & Grill's Alfred Portale to handle such vulnerability with restraint. His naked crustaceans are deep-fried to a crisp, in tempura crumbs, then ride to lunch on toasted country baguettes slathered with garlicky tartar sauce, beside a tangle of Technicolor fennel slaw and a salad of fingerlings in lemon vinaigrette. (12 East 12th Street; 620-4020.)

PETER KAMINSKY

Romy Dorotan of Cendrillon gets my "Who would have ever thought of that?" award for his crisp soft-shell crabs served in a thin rice-flour batter and accompanied by slices of air-dried venison (which he first marinates in sugarcane vinegar). The crabs are served with arugula dressed in a sour-orange salsa that recalls the relish the Mayans of the Yucatán put on their venison salpicon. It's Filipino-French-Spanish-Japanese food, proving that a diverse culinary gene pool is still the mother of dining invention. (45 Mercer Street; 343-9012.)

Photographs by Dasha Wright Ewing.

ies from all over who fill the garden in warm weather. Specializes in Sicilian dishes like coniglio *alla stimparata, pasta con sarde,* and *cassata Siciliana.* Open seven days a week, including weekend brunch. *7 W. 20th St. (691-8136). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Chelsea Bistro & Bar—This friendly bistro became a neighborhood hangout virtually the day it opened. Try the delicious hangar steak and lamb shank, and experiment among the 200-odd wines on the well-chosen list. *358 W. 23rd St. (727-2026). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Da Umberto—Low-key Chelsea façade belies the extraordinary Italian offerings inside. Getting a table is no small task, especially in the evening. This is a Euro–New York crossroads. A mad cacophony of laughter and chatter in Brooklynese and Roman. Don't dress down. *107 W. 17th St. (989-0303). (E) AE only.*

Le Madri—This Chelsea mainstay has long enjoyed a reputation for informality and flavorful Italian fare. The garden is a wonderful warm-weather spot for a light lunch of salad and pasta or a more substantial repast like osso buco with gremolata or risotto with lemon and zucchini. *168 W. 18th St. (727-8022). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

World Yacht—Take an out-of-town visitor to see the sights—all of them—over dinner, which could be a hearty serving of filet mignon or Chilean sea bass, topped off with cheesecake, our city's major contribution to the confectionery world. The luxury yacht boards at six, and sails from seven until ten, during which time you'll dine and dance to the music of a live band. Jacket required. *Pier 81, W. 41st St. and the Hudson River (630-8100). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

43rd–56th Streets, East Side

Bice—It's always buzzing at this midtown Italian hot spot, where the fashionable crowd takes a hiatus from air-kissing to partake of dishes like crispy crab cakes, smoked-mozzarella risotto, and veal chop Milanese. *7 E. 54th St. (688-1999). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Café Centro—A big, shiny brasserie-cum-café in the lobby of the MetLife Building; there's inventive cooking going on here, and the joint is as fun and good as non-expensive midtown gets. In the loud little Beer Bar, get one of the best hamburgers in town. Closed Sunday. *200 Park Ave., at 45th St. (818-1222). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Caviar Russe—The owners of this caviar bar and boutique are also importers, which means that you're getting your Beluga—and golden Osetra, and Sevruga—right from the source. The petite restaurant ensconced in a midtown townhouse will gladly feed you a spoonful or a more substantial meal, like a foie gras sandwich with Armagnac-soaked figs, or steak tartare with baby-beet-and-black-truffle salad. Afternoon tea and prix fixe menus also available. *538 Madison Ave., nr. 54th St. (980-5908). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Cucina & Co.—This market-style takeout shop and café is ideally situated in the lobby of the MetLife Building to catch the crush of commuters passing through Grand Central. Breakfast pastries, specialty sandwiches, baked pastas, steak-frites, and "Dinners for Two" keep the worker bees fueled throughout the day. *200 Park Ave., at 45th St. (682-2700). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Jimmy Sung's—This elegant midtown restaurant serves classic Hunan cuisine and a sampling of dishes from other regions. Private dining rooms are perfect for special occasions, business meetings or mini-banquets. *219 E. 44th St. (682-5678). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Montebello—The staff at this cozy neighborhood restaurant offers a gracious welcome, while the kitchen provides upscale Northern Italian fare, especially affordable in the four-course pretheater menu. Specialties include angel's-hair pasta with fresh tomato and basil, and shrimp sautéed with cognac, broccoli, and red peppers. Private party room available. *120 E. 56th St. (753-1447). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Mr. K's—After years of wining and dining Washington's politicians and their retinues, Mr. K has spun off an elegant New York branch in the soaring Art Deco environs of the old RCA building. The menu trumpets fresh, seasonal vegetables—a rarity in most Chinese restaurants—and other house specials like the Peking duck, firecracker lobster, and basil-ginger prawns. Jackets preferred. *570 Lexington Ave., at 51st St. (583-1668). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Naples 45 Ristorante e Pizzeria—This new, sprawling Italian restaurant and carry-out in the MetLife building serves authentic Neapolitan cuisine, including excellent thin-crust pizzas, baked to order by experienced pizza masters imported directly from Italy. Also try the twice-baked sandwiches and the wide array of wines by the glass. *200 Park Ave., at 45th St. (972-7001). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Peacock Alley—Under talented chef Laurent Gras, the Waldorf's posh dining room has become reinvigorated. Known for his long association with French national hero Alain Ducasse, Gras has a special touch with foie gras and handles seasonal American ingredients with a classical Gallic touch. This is one of midtown's secret pleasures. Jackets required; harpist performs nightly. *301 Park Ave., in the Waldorf-Astoria (872-4895). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Pig 'n' Whistle on 3rd—There's plenty of convivial Irish-pub-style cheer in this East Side spinoff of a popular midtown haunt. The basic American menu offers staples like shepherd's pie, blackened rib eye, chicken potpie, barbecued ribs, and onion loaf. *922 Third Ave., nr. 55th St. (688-4646). (I–M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Scarabée—Some of the city's best French-Mediterranean food is being served on a nondescript residential block in Turtle Bay, courtesy of chef Joseph Fortunato (formerly of Layla). Owner Karim El Sherif (formerly of Restaurant Daniel) compiled the well-chosen, helpfully categorized wine list, with selections that pair well with dishes like truffle-marinated squab, pomegranate-glazed salmon, and, at lunch, a killer braised-lamb sandwich. No matter how full you are, don't skip dessert. *230 E. 51st St. (758-6633). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Shinbashi—After nearly a quarter of a century, this elegant Japanese restaurant is still an oasis in the frenzy of midtown. Owner Fumiko Hosoda offers a traditional menu of tempura, sukiyaki, teriyaki, and sushi, plus an array of chef's specialties. *280 Park Ave., at 48th St. (661-3915). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Tatou—Gilded-plaster satyrs, cherubs, jazz onstage, and New American cuisine. Executive chef Neil Becker serves up such sophisticated fare as crispy

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sea scallops with rock shrimp, lobster, and shellfish cream; rack of lamb with Parmesan bread pudding; and a white-and-dark-chocolate-mousse parfait. *151 E. 50th St. (753-1144). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Tropica—Always packed at lunch, but squeeze in at the bar and order the salmon and a glass of tropical iced tea. The dining room serves the most imaginative seafood in town, but be sure to go on a weekday—the restaurant, located in the lobby of the MetLife Building, is closed Saturday and Sunday. *200 Park Ave., nr. 45th St. (867-6767). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Turtle Bay Grill & Lounge—The kind of place where you kick back, light a stogie, and watch the game. Should hunger develop, there's sesame-seared tuna, Dijon-grilled salmon, shrimp pizza, and the like. *987 Second Ave., nr. 52nd St. (223-4224). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

43rd–56th Streets, West Side

Adrienne—After extensive renovations, the elegant American restaurant in this posh midtown hotel reopens with a new look and a new, sophisticated menu. A few of the more notable entrées include a grilled turbot "chop" with cèpe jus, organic chicken en cocotte with morels and fava beans, and coriander-and-black-pepper-crusted rack of lamb from Jameson Farms. *700 Fifth Ave., at 55th St., in the Peninsula (903-3918). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Ben Benson's Steak House—This rollicking steakhouse has long fed hordes of hungry, beef-eating businessmen and the people who love them. The festive air gets pretty thick by the bar, where cigars prevail, but the dining room is entirely devoted to the consumption of standards like lobsters, crab cakes, veal, and four cuts of steak. Free validated parking available. *123 W. 52nd St. (581-8888). (E) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Broadway Joe's Steakhouse—Located in a townhouse on Restaurant Row, this steakhouse serves a fourteen-ounce prime rib but also delivers fresh seafood and pasta for the omnivore. Hirschfeld caricatures cover the walls, so come find your NINAs while you dine. Discount dinner parking. Private parties. *315 W. 46th St. (246-6513). (M–E) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Christer's—Famous for its spectacular selection of salmon, this Scandinavian-inspired restaurant, designed by David Rockwell to resemble a colorful, cozy mountain lodge, is a great choice for contemporary renditions of seafood. Open Sundays. *145 W. 55th St. (974-7224). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Cité—An extravagant French steakhouse, marble and pewter with blazing chandeliers, and a more affordable grill next door. *120 W. 51st St. (956-7100). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Estiatorio Milos—The New York outpost of a Montreal favorite, this stylishly spare Greek restaurant specializes in perfectly fresh seafood, arranged market-style on ice and grilled simply with organic herbs and imported olive oil. The fish selection runs from the familiar—red snapper, pompano—to the more exotic, like loup de mer, Moroccan pageot, and Greek dente. Finish with super-creamy goat's-milk yogurt with honey. *125 W. 55th St. (245-7400). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Frankie and Johnnie's Steakhouse—The oldest speakeasy in the city. In the same location in the theater district since 1926. Try the steaks and the chops. Yes, that was Tom Selleck. *269 W. 45th St. (997-9494). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

La Veranda—Northern Italian food. A popular spot in the theater district offering generous portions of fish, seafood, veal chops, and pasta. Italian brunch available Saturday and Sunday, $15.95 prix fixe. Free parking (with dinner) from 5 P.M. to 1 A.M. *163 W. 47th St. (391-0905). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Langan's—American cuisine in a clublike setting. Food ranges from Black Angus steaks to crab cakes and seafood. A trendy, well-heeled crowd at the much-frequented bar mixes with theatergoers in the dining room. *150 W. 47th St. (869-5482). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Le Bernardin—French-born Eric Ripert carries forth the quest of his predecessor, the late Gilbert Le Coze, for the world's most spectacular seafood. His ambitious signature dishes—scallops and foie gras with truffles, Spanish-style mackerel in Jerez vinegar, saddle of monkfish—have already won a very loyal following. *155 W. 51st St. (489-1515). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Martini's—Convenient for pre- and post-theater dining, with a buzzing year-round sidewalk café and chef Richard Krause's rustic homemade pastas, charcoal-grilled seafood, and, of course, multiple variations of the house drink. *810 Seventh Ave., at 53rd St. (767-1717). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Palio—Stylish midtown duplex restaurant, with a famous muraled bar and elegant preparations of Italian dishes like spinach-and-ricotta gnocchi with a vegetable ragout, and artichoke-and-marjoram ravioli in fresh tomato sauce. *151 W. 51st St. (245-4850). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Pig and Whistle—This is midtown's notion of an Irish bar. A business clientele and a coming-and-going-to-the-theater crowd can find Irish specialties—both solid and liquid—here. *165 W. 47th St. (302-0112). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Redeye Grill—Just what the Carnegie Hall neighborhood needed: a huge room with nudes on the pillars and all manner of smoked fish on the bar. The signature dish, dancing shrimp, is great for sharing. And don't leave without sampling the banana-cream pie. *888 Seventh Ave., at 56th St. (541-9000). (M–E) AE, DS, MC, V.*

René Pujol—This theater-district oasis offers fine provincial French cooking in a sweet country-inn atmosphere. The conventionally familiar menu includes such specials as pan-seared duck breast with fruit chutney, steamed cod with coriander and ginger vinaigrette, and a salad of warm lobster, mesclun, and julienned vegetables. *321 W. 51st St. (246-3023). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Ruth's Chris Steakhouse—A steak cooked in butter is the centerpiece of this successful upscale chain's take-no-prisoners march east across the country. Steak—and, for iconoclasts, the inevitable chops, chicken, and lobster—served in a series of connected, muted, and wood-paneled dining rooms. Serious wines, too. *148 W. 51st St. (245-9600). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Sitar Indian Cuisine—This casual restaurant attracts office workers and midtown's ever-growing hordes of tourists, who come for house specialties like ginger chicken, lamb shaslik, onion bhajia, and the always-popular chicken tikka masala. *58 W. 56th St. (581-1155). (I–M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Tapika—Chef David Walzog's spicy cooking has transformed a formerly subdued space into a lively canteen with his version of haute Southwestern. Try the black-bean purée with chorizo and garlic flatbread or the grilled rabbit loin with cilantro oil and habanero sauce. The bar has its own snack menu and a super selection of microbrews and tequilas. *950 Eighth Ave., at 56th St. (397-3737). (M–E) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Tennessee Mountain Restaurant & Saloon—The midtown offshoot of a SoHo rib joint, this much larger duplex restaurant serves an extensive southern barbecue menu, which is also available for on-and-off-premises catering. Cigar smokers even have their own designated space in which to unmolestedly exhale. The barbecued and hickory-smoked ribs have already made a major impression on Manhattan meat-lovers. *121 W. 45th St. (869-4545). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Via Brasil—This casual, lively Brazilian restaurant serves generous portions of feijoada, the national ode to meat, plus other assorted poultry and seafood specialties like vatapa, a fish dish with coconut-milk sauce. Live music Wednesday through Saturday keeps things hopping. *34 W. 46th St. (997-1158). (M) AE, CB, MC, V.*

57th–60th Streets

Fifty Seven Fifty Seven—The country's entertainment-industry glitterati make themselves right at home in I. M. Pei's monumental dining room. Susan Weaver is one of the only working chefs to combine contemporary presentation and technique with classic Provençal on one plate. The weekend bar scene puts the concept-hotel bar scene to shame. *57 E. 57th St. (758-5700). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

The Manhattan Ocean Club—Savor your seafood in an elegant dining room decorated with Picasso ceramics and Brazilian-red-cherry floors. *57 W. 58th St. (371-7777). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Rosa Mexicano—Did someone say "fresh-pomegranate margarita"? Yes, someone

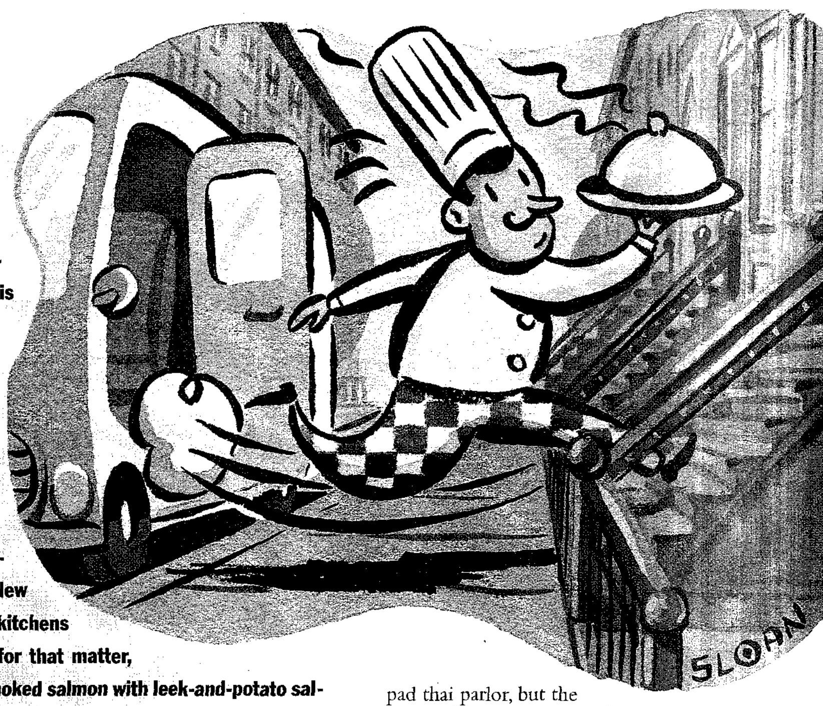
Opening
Greek Diner Deluxe

When the owners of Tivoli, a Murray Hill coffee shop, wanted to upgrade their somewhat predictable premises, they redecorated and snagged a cook from Milos. The new hire's influence shows up in Mediterranean staples like succulent grilled zucchini and peppers, creamy almond and feta spreads, octopus oreganata, and an assortment of delicately grilled fish with herbs and lemon. The menu's supplemented with pastas, steak, and—for diner stalwarts—burgers and fries. (515 Third Avenue, near 34th Street; 532-3300.)

Photograph by James Baigrie.

Takeout
Haute House Calls

When chef Mark Grzywacz (a.k.a. The Dinner Guy) began testing recipes for his Brooklyn-based home-delivery service, he had to buy a critical piece of kitchen equipment: his first microwave. Not to cook with, of course, but to find out what would happen to his *à la minute* creations once his customers got hold of them. He learned that nuked lobster gets rubbery and crispy potato cakes go limp, but the ubiquitous gadget keeps other things, like roasted pork loin and grilled salmon, moist—which earned them slots on the biweekly menu of eclectic American dinners he cooks fresh (weekdays only) and delivers to clients in brownstone Brooklyn and Manhattan below 14th Street. Now New Yorkers spoiled by the culinary pyrotechnics of restaurant kitchens but not up to jockeying for reservations every night—or, for that matter, cooking for themselves—can still feast on delicacies like smoked salmon with leek-and-potato salad and horseradish cream, Thai-spiced steamed sea bass with sticky rice, and individual goat-cheese cheesecake with strawberry compote. Deliveries (free, with a $20 minimum) include detailed reheating instructions and flavorful sauces in separate containers. (Appetizers, $4–$7; entrées, $10–$16; three-course prix fixe, $22. Call 718-222-8654 for menus and information.)



did. What's more, this spot prepares your guacamole tableside (a south-of-the-border hibachi?). Some of the tastier gourmet Mexican in the city. *1063 First Ave., at 58th St. (753-7407). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

San Domenico—Toques off to owner Tony May, who may have done more for the cause of serious Italian cooking in New York than any other single restaurateur. His dining room is formal, and the food is wonderful. *240 Central Park So. (265-5959). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Above 60th Street, East Side

Club Macanudo—This plush, elegant shrine to cigar-smoking also offers, besides an astonishing selection of smokes, a sophisticated variety of edibles. The American menu, listing such offbeat items as warm lobster enchiladas and pork loin with coffee-barbecue sauce, takes inspiration from Latin and Caribbean cuisines. Jackets required. *26 E. 63rd St. (752-8200). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

El Pollo—This Peruvian chicken joint has stuck with its simple, minimal menu, to the benefit of this otherwise barren neighborhood. Potatoes come four ways, but you can't miss with the incredible curly fries. *1746 First Ave., nr. 90th St. (996-7810). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

540 Park @ The Regency Hotel—Named for its address, this American grill at the Regency Hotel has a clubby, comfortable atmosphere. The regional, eclectic menu ranges from seared-tuna spring roll and chicken-fried lobster to barbecued duck and black-bean quesadilla. If the term "power breakfast" didn't originate here, it should have. *540 Park Ave., at 61st St. (339-4050). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Isle of Capri—Three steps away from the hustle and bustle of Bloomingdale's, here's a cozy Italian spot that's been around for 40 years, serving specialties like pappardelle con porcini and trippa alla Calabrese. *1028 Third Ave., at 61st St. (223-9430). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

JoJo—The grilled chicken with chickpea frites is a great dish. But then, Jean-Georges Vongerichten doesn't make many mistakes in this elegant, jewel-like dining room situated on two floors of an East Sixties townhouse. Lunch upstairs, overlooking the street, is especially lovely. *160 E. 64th St. (223-5656). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Nino's—Elegant Italian with a romantic mural garden and nightly live entertainment. Try the grilled dishes—tuna on a bed of balsamic onions, double-cut veal chop—or the lobster fra diavolo. *1354 First Ave., nr. 72nd St. (988-0002). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Park Avenue Cafe—A polished, countrified American café for business lunches and off-duty get-to-know-yous in the evening. Chef David Burke makes the tired catchall "American fare" sing, and keeps the haute neighbors rapt with signature dishes like rack of lamb and his swordfish chop. *100 E. 63rd St. (644-1900). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Park View at the Boathouse—This Central Park landmark has been renovated and updated with an Asian-influenced menu from chef John Villa. Technical improvements have made it possible to keep the restaurant on the lake open all year round, though those who miss visiting it during the summer months do so at their own peril. Choose among new menu items like Gulf shrimp in rice paper roll, and Indian-spiced salmon tartare with mango and cucumber. *Central Park, nr. 72nd St. and Fifth Ave. (517-2233). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Penang—This Malaysian mini-dynasty began in Queens and has sprouted multiple Manhattan locations. Sample such exotic offerings as roti canai, beef rendang, and sarang burung in environs that strive to evoke the tropics. *1596 Second Ave., nr. 83rd St. (585-3838). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

Post House—Clubby and comfortable, this handsome dining room specializes in good quality and big portions. The peppery Cajun-style steak is a favorite, especially with a side order of French fries or onion rings. There are dishes with decidedly less cholesterol—poached salmon, say, or lemon chicken—but this isn't a place to watch your waistline. Seriously. *28 E. 63rd St., in the Lowell Hotel (935-2888). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Primavera—This elegant uptown restaurant serves sophisticated renditions of Northern Italian food, like baby eels with oil and garlic, and roasted baby goat. The comfortable wood-paneled room, lit with antique fixtures and filled with fresh flowers, brings a touch of luxury to the neighborhood. *1578 First Ave., nr. 82nd St. (861-8608). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Regional Thai Sa-Woy—The well-spiced, artfully presented food at this two-story Thai restaurant costs a bit more than it would at your run-of-the-mill pad thai parlor, but the peaceful ambience and elegant, antique-strewn décor may very well put you in the mood to splurge. *1479 First Ave., at 77th St. (744-6374). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Sel & Poivre—Stanching the flow downtown for bistro fare. Regulars find what they are looking for in this quaint, countrified space. The country-French cuisine includes specialties like steak au poivre, bouillabaisse, and roasted chicken, and the prix fixe menus are a bargain. *853 Lexington Ave., nr. 64th St. (517-5780). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Sesumi—The neighborhood relies on this comfortable, brick-walled sushi parlor to satisfy all raw-fish cravings. Try one of the combo boxes. *1649 Second Ave., nr. 85th St. (879-1024). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Vermicelli—The décor of this restaurant is meant to evoke a much milder version of the Vietnamese jungle, with birdcage fixtures and a bamboo bar. Try the crispy shrimp rolls, cracked lobster with a ginger-scallion-and-honey sauce, or the grilled pork chop. *1492 Second Ave., nr. 77th St. (288-8868). (I) AE, MC, V.*

Above 60th Street, West Side

Brasserie Americaine—This unpretentious spot opposite Lincoln Center is convenient for a drink, a snack, or a full meal along the lines of steak-frites, duck confit, cassoulet, or the rest of the roster of French-American food that's so popular right now. *51 W. 64th St. (721-3322). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Cafe des Artistes—A smartly run, wonderfully romantic bistro with frolicking nudes on the walls. Open and serving all the time. Stop in before or after a jaunt to Lincoln Center. *1 W. 67th St. (877-3500). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

La Vela—A comfortable, unpretentious spot for Northern Italian food. Worth sampling are the zuppa di pesce, the risotto, and the wild-mushroom, black-olive, and goat-cheese pasta. *373 Amsterdam Ave., nr. 77th St. (877-7818). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Penang—This Malaysian mini-dynasty began in Queens and has sprouted multiple Manhattan locations. Sample such exotic offerings as roti canai, beef rendang, and sarang burung in environs that strive to evoke the tropics. *240 Columbus Ave., at 71st St. (769-3988). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

Picholine—Chef Terrance Brennan's French-Mediterranean cuisine is as beautiful to look at as it is delicious to eat. Try the risotto, smoky with tender duck and wild mushrooms, and velvety foie gras with peach coulis, and save room for a glass of port to accompany the amazingly rich and well-chosen cheese course. *35 W. 64th St. (724-8585). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Restaurant 222—Cozy and romantic, with the feel of a townhouse, Frank Valenza's top-rated New

Illustration by Michael Sloan.

Sales *continued from page 33*

keep out of the rain. "When I saw that Pearl Jam video where the kid comes and shoots himself in front of the whole class? It really scared me, because I had thought of things like that.

"In my high school," he said, "they just didn't acknowledge my existence. If I sat somewhere, they sat on the other side. It's like I was a ghost to them. They didn't say, 'Excuse me'—like I didn't exist."

He said he was Puerto Rican in a mostly black high school in Brooklyn. "There's a lot of class division. If you're a little bit different, everyone ignores you. It built up once to the point where I did destroy a classroom; I was throwing desks and chairs. I went to that school for three years, and nobody even said hi to me.

"They all thought I was gay," he said.

"In elementary school, it was the same thing. I had long hair then, and they used to say I was a girl. I got beaten up almost every day. Once I came home with a broken tooth; once I came home with a black eye. And I would never fight back. Every time the bell would ring at three o'clock, I would go running home so I wouldn't get beaten. It was three o'clock, and I was literally shaking. I didn't go to school once for a week."

His parents moved at one point, and he briefly went to Edward R. Murrow High School. "I had no problems then; it was very diverse. You saw black people dating white people, and people who were openly gay. Everyone got along; everyone came from different neighborhoods.

"I think they should make all high schools like that," he said.

"The teachers, they tried to help me. Once, they had a meeting in the class for everybody to stop picking on me. But that just made things worse.

"I could see how that situation happened in Colorado. I mean, I'm not justifying it at all. But when I saw the Pearl Jam video, I could totally see myself doing it. Thank God, I was able to connect to myself.

"Kids are the most evil, meanest people in the world," he said, eyes narrowing, "and when you are stuck in a situation till you crack . . . I think those kids in Colorado had too easy access to guns, because I know that if we had as easy access to guns in New York, we'd have a lot more situations like that around here."

He blinked, his eyes liquid, black.

THERE WAS A STREET FAIR ON UPPER Broadway last Saturday, the kind with flowery summer dresses blowing from vendors' stands and smoke from the crêpe and sausage grills billowing up into the sky.

Dylan Hass, 14, Sarina Straussner, 15, and Marjorie Cardon, 14, were sitting on a bench in the avenue island watching the swarms of people slowly move along. The girls were all in jeans and T-shirts, all small and bouncy and likely to break into musical laughter.

"Our principal made an announcement" after Columbine, Marjorie offered. (They all went to the High School for Environmental Studies on the Upper West Side.)

"He was saying, 'Let's all take a moment to be silent,' " said Sarina. "But it seemed very fake, like he had no heart."

"He *cared;* he just didn't make it *seem* like he did," said Marjorie. "He said, 'If you have any problems, we're all here to help.' "

"He said, like, 'Okay, if you feel like you're gonna do this, then come see the guidance counselor,' " said Dylan.

"But do you remember *how* he said it?" Sarina said, raising her eyebrows. "He said, 'If you ever feel like doing that, it's your obligation to come see the guidance counselor.' Obviously if a person feels like they're gonna blow up the school, they're *not* gonna go see the guidance counselor!"

"Oh, *yeah,*" Dylan and Marjorie said.

"We had one kid—we're not exactly sure what happened, because they *didn't* make an announcement," said Marjorie. "But during an English class, he wrote on his quiz, 'There's a bomb in the school.' "

"Which isn't funny at all," said Sarina.

"Like, the police actually walked into my gym class and they checked all the rooms," said Dylan.

"The next day the principal made an announcement that it's not funny to joke around like that and you *will* get arrested," said Marjorie. "Now, I thought *that* was a fabulous announcement."

"I did not like that announcement at all," said Sarina, a trifle exasperated. "Instead of reassuring the kids that everything was okay, it was like a threat. He said"—she lowered her voice—" 'This is what's gonna happen to you if you do this—the police are gonna search your house just like they did *that* kid.' "

Dylan murmured, "Like they did that kid in Brooklyn."

They all looked at each other a moment; they seemed a little nervous.

"But our school is very free and open," Dylan said hopefully. "There aren't many people who are alone. I really don't think it could happen here. I think if the teachers in Colorado had actually paid attention to Dylan and Eric, they would have seen these kids had problems. They were following *Hitler.* Like, that's *crazy.*" ■

American West Sider is a luxurious surprise in a neighborhood nearly bereft of them. The menu is full of high-ticket items like Beluga caviar, Kobe steak, truffles, and foie gras, which makes the $29.95 pretheater dinner, available from 5 to 6:30, a great deal. And now, lunch is served Tuesday through Friday. *222 W. 79th St. (799-0400). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Sarabeth's—This New York institution is a homey place for upscale down-home food like chicken potpie and pancakes. It also offers a children's menu and a mouthwatering bakery counter, with homemade, award-winning jams and preserves. *423 Amsterdam Ave., nr. 80th St. (496-6280). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Sylvia's—A staple of the neighborhood, with a tradition and ambience strong enough to draw loyal customers from uptown and downtown. Live entertainment that truly aids digestion. *328 Lenox Ave., bet. 126th and 127th Sts. (996-0660). (I) ($).*

Tavern on the Green—A must for your country cousin. This mazelike collection of dining rooms, each with a view of the park better than the previous one's, is worth cutting the hansom-cab ride short for. *Central Park at 67th St. (873-3200). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Brooklyn

Cucina—A labor of love. Northern Italian in an elegant and very well appointed room. Sensational antipasti. *256 Fifth Ave., nr. Garfield Pl. (718-230-0711). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Peter Luger's—Steak for one, steak for two, steak for four, and creamed spinach. Apply for your own house credit card, or bring cash. *178 Broadway, at Bedford Ave. (718-387-7400). (E) ($).*

Two Tom's—Firehouse-kitchen ambience and a waiter who tells you what you want to eat. The double-rib pork chops are peerless, and the escarole is great, too, but refuse the mercilessly overcooked pasta when it's offered. Eat early during the week and call ahead on weekends. Regular private parties make getting a table frustrating, but it's always worth the trouble. *255 Third Ave., nr. Union St. (718-875-8689). (I) ($).*

Queens

Elias Corner—Mix with the locals in Astoria as they queue up for a table at this Greek fish tavern. Don't wait for a menu; it won't come. Instead, eyeball the counter as you enter. If the offerings look like today's catch, they are. The owner fetches the fish each morning. Opt for the deep-fried, pinky-size bait fish over the squid. *24–01 31st St., at Astoria Blvd. (718-932-1510). (M) ($).*

Staten Island

Aesop's Tables—Arrive by ferry or bridge to this charming bistro and garden that serves inventive, bold Mediterranean fare with an emphasis on handpicked fresh seafood. *1233 Bay St., Rosebank (718-720-2005). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Ground Rules:

Here lie a few hundred of the city's more noteworthy restaurants, some *New York* advertisers among them. The price guide, admittedly imperfect, is as follows: (E) = expensive, $35 and over per place; (M) = moderate, $15–$30 per place; (I) = inexpensive, $15 and under per place. Following each listing there is also a code indicating acceptable methods of payment: ($) = cash only, AE = American Express, CB = Carte Blanche, DC = Diners Club, DS = Discover, MC = MasterCard, TM = Transmedia, V = Visa. "AE only" indicates that American Express is the only accepted charge/credit card.

nightlife

Scott-Heron...Lynn...Brooke

Concerts

"An Evening With Adam Guettel"—5/12 at 8. A live performance by composer Adam Guettel, whose latest CD, *Myths and Hymns,* features vocal heavies Mandy Patinkin, Billy Porter, and Audra McDonald. *Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. (840-2824) $25–$35.*

"Jammin at the Hammerstein"—5/14 at 8. An oldies-but-goodies-type bill (sponsored by R&B radio station "Jammin 105") featuring the Four Tops, Harold Melvin's Blue Notes, and the sweet sounds of the Stylistics. *Hammerstein Ballroom at the Manhattan Center, 311 W. 34th St. (307-7171). $30.*

Loretta Lynn—5/13 at 8. With hit songs ranging from "I'm a Honky Tonk Girl" to "You Ain't Woman Enough" to "I Lie," this tough-as-nails country girl has one of the finest songbooks in country-music history. *Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. (840-2824). $35.*

"New York Pops Hit Parade"—5/17 at 7:30. New York Pops, with Skitch Henderson conducting Bebe Neuwirth, Lea DeLaria, Christine Baranski, Brian Stokes Mitchell, and David Campbell with Liz Smith, Kevin Kline, and Walter Cronkite. Dinner and dance at 10. *Carnegie Hall, 154 W. 57th St. (247-7800). Concert: $35–$150. Dinner and dance: $500–$15,000.*

"The Fred Astaire 100th Birthday Celebration"—5/11 at 8:30. Featuring Mary Cleere Haran and Sir Richard Rodney Bennett. The life of Astaire is celebrated by the vocal duo of Haran and Bennett, who'll take on songs from *Top Hat, Easter Parade, The Bandwagon,* and other Astaire films. *Joe's Pub, 425 Lafayette St. (239-6200). $30.*

"Third Street Music School Free Music Series"—5/14: Craig Richey. *Third Street Music School Settlement, 235 E. 11th St. (no phone). Free.*

Small Stages

Arlene Grocery—5/11: Jason Perri; Several Stingray; Alan Bennet; Robby Baier. 5/12: Motel Girl; Betty; Von Em; Andrew Vladeck; Saccharine. 5/13: Patricia Vonne; Peel; Tripsonic; Halfmanwonder; Episonic. 5/14: John Presnell; the Mike Hunt Band; Shimmerhead; Punch Havana; Delores Slim; Sons of Bitches; Cosma Suma. 5/15: My Favorite Relative; Calamine; Sean Altman; Helios; Broke; Fontaine; Steak. 5/16: Tammany Hall; Ann Ventura; Mean Red Spiders; Duraluxe. 5/17: Wilt; Strain; the Strangelys; Blanco; Mark Geary. *95 Stanton St. (358-1633). $.*

Bottom Line—5/11: Ramblin' Jack Elliott; Bill Morissey. 5/14: Buster Poindexter and His Spanish Rocketship Band. 5/15: The always acerbic Graham Parker, who brings an Elvis Costello–esque sneer to his post-punk; Tom Freund. *15 W. 4th St. (228-7880).*

Bowery Ballroom—5/11: Jonatha Brooke. 5/14: Ben Neill's Meld; Page Hamilton; Jim Mussen. 5/15: They Might Be Giants. 5/17: A night of underground hip-hop featuring recent Matador signees the Arsonists; Non-Phixion. *6 Delancey St. (533-2111).*

Chicago B.L.U.E.S.—5/11: D.C. and Co. 5/12: Moose; Bulletproof Blues. 5/13: Felix Cabrera. 5/14: James Cotton. 5/15: Long John Hunter. 5/17: Blues Monsters. *73 Eighth Ave., bet. 13th and 14th Sts. (924-9755). $.*

Coney Island High—5/11: Pineal Ventana; Chaw-iso. 5/12: Teen Idols; Lillyingtons. 5/14: Ricanstruction; Heal. 5/15: The Wretched Ones; Niblick Henbane; the Cuffs. 5/16: The Slackers; Anti-Heroes; Skavoovie & the Epitones; King Jango; the Trouble Patriot. *15 St. Marks Pl. (674-7959).*

Cooler—The free Monday-night series is one of the best musical bargains in the city: Past performers have included free-jazz great Rashied Ali, free-jazz experimenter and Sonic Youth frontman Thurston Moore, and out-and-out freak Beck. 5/14: Blues man supreme RL Burnside. *416 W. 14th St. (229-0785). $.*

Fez—Sundays: Jackie Beat. Thursdays: Mingus Big Band. 5/11: Tor. 5/12: Paul Ruderman; Matthew Puckett. 5/14: Moonlighters; Martha Wainwright; Carmaig de Forest. 5/15: Lunasa; Livingston Taylor. 5/17: Loudon Wainwright III's Social Studies. *Time Cafe, 380 Lafayette St. (533-2680).*

Knitting Factory—5/11: Kathleen Supov; Victoria Jordanova; Kaffe Matthews. 5/12: Vera Bila; Kale; Bela Bartalk. 5/13–5/14: Bill Bruford's Earthworks. *74 Leonard St. (219-3055). $.*

Maxwell's—5/12: April March; the Delgados. 5/15: Real Kids; Barrence Whitfield & the Savages. 5/16: Stacey Earle. *1039 Washington St., Hoboken, N.J. (201-653-1703).*

Mercury Lounge—5/10: For Carnation. 5/12: Cigar Store Indians; Charlie Chesterman. 5/15: Bubble; Lianne Smith; Nada Surf. *217 E. Houston St. (260-4700).*

S.O.B.'s—Most nights, sets at 10 and midnight. 5/12–5/13: Gil Scott-Heron. 5/14: Don Braden Quartet. *204 Varick St. (243-4940).*

Tramps—5/15: Ambient, electronica-influenced rockers Trans Am; Pan Sonic; The Storm & Stress. 5/16: Punk stalwarts Stiff Little Fingers; Los Straitjackets; Pro Midgit Mafia. *51 W. 21st St. (727-7788).*

Wetlands—Mondays: D.J. Logic. Tuesdays: Illuminati. Thursdays: Groove Collective. 5/15: Percy Hill; the Slip. 5/16: V.O.D.; Skarhead. *161 Hudson St. (966-5244). $.*

Ground Rules:

In clubland, promptness is *not* next to godliness; expect shows to start much later than promised. $ = cash only.

Performance
Queen of Country

The Coal Miner's Daughter herself, Loretta Lynn, a woman who during her more than three decades of singing and songwriting has defined country music, makes a rare area appearance at Town Hall on May 13. (See "Concerts.")

Photograph courtesy of Loretta Lynn Enterprises.

Clubland

Baktun—A small, way, way west venue that's host to some of the city's most relaxed, unpretentious club nights, like the biweekly deep-house-themed "N'Ice," the friendly, long-running house party "Bang the Party," a nifty trip-hop night called "Nice & Easy," and "Direct Drive," a strictly drum-'n'-bass night with D.J.'s Lion, Seoul, Cassien, Reid Speed, and Chris Thomas. Call ahead for schedules, as consistently booked nights are a rarity at this space. *418 W. 14th St. (206-1590 or 741-7437).*

China Club—Having moved out of its Upper West Side basement and into a second-floor Hell's Kitchen location, the eighties' most infamous den of iniquity has gone more or less legit, with a swanky restaurant, cigars aplenty, and bathroom attendants to keep the stalls nice and, er, clean. 5/14–5/15: "Merit Swing Shift," featuring Royal Crown Revue, the Flying Neutrinos, and Lindy dance instruction by Ryan Francois and Jenny Thomas. 5/16: "Jesus Christ Superstar." *268 W. 47th St. (398-3800).*

Izzy Bar—Like Orchard Bar, Izzy Bar is less a watering hole than a place to chill out and hear some cutting-edge tunes. Neil Aline, host of NYU's ultra-hip "BPM" radio show, hosts "Rendezvous" every Tuesday. It's a strictly "No D.J.'s" party where media folk, artists, and others take their shot on the wheels of steel. Saturdays, things get funky with the hip-hop- and soul-dominated "Say It Loud." *166 First Ave. (228-0444). $.*

Life—Okay, we give. It is the only hip place on Bleecker Street, even if the doormen can get a little tough on those they deem unworthy. What bouncers don't? Wednesday night's "On!" offers a mod-influenced, Austin Powers–esque mid-week romp. Also on Wednesday (in the club's lounge) is "Legends," a soulful house party hosted by "Body & Soul" mastermind John Davis. Thursday night's "Get a Life!" is a glammy hoot, thanks to D.J.'s Jackie Christie, Lady Bunny, and David Holland. "Flash Fridays" belong to none other than legendary D.J. Grandmaster Flash, who spins surprisingly mainstream, Hot 97–ready hip-hop. Every Sunday night, "Flick6ix," whose hosts show campy films and stage appropriately themed live entertainment, takes over. *158 Bleecker St. (420-1999).*

Limelight—Its club-kid heyday long gone, the new, sobered-up House of Gatien makes a stab at good-neighbor-dom with substantive nights like Alan Sanctuary's fashionista-chocked Wednesday-night party "Heaven or Las Vegas," performance-art-oriented Thursdays, ever-fabulous Fridays promoted by "Beige" mastermind Erich Conrad, and all-inclusive Saturdays featuring D.J.'s spinning everything from rock to reggae to hip-hop. *660 Sixth Ave., at 20th St. (677-1717).*

The Roxy—The cavernous Chelsea institution's deeply entertaining and mysteriously underattended Tuesday- and Wednesday-night roller-skating jam keeps boogie queens' wheels spinning till the wee hours. Promoters Marc Berkley and John Blair host the still-thriving (and very, very Chelsea boy) Saturdays, and "Big Fridays" offer house music for a straitlaced date crowd. *515 W. 18th St. (627-0404). $.*

Shine—Once an important spot for up-and-coming rock and dance acts, this downtown space is now home to low-key, D.J.-oriented theme nights like the upscale house-music party "Groove On!," hosted by Limelight impresario Alan Sanctuary, and a brand-new Friday-night party called "Looker," which promises go-go girls and belly dancers. *285 W. Broadway (941-0900).*

Soundfactory—A curiously inactive presence in the city's club scene, Soundfactory has almost completely fallen off the clubland radar. But this should change with a recently introduced Friday-night party called "Elevate," which offers big names from the worlds of techno, drum 'n' bass, and house to the midtown venue. *618 W. 46th St. (489-0001).*

Speeed—One of the last Manhattan "megaclubs," Speeed features three floors of dancing, a VVIP room (for those occasions when plain VIP just won't cut it), and a swanky roof deck. Every Friday, the main floor belongs to Hot 97's D.J. Enuff. Saturdays, D.J.'s Doo Wop and Gyvis spin classic hip-hop, while Frank Delour spins house. "Cafe con Leche," a Latin-house-themed night, takes over every Sunday. *20 W. 39th St. (719-9867).*

The Warehouse—Manhattan-centric clubbers have been eating their bridge-and-tunnel-dissing crow thanks to this house-music paradise located in, of all places, the Bronx. Saturdays are the night to head up to the Warehouse and check out D.J.'s like T-Pro, "Body & Soul" 's Danny Krivit, and Andre Collins. Could this be the beginning of an outer-borough clubland renaissance? *141 W. 140th St., bet. Grand Concourse and Walton Ave. (718-992-5974).*

Tunnel—Drug-bust drama aside, Peter Gatien's massive West Chelsea space hasn't made much of an impact on the New York club scene. Promoters seem to come and go on a weekly basis, Danny Tenaglia recently decamped to Vinyl, and Gatien hasn't even bothered to compete with Twilo's marquee Friday nights. If (as Howard Safir promises) the Tunnel is shut down, most clubbers will hardly shed a tear. But if you feel compelled to make the trip to Twelfth Avenue anyway, know that Fridays belong to hard-house D.J. Eddie Baez, Saturdays play host to the progressive-house night "Detour" and the fairly enjoyable gay party "Kurfew," and Funkmaster Flex presides over the thugged-out Sundays. *220 Twelfth Ave., at 27th St. (695-4682).*

Twilo—Twilo is the superclub of the moment, thanks to a revolving lineup of dance music's biggest marquee attractions. Fridays, world-class D.J.'s like Carl Cox, Sasha and Digweed, and Cassius play for a mixed crowd of drag divas and on-the-prowl straights; Saturdays belong to aging club king D.J. Junior Vasquez and his bare-chested Chelsea-boy following. 5/14: "Planet V," featuring Bryan Gee, Jumping Jack Frost, and MC Moose. Having nurtured the careers of artists like Roni Size and D.J. Krust, V Recordings is one of the most influential labels in the world of drum 'n' bass. A recent two-CD compilation of the imprint's output is as good a snapshot as any of the current (somewhat fractured) state of drum 'n' bass. *530 W. 27th St. (268-1600).*

Vanity—This small, unassuming club stays fairly quiet most of the week but livens up Thursdays with the drum-'n'-bass party "Physics," Fridays with "GBH" (an acronym for "Great British House"), and Saturdays with "Sticky," a big-beat-oriented night featuring superstar D.J.'s like Irish collagemeister David Holmes and electro revivalist Deejay Punk Roc. *28 E. 23rd St. (989-1038, ext. 219). $.*

Vinyl—Stripped of its liquor license, this once-hedonistic downtown space is now a dance-music purist's paradise. Fridays are hosted by deep-house D.J. Danny Tenaglia, Saturdays are taken over by Timmy Regisford's fantastic house-music party "Shelter," and Sundays, which belong to François K's legendary afternoon party "Body & Soul," provide plenty of musical uplift for the city's groove-hungry denizens. 5/14: Danny Tenaglia. *6 Hubert St. (343-1379).*

Jazz

Birdland—Proof that jazz is alive and well in midtown, this classy boîte serves up some fine southern cuisine along with its first-rate lineup. Every Sunday night, Chico O'Farrill's smoking Afro-Cuban Jazz Orchestra. Every Monday night, the Toshiko Akiyoshi Jazz Orchestra. Every Tuesday, the Mingus Orchestra. Every Friday, the Lew Anderson Big Band swings from 5:30 to 7:30. $15–$20 cover; $10 minimum. Sets at 9 and 11. 5/11: The Famous Duke Ellington Orchestra. 5/12: Mordy Ferber Group. 5/15: Al Foster's "Missing Miles" tribute to Miles Davis; Javon Jackson trio featuring Ron Carter. 5/16–17: Chico O'Farrill Afro-Cuban Jazz Big Band. *315 W. 44th St. (581-3080).*

Blue Note—With a first-rate sound system and a decent view from every seat in the house, the "jazz capital of the world" often presents two top-flight artists in one evening. Sets at 9 and 11:30. 5/11–5/16: Monty Alexander's Yard Movement. *131 W. 3rd St. (475-8592).*

Caviarteria SoHo—This newly launched (and somewhat oddly named) little venue at the SoHo Grand features jazz and cabaret acts. 5/14–5/15: Barry Altschul. 5/16: Marion Cowlings and Trio. *310 W. Broadway (925-5515).*

Deanna's—This brand-new Lower East Side jazz haunt, run by singer Deanna Kirk, should give Tonic a run for its money in the downtown hipness department. It's open Tuesday through Sunday; Kirk performs most nights. 5/11: Richard Leiter. 5/12: Dana Wheeler. 5/13: Todd Horton. 5/14: Brooks Kerr; Eli Yarmen. 5/15: Pat Daugherty; Zeke Mullins. 5/16: Marya Lawrence. *107 Rivington St. (420-2258).*

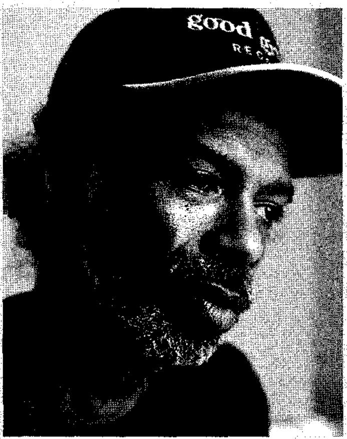
Detour—With no cover and top-notch young players, this cozy, tiled East Village joint packs 'em in every night of the week. Sundays: Mike Magilligan. 5/11: John Funkhauser Quartet. 5/13: Elvis Sinatra. 5/14: Matt Hong Quartet. 5/15: Brian Camelio Quartet. 5/17: Matt Wilson Quartet. *349 E. 13th St. (533-6212).*

Dharma—An elegant little gem of a club, serving sounds from funky bop to "out" experimentalism on the historic shopping thoroughfare—just don't pay retail. Sets at 7 and 10. Thursdays: Nick Demopolous. Fridays: Junin Booth and Algen. Saturdays: Topaz. *174 Orchard St. (780-0313).*

"Five Spot Jazz Series"—5/15: Oliver Lake Quartet. All shows at 7:30. *Tribeca Performing Arts Center, 199 Chambers St. (346-8510). $25–$50.*

Performance
Great Scott

Now that hip-hop's "conscious" era is all but an old-school memory (Lauryn Hill made it official when she rapped nostalgically about "Self-Destruction" and Afrocentric rappers on "Every Ghetto, Every City"), the legacy of the great jazz-soul fusionist Gil Scott-Heron, who introduced a gritty, no-nonsense politics to black music, seems less interesting to debate. But while Heron's leftist worldview is far from fashionable in this commerce-driven pre-millennium, his genre-bending musical sensibility is not. To wit: the soulful, all-encompassing house music of New York producer-D.J. Joe Claussell; the still-active "rare groove" scene, whose adherents comb old salsa, R&B, and jazz records for the finest breaks and beats; and yes, even the platinum-minded hip-hop set, whose sense of street reportage wouldn't be nearly as refined if Heron's tales of street junkies and alcoholics, corrupt police officers and parasitic pimps, hadn't been told. Listening to Heron's 1974 album *Winter in America* (recently reissued by TVT Records) now doesn't feel like an exercise in seventies nostalgia. Take away the Watergate references, and you have a record that speaks to the pain, loneliness, and isolation of urban America as eloquently as the O'Jays chillingly dark "Backstabbers" or Curtis Mayfield's cautionary "Freddie's Dead" continue to do. And fortunately for us, Heron's been touring exhaustively of late, ensuring that his political soul won't become a museum piece. (See "Small Stages.") **ETHAN BROWN**



ridium—In the cozily surreal basement across from Lincoln center, you'll find formidable jazz comers and the occasional legend. Thoughtful table placement minimizes a couple of structural columns' potentially disastrous effects on sight lines. Monday nights, the Les Paul Trio holds office hours. 5/11–5/16: Clark Terry Quintet. Sets at 8:30 and 10:30 Sun.–Thurs., with extra midnight set Fri. and Sat. *44 W. 63rd St., across from Lincoln Center (582-2121).*

The Jazz Standard—A sprawling room with terrific sound and the best club menu in the city, the Jazz Standard offers a fresh mix of estimable hard-boppers, living legends, and hungry young comers. Mon., Tues., and Fri. at 5:30 and Sat. at 7 , guitarist David O'Rourke swings in the upstairs 27 Standard bar. Sets Wed.–Thurs. at 8 and 10; Fri. and Sat. at 8, 10:30, and midnight; Sun. at 7 and 9. $15–$25 cover; $10 minimum. 5/12–5/16: The Randy Brecker Quintet. *116 E. 27th St. (576-2232).*

Knickerbocker Bar & Grill—A wood-paneled and brass-railed restaurant with Old New York ambience and excellent—occasionally legendary—pianists. 5/12–5/15: Lee Musiker; Jay Leonhart. *33 University Pl. (228-8490).*

Lincoln Jazz Center Orchestra—With Wynton Marsalis. 5/13 and 5/15 at 8. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500). $37.50.*

Museum of Modern Art—Fridays, in addition to throwing its doors open for pay-what-you-wish night, MOMA also transforms its cafeteria into a (sort of) swinging jazz club. All shows at 5:30. 5/14: Tim Horner Quartet. *11 W. 53rd St. (708-0480).*

Tito Puente and His Latin Jazz Ensemble—With Ray Bryant and Frank Wess. 5/13 at 8. *Pace Downtown Theater, 3 Spruce St., bet. Park Row and Gold St. (346-1715). $17.50–$20.*

Roulette—A TriBeCa performance space featuring experimental and adventurous music—basically, a miniature Knitting Factory. Shows at 9. 5/13: Neil B. Rolnick. 5/14: Tom Hamilton; Peter Zummo. 5/15: Toshio Kajiwara; Taketo Shimada. 5/16: Hoppy Kamiyama; Bradford Reed. *228 W. Broadway (219-8242). $8.*

Small's—Extremely cozy and open all night, offering after-hours jazz until 8 A.M. It's a candlelit basement whose nightly jams start round about 2 A.M.—the perfect time for a post–Village Vanguard visit (it's right around the corner)—and often involve free beverages and food. Shows start at 10. *183 W. 10th St. (929-7565). $.*

Soha—5/16: Karl Welz Quartet. *988 Amsterdam Ave., at 109th St. (678-0098).*

Sweet Basil—An intimate downtown restaurant with good food and high-profile jazz acts. Every Saturday, jazz brunch with Ilhan Ersahin. Sundays, Chuck Folds hosts "the original jazz brunch." Every Monday, it's the Spirit of Life Ensemble. Sets at 9 and 11, with extra sets Fri. and Sat. at 12:30 A.M. *88 Seventh Ave. So. (242-1785).*

Tonic—Yet another impeccably hip Lower East Side avant-jazzerie, Tonic has its sights set on the Knitting Factory crowd. Sunday: Klezmer Sundays. 5/12: Ikue Mori & Zeena Parkins. 5/13: Flux Information Sciences; Danny Blume and friends. 5/14: White Out; Sex Mob. 5/15: Saturnalia String Trio with Daniel Carter; Mark Stewart and Friends; Anna Ventura. *107 Norfolk St. (358-7503). $.*

Village Vanguard—Perhaps the world's greatest jazz club, and certainly the most steeped in history, this dark, smoky institution is revered by fans around the world. Study the photos of jazz icons, dig the curtains Miles Davis once played to, and sneak a glance inside the kitchen, an Algonquin Round Table for the bop age. Mondays, the Vanguard Jazz Orchestra swings on. 5/11–5/16: Mark Turner Quartet. Sets at 9:30 and 11:30, with a late 1 A.M. set Fri. and Sat. *178 Seventh Ave. So., at W. 11th St. (255-4037). $.*

Zinno—This pretty Italian restaurant has good sight lines from most of the tables (but largely obscured ones from the bar) and enough top-flight players to make it a serious jazz spot. Every Sunday: Jazz Tap Brunch with Barbara Duffy and Bob Kindred Trio. 5/12–5/15: Kenny Davern, Tony Nicola, John Bunch. *126 W. 13th St. (924-5182).*

Performance

Brooke's Druthers

Boston-born Jonatha Brooke's edgy, intensely felt brand of folk is the perfect antidote to the sugar-coated optimism of Top 40 acoustic strummers like Jewel. (See "Small Stages.")

Photograph by Melanie Nissen.

Comedy

"Kundalini Komedy"—Thursdays in May, this improv group takes the stage at the Solo Arts group in preparation for its upcoming full-length show at downtown space HERE. *36 W. 17th St., fifth floor (712-7012).*

Boston Comedy Club—*Animal House* ambience and, most nights, comedy to match. Tues.–Thurs., shows at 9:30; Fri.–Sat., shows at 8,10, and midnight. 5/11-5/16: Jim Norton; D. C. Benny; Jim Gaffigan; Robert Kelly; Jordan Rubin; Nick Swardson & Macio. *82 W. 3rd St. (477-1000).*

Carolines On Broadway—In Times Square just down the street from the *Letterman* show, Carolines hosts big names and talented up-and-comers in its wide, elegant, TV-studio-like basement. Mondays, "New Talent Night," hosted by Eddie Brill. $12.50–$24.50; two-drink minimum. *1626 Broadway, bet. 49th and 50th Sts. (757-4100).*

Comedy Cellar—A physical throwback to sixties Village coffeehouses, this is the late-night subterranean haunt of many of the city's top comics. Shows Fri. at 9 and 11; Sat. at 8:30, 10:15, and midnight; and Sun.–Thurs. at 9. 5/10–5/16: Greg Giraldo; Mitch Fatel; Dave Attell; Kevin Brennan; Robert Kelly; Godfrey. *117 MacDougal St. (254-3480).*

Dangerfield's—Founded by the respect-deprived comedian two decades ago, this Vegas-style lounge is one of the city's oldest comedy establishments. Shows Fri. at 9 and 11:15; Sat. at 8, 10:30, and 12:30 A.M.; Sun.–Thurs., continuous from 8:45. Cover is $15 Fri. and Sat., $12.50 on weeknights; no minimum. 5/17: Richie Byrne; Nancy Redman; Vic Di Betteto. *1118 First Ave., bet. 61st and 62nd Sts. (593-1650).*

Gotham—An elegant, trendy, and palatial comedy spot in the Flatiron district. Shows Sun.–Thurs. at 8:30; Fri. and Sat. at 8:30 and 10:30. Cover is $12 Fri. and Sat., $8 on weeknights; two-drink minimum. 5/14–5/15: Mike Royce; Mitch Fatel; Todd Barry. *34 W. 22nd St. (367-9000).*

Stand-up New York—Robin Williams is known to drop by here unannounced to warm up for his *Letterman* appearances. Cover is $7–$12. Shows Sun.–Thurs. at 7 and 9; Fri. at 7, 9, and 11:30; Sat. at 8, 10, and 12:30 A.M. 5/14–5/15: Buddy Bolton; Mike Royce; Joe Mulligan; Mike Estime. *236 W. 78th St. (595-0850).*

Surf Reality—The Lower East Side's fave spot for sketch and improv, slackerly and otherwise. Through 5/15: "The Surf Comedy Festival," featuring the Upright Citizens Brigade; Burn Manhattan; Bob Powers; Nancy Lombardo; the Non Prophets. *172 Allen St., second floor (673-4182). $.*

Cabaret

Algonquin Hotel—Fresh from a major overhaul, the Oak Room hosts some formidable names in its cozy environs. (early shows Tues.–Sat., late shows Fri. and Sat.). Through 5/15: Christine Andreas. *59 W. 44th St. (840-6800).*

Cafe Carlyle—Every Monday, Woody Allen swings through the early set with Eddy Davis & His New Orleans Jazz Band. Sets at 8:45 and 10:45. $50 ($25 for Davis's late, Woody-free set); no minimum. *Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600).*

Don't Tell Mama—What better way to wind down after an evening of overwrought Broadway fare than some understated cabaret? $12 cover; two-drink minimum. 5/12: George Best: "Greek Gifts: A New Collection of Rare Tangos and Seranades." *343 W. 46th St. (757-0788). $.*

Duplex Cabaret—Fridays at 8: Bridget Ryan in "Go Big or Go Home." Fridays at 10: "The Grodin/Donohoe Hour." Wednesdays at 7: "Suddenly, Stand-Up!" with Poppi Kramer. *Duplex Theatre, 61 Christopher St. (255-5438). $15.*

Eighty-Eight's—A West Village venue whose unassuming façade conceals a top-notch little theater within. $15 cover; two-drink minimum. Wednesdays in May: Charles Cermele. 5/14–5/15: Sally Mayes. 5/16: Teri Lynn Paul; Heather MacRae. 5/17: Something Totally Else (Dr. Seuss Revue). *228 W. 10th St. (924-0088).*

FireBird Café—The theater district's newest post-show snuggery, right next door to an overwrought Russian restaurant—steer clear of the Cossack-dagger-toting doormen and you'll be fine. Tues.–Thurs., sets at 9. Fri. and Sat., sets at 9 and 11. $30 cover; two-drink minimum. *363 W. 46th St. (586-0244).*

Judy's—Newly relocated to Chelsea, this cozy and friendly piano-bar features two performance spaces, a fine menu, and a weekly gig by Judy herself. 5/11: Robert Locke. 5/12: Tennie Leonard. 5/13–5/15: Richard Barclay. 5/16: Birdie Musicus. 5/17: "Singer's Forum" in Concert. *69 Eighth Ave., bet. 18th and 19th Sts. (929-5410).*

Metronome—5/11: Catherine Dupuis. 5/12–5/13: Kelly Broadway. 5/14–5/15: Dena DeRose Quartet. *915 Broadway, at 20th St. (223-3737).*

Red Blazer—Mondays: Lenore and the Dukes. Tuesdays and Wednesdays: Sol Yaged and his Swing Band. Thursdays: Stan Rubin Band. Fridays: Sam Ulano's Bourbon St. Swingers. Saturdays: Sam Ulano's Bourbon St. Swingers and Bob Cantwell Sextet. Sunday brunch: Sam Ulano's Bourbon St. Swingers. 5/14: Cary Hoffman. *37 W. 32nd St. (564-3945).*

Supper Club—"This Joint Is Jumpin'," with Vivian Reed, Kevin Ramsey, and the Supper Club 17-Piece Big Band. 5/14: Blue Saracens. 5/15: Jumpin' Gigolos. *240 W. 47th St. (307-7171).*

Tatou—A swank midtown supper club, with dancing, dining, and a dress code. $20 cover; no minimum. 5/13: Blue Saracens. 5/14: Flipped Fedoras. 5/15: Vito Picone; Elegants. *151 E. 50th St. (753-1144).*

the mix

Ward Just...Park Slope House Tour

John Leonard's TV Notes

Three Secrets (5/11; 9 to 11 P.M.; CBS) is an unnecessary remake of the 1950 melodrama in which Jaclyn Smith, Nicole Forester, and Katy Boyer, instead of Eleanor Parker, Patricia Neal, and Ruth Roman, wait in bad weather to find out whether the child who survives a plane crash that killed his adoptive parents is the one they each gave up on the exact same day eight years ago. Only Tyne Daly knows for sure.

To Love, Honor and Betray (5/12; 9 to 11 P.M.; CBS) asks Crystal Bernard to suspect her very own father, James Brolin, of murdering her very own mother, Dee Wallace Stone, even though anybody who's actually married to David Cubitt for more than a week should know better.

Beyond Barbed Wire (5/13; 10 to 11 P.M.; Channel 13) reminds us that Japanese-Americans did more for our country—and, of course, theirs—during World War II as soldiers in Europe and as military-intelligence officers in the Pacific than we did for them in internment camps at home. Noriyuki "Pat" Morita narrates.

Rocky Marciano (5/16; 8 to 10 P.M.; Showtime) squanders the enormous talents of Judd Hirsch, George C. Scott, and Penelope Ann Miller in a by-the-numbers biopic of the only heavyweight boxing champion ever to retire undefeated (Jon Favreau), as part of a whole day devoted to such punch-drunk movies as *Rocky* and *Raging Bull,* which will be topped off with a live prize-fight, victims to be announced.

Half a Dozen Babies (5/17; 8 to 10 P.M.; ABC) stars daytime-soap-opera stars (and real-life young marrieds) Scott and Melissa Reeves as the Bloomington, Indiana, Dilleys, who resort to a fertility drug and end up—maybe also because they're both working for a fast-food franchise—with sextuplets, which is rather more grandmothering than either Judith Ivey or Teri Garr bargained for.

MacArthur (5/17 and 5/18; 9 to 11 P.M.; Channel 13), an American Experience mini-series on the eloquent old soldier who promised to return and then took far too long to fade away, scares me more than it seems to scare David Ogden Stiers, who narrates from a script by producer-director Austin Hoyt. Somehow, even at West Point, he never learned to read the U.S. Constitution, which could have meant a land war with China. It makes you recall what happened to the Roman Republic, which lacked a Harry Truman.

Radio Highlights

Weekend at the Waldorf—Saturdays at 4 P.M.: Ira Kleinman hosts a half-hour exploration of the city's dens and denizens of sports, culture, business, and cuisine, and interviews everyone from Bernadette Peters to Jean-Georges Vongerichten from his room at the Waldorf. WEVD 1050 AM.

The Written Word

Annie Dillard—5/10 at 8 P.M.: The Pulitzer Prize winner discusses her writing. 92nd St. Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (996-1100); $12.

Richard Mason—5/11 at 7:30 P.M.: Reading from *The Drowning People.* Barnes & Noble, 4 Astor Pl. (420-1322); free.

Greg Lichtenberg—5/11 at 7:30 P.M.: Reading from *Playing Catch With My Mother.* Barnes & Noble Chelsea, 675 Sixth Ave., at 21st St. (727-1227); free.

The Mad Monks—5/12 at 1 P.M.: Presenting *The Mad Monks' Guide to New York,* which features everyone from Annie Sprinkle to Quentin Crisp. Borders, 5 World Trade Center (839-8049); free.

Tristan Egolf—5/13 at 7:30: Reading from his new book, *Lord of the Barnyard.* Barnes & Noble, 4 Astor Pl. (420-1322); free.

A. M. Homes and Elissa Schappell—5/13 at 8 P.M.: Reading at the National Arts Club, 15 Gramercy Park South (505-1595); free.

Ward Just—5/13 at 7:30 P.M.: Reading from *A Dangerous Friend.* Barnes & Noble, 2289 Broadway, at 82nd St. (362-8835); free.

Jonathan Keats—5/13 at 6 P.M.: Reading from *The Pathology of Lies.* Borders, 461 Park Ave., at 57th St. (980-6785); free.

City College Marathon Reading—5/16 at 7:30 P.M.: Ann Lauterbach, Wayne Koestenbaum, and Frederic Tuten are among the readers allotted three minutes at this marathon. Temple Bar, 332 Lafayette St. (354-7321); free.

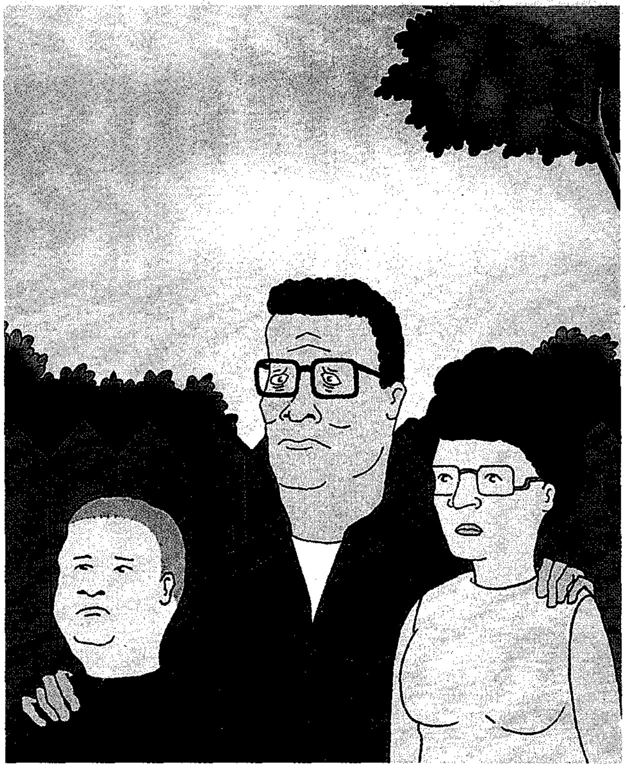
Zoetrope LIVE Story—5/17 at 7 P.M.: Readings from the work of Amy Bloom and Peter Lefcourt. Vivid, 143 Madison Ave., at 32nd St. (800-372-1131, ext. 5656); free.

Edward Albee, Rita Dove, John Irving, Stanley Kunitz, Tony Kushner, and Grace Paley—5/17 at 8 P.M.: Readings in celebration of the 92nd St. Y's Unterberg Poetry Center's sixtieth anniversary. 92nd St. Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (996-1100); $15

Memoirs of a Geisha—5/17 at 7:30 P.M.: Ming-Na Wen reads from the novel of the moment; Arthur Golden gives the introduction. Manhattan Theatre Club, 131 W. 55th St. (399-3030); $12.

Happening
Laugh Rites

Spend an evening with the people behind the shtick—writers from 'The Dick Van Dyke Show,' 'Spin City,' 'King of the Hill' (pictured, left), and other couch-potato favorites—at "Stay Tuned," an evening of clips and gab at the Jewish Museum. See "Lectures and Panels" for details.



Photograph from Photofest.

Lectures and Panels

"The Women's Health Care Puzzle"—5/11 at 8:15 P.M.: A panel with Doctors Marjorie Luckey, Nieca Goldberg, Sharon Diamond, and Max Gomez, and Judy Norsigian, co-author of *Our Bodies, Our Selves.* 92nd St. Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (996-1100); $15.

"A Tomb of One's Own"—5/15 at 1 P.M.: Explore the lives of women in ancient Egypt through art with Edna R. Russmann. Brooklyn Museum of Art, 200 Eastern Parkway (718-638-5000); free.

"The Art of Photojournalism"—5/13 at 6 P.M.: 1998 White House News Photographer Nancy Andrews of the Washington *Post* talks about her work. Newseum, 580 Madison Ave. (203-287-5399); free.

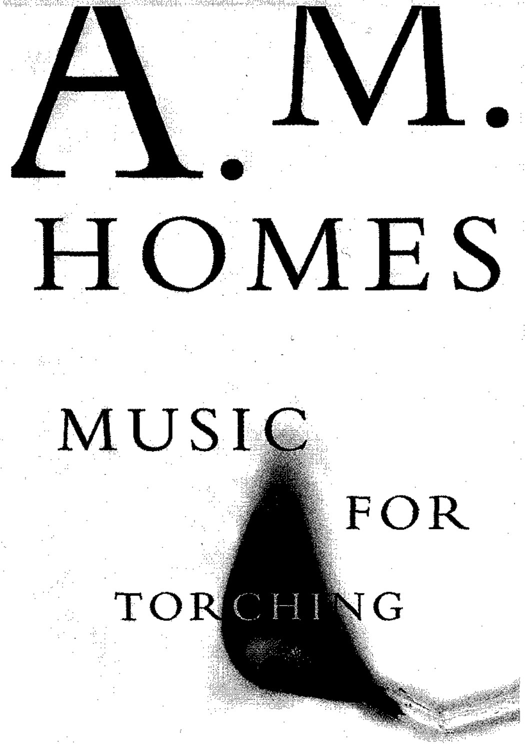
"Stay Tuned: Conversations With TV Comedy Writers"—5/14 at 8 P.M.: Jonathan Aibel of *King of the Hill,* Amy Cohen of *Spin City,* David Steven Cohen of *Living Single,* and Bill Persky, a veteran of *Kate & Allie, The Dick Van Dyke Show,* and *That, Girl,* share clips and dish. Moderated by *Daily News* film critic Jami Bernard. The Jewish Museum,

In Print

Strife Imitating Art

"It feels like whatever I write about, some awful thing just like it always happens," says A. M. Homes. Her incendiary exploration of pedophilia in the acclaimed novel *The End of Alice* was promptly followed by the Megan's Law controversy, and in her latest, *Music for Torching,* children explode in eerily Littleton-like fits of brutality. "Kids are always important to treat as real human beings in fiction; they shouldn't be relegated to character actors," she says. In the Westchester that Homes has mercilessly conjured in *Music,* parents are too busy being destructive and insane themselves to pay much notice to their offspring. "Your parents didn't ask you where you were going in the suburbs, they didn't worry you'd be abducted—you'd just go out to play," says the Chevy Chase–born novelist. "Theoretically, people left the city for a safe place, but to me the suburbs are incredibly menacing." And commuter trains offer little escape. Much has been made by Charlotte Perkins Gilman, the Rolling Stones, and everyone else about the bad things that can happen to homebound ladies ensnared in the confines of domesticity, but Homes's men fare no better than their wives. Nobody can keep it together, let alone keep up with the Joneses. The right number of gin-and-tonics might have pacified Cheever's suburbanites, but Homes's characters are far more reckless and inventive in their coping strategies: They burn down their houses, smoke crack, tattoo their loins, and have sex with everything that moves and some things that don't. Little wonder that Homes has settled here in New York City, where we are courteous and have a low crime rate. She will be reading on May 13 at the National Arts Club.

ARIEL LEVY



1109 Fifth Ave., at 92nd St. (423-3224); $15.

"Women, Paris, America and Culture"—5/12 at 6 P.M.: A panel of professors discuss M.F.K. Fisher, Sylvia Beach, Julia Child, and Genet (Janet Flanner). The Mercantile Library, 17 E. 47th St. (755-6710); $5.

Tours

40th Annual Park Slope House Tour—5/16 at noon: Investigate the original woodwork, pier mirrors, pocket doors, tin ceilings, and tiled fireplaces of these brownstones and check out their roof gardens and cute little yards. Meet at Dizzy's Diner on Eighth Ave. at 9th St., Brooklyn (718-832-8227); $10 in advance, $15 on the day of the tour. Kids under 10 have to stay home.

The Bowery—5/15 at 1 P.M.: A walk along the most infamous street in New York City, once one of the city's finest roadways before it became Skid Row. Stops include McGuirk's Suicide Hall, Steve Brodie's Saloon, the Amato Opera House, and the Bowery Savings Bank. Meet at the cube at Astor Place (439-1090); $10.

Downtown Graveyards—5/15 at 1 P.M.: Explore the burial grounds of slaves, the first Jewish settlers, and the founders of the American republic scattered around the financial district. Meet at Trinity Church, Broadway at Wall St. (242-6374); $12.

Benefits

HELP USA—5/12 at 7 P.M.: A gala dinner with performances by Harlem Boys Choir to benefit homeless families and children. The Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (444-1887); $1,000 and up.

Save the Gardens—5/12 at 7 P.M.: Enjoy treats from places like Savoy, Chez Panisse, and Amy's Bread, and support the Green Guerillas Garden Preservation Initiative on the eve of the Giuliani administration's auction of more than 115 community gardens. The Puck building, 295 Lafayette St. (674-8124, ext. 109); $65–$150.

Martell Gala—5/13 at 6:30 P.M.: Toni Braxton and Blondie are among the stars to perform. Jon Stewart hosts, as more than 400 celebrity items—like a lithograph of Paul McCartney with his and Linda's signatures, and Babyface's acoustic Mitchell guitar—are auctioned off to benefit research for AIDS and cancer. The New York Hilton, 1335 Sixth Ave., at 53rd St. (586-7000); $1,000 and up.

National Dance Institute Family Gala—5/13 at 6 P.M.: A send-off party for Jacques d'Amboise as he commences his 2,160-mile hike on the Appalachian Trail, with a performance by 200 young dancers, swinging to the music of Duke Ellington. LaGuardia High School of the Performing Arts, cocktails to follow at the tent at Lincoln Center (675-9474); $50–$5,000.

"A Night for the Love of Shakespeare"—5/17 at 8 P.M.: Dame Judi Dench is honored; Zoë Caldwell and Sir Derek Jacobi present; David Hare, Sir Richard Eyre, and Christopher Plummer perform. Ethel Barrymore Theatre, 243 W. 47th St., with dinner to follow at the Supper Club, 240 W. 47th St. (685-1095); $25 for program; $150–$1,000 for the whole enchilada.

Events

The International Fine Art Fair—Through 5/12: The sixth annual fair brings together leading dealers offering paintings, drawings, and sculpture from the Renaissance through the Modern masters. The Seventh Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 67th St. (642-8572); $15.

Week of Photography—5/10–5/17: The International Center of Photography hosts this week of workshops, tours, demonstrations, and studio visits as a lead-up to the Annual Infinity Awards. Events throughout the city. Call 860-1777, ext. 156, for locations and details; admission ranges from free to $30.

Exhibitions

"Easter Island: Legacies of a People, Masters of Stone"—Through 5/16 P.M.: For the first time ever in the United States, four master carvers from Easter Island will sculpt a nine-foot, four-ton *moai* (monumental stone statue). American Museum of Natural History, Central Park West at 79th St. (769-5800); $4.50–$8 suggested donation.

Low Flame—Through 6/6 from 3 to 6 P.M.: A collaboration between artists Anna Gabriel and Adria Petty (Peter's and Tom's daughters) with musician Howie Statland. Based on a narrative about a New York garbage man, it consists of various enclosures holding audio, visual, and tactile materials that illustrate parts of the character's life. Viewers enter a series of "chemical toilets" that contain time clocks, uniforms, pornography, items salvaged from the garbage, music recordings, and a silent film projected onto mylar screens. P.S. 1, 22-25 Jackson Ave., at 46th Ave., Long Island City (718-784-2084); $2–$5.

"Hitchcock by Hitchcock: A Centennial Salute"—Through 6/6: A complete retrospective of the twenty telefilms Hitchcock directed between 1955 and 1962, along with interviews and a documentary. Museum of Television & Radio, 25 W. 52nd St. (621-6800); $3–$6.

"Media Bites: The Cruel History of the Ben Stiller Show"—Through 7/18: Revisit the show that set the tone for hip on-air comedy in the nineties with stars Janeane Garofalo, Andy Dick, Bob

GAME WEEK

HOME ● AWAY ●

	MON	TUE	WED	THUR	FRI	SAT	SUN
YANKEES		ANA MSG 7PM	ANA MSG 7PM	ANA MSG 7PM	CHI MSG 7PM	CHI FOX 1:30PM	CHI MSG 1PM
METS	COL FSNY 8:30PM	COL FSNY 8:30PM	COL FSNY 2:30PM		PHI FSNY 6:30PM	PHI FSNY 6:30PM	PHI FSNY 1PM
METROSTARS						MIA MSG 7PM	
	5/10	5/11	5/12	5/13	5/14	5/15	5/16

Solutions to last week's puzzles

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Happening **The International Center of Photography celebrates the work of shutterbugs obscure and well known with a week of workshops, tours, and studio visits throughout the city. Below, a shot of Muslumovo, a Russian village plagued by nuclear pollution, by 26-year-old Nicolai Fuglsig, winner of ICP's Young Photographer Award.**

Odenkirk, David Cros, and, of course, Ben Stiller. The Museum of Television & Radio, 25 W. 52nd St. (621-6800); $3–$6.

"American Color Plate Books in the 19th Century"—Through 7/31: More than 100 books with color plates printed in the Americas during the nineteenth century, when the invention of chromatic halftones transformed the illustration process. The Grolier Club, 47 E. 60th St. (838-6690); free.

"Nabokov Under Glass"—Through 8/21: See the writer's meticulously crafted butterfly drawings, along with diaries, notes, manuscripts, and photographs, in celebration of the centennial of his birth. The New York Public Library's Edna Barnes Salomon Room, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St. (869-8089); free.

Online

New York Magazine on the Web—"Stephanie's Surf Report" (in the "Today" section of www.newyorkmag.com) visits a new Website each weekday. This week: A shagalicious Webcast; the dirt on camping the country; a truly worldly art museum; a site that brings together the dumbest laws in the U.S. (a $25 fine for flirting!); Freespeech Internet Television, where you can say whatever you want. And while you're visiting us at www.nymag.com, stick around and check out all our other great features, like selected articles from the current issue, extensive archives, and an expanded "Cue" section, plus Web exclusives like daily event picks, "First Words" for bibliophiles, our "Best of New York" issue serialized, our helpful Subscriber Service Center, and a New York trivia contest.

Sports

Annual Prospect Park You Gotta Have Park 5M Fun Run— 5/15 at 9 A.M.: Meet at East Lake Drive and Lincoln Road in Prospect Park for a five-mile fun run that benefits New York's parks. Kids can meet at 10 A.M. for age-appropriate fun runs that range from one block to one mile. For more information, please call the New York Road Runners Club at 860-4455.

1999 Montauk Century—Bike 35, 65, 100, or 130 miles from Manhattan, Brooklyn, or Hicksville, L.I. The finish line is in Montauk, but participants can start from any of the above-mentioned locations, as round-trip transportation is available. Registration fees range between $39 and $58.50. For more information, please call 932-2300, ext. 115.

Photograph by Nicolai Fuglsig/Rapho.

kids

Flying Machines...Spinning Plates

Children's Events

Ground Rules:

● = free

● = ***now or never (one-shot deal or final week)***

ittle Jack Horner—Tots who have had their fill of cookies and lemonade at the **ABIGAIL ADAMS SMITH MUSEUM & GARDENS'** Children's Springtime Garden Party can play with reproduction nineteenth-century toys and listen as Linda Russell sings traditional children's songs and reads *Mother Goose* rhymes. The stone building—originally a carriage house, set on a 23-acre estate—was built in the days when midtown offered a rustic retreat from the hustle and bustle at the southern tip of Manhattan. 5/16 from 1 to 3; 421 E. 61st. St. (838-6878). Admission to the party—which is recommended for children ages 3 and up—including access to the museum and grounds, is $5.●

Dancing in the Streets—For the fifth year in a row, a free **YOUNG PEOPLE'S PERFORMANCE FESTIVAL** on the flourishing Red Hook waterfront, Saturdays 5/15 and 5/22, showcases the talents of local students. From noon to 5, kids can make instruments, hear stories, watch student groups perform, and take in live music and the sights and sounds of the harbor. Food will be available for sale. 141 Beard St., Red Hook. Call for directions (212-625-3505) by car or public transportation.●

Small World—Make a little ecosystem to call your own under glass at a terrarium-making workshop for all ages at **BELVEDERE CASTLE**, 5/15 from 1 to 2:30. It's free of charge; registration is required. Other family members may wish to spend the time wandering the Ramble—with a borrowed bird-watching backpack, supplied with binoculars, a guidebook, maps, and sketching materials; (available at the Castle year-round, Tues. through Sun. 10 to 5). Mid-park at 79th St. (348-4867).●●

Guys and Dolls—**NEW YORK YOUTH THEATER**'s ensemble of 26 actors ranging in age from 11 to 18 performs the Broadway musical with music and lyrics by Frank Loesser. Performances are through 5/23, Fridays at 7, Saturdays at 2 and 7, and Sundays at 3. Central Presbyterian Church, Park Ave. at 64th St. (888-0696); $12.

Cutting the Rug—"Shear Madness" at the **STATEN ISLAND ZOO** promises to be an unforgettable occasion. Plying their related trades simultaneously will be professional sheep-shearers, human-haircutters, hand-spinners, and local weavers (of wool). But the baby lambs, of course, will steal the show. It's 5/16 from 1 to 4, at 614 Broadway (718-442-3101). Haircuts, at $10, benefit the zoo. Admission is $2 for children ages 3 to 11, $3 for children age 12 up and adults.●

Knock Knock—Kids (ages 8 to 15) who would like to perform as stand-up comedians are invited to bring three-minute routines to a free workshop with educators and comedians Stu Morden and Karen Bergeen. Those who hone their acts to get a thumbs up are invited to come back as performers for a family audience at the "Kids 'n' Comedy Show" at **CAROLINES COMEDY CLUB** scheduled for 5/23. The rest of us should continue observing our little brothers for fresh material. 5/15. Call to register. Broadway bet. 49th and 50th Sts. (877-6115).●●

Tennis, Anyone?—To find out about a tennis court near you (in any of the five boroughs) where kids between the ages of 10 and 18 can play after school, get lessons, and borrow equipment—all free of charge—call the New York Junior Tennis League at 718-786-7110, ext. 26.●

White Rabbit—While the lilacs are in bloom, join Alice and friends at **WAVE HILL WONDERLAND**—renamed for this weekend of family activities. Make spectacular headgear at a Mad Hatters Workshop, from 1 to 4; play oversize croquet—which is a kind of treasure hunt through the gardens and lawns—from noon to 4:30; actors from Drama-Muse guide a Make-Believe Tea Party (with real tea and cookies), 5/16 at 2 and 4; Paul Peabody's Old-Fashioned Marionette Theatre interprets Alice's adventures, 5/15 and 5/16 from 1 to 4. W. 249th St. and Independence Ave. (718-549-3200).●

"Peanuts"—Taking their cue from the number of families they saw out there in the audience, the cast of *You're a Good Man, Charlie Brown* have altered their performance schedule to include fewer late curtains and more weekend performances. Through 5/30, each child with a ticket-buying adult gets a half-price ticket. **AMBASSADOR THEATER**, 219 W. 49th St. (239-6200); $35–$75, $20 with student I.D.

Music Tells a Story—At a concert especially for children ages 3 to 5, the sections of the orchestra become animal characters: Bow the panda, Buzz the bee, and Toot the bird. Guest artist Brian Selznick plays right along, painting pictures as the **LITTLE ORCHESTRA SOCIETY** plays evocative pieces by Saint-Saëns, Rimsky-Korsakov, Copland, and others; 5/15 at 10:30, noon, and 3:30; 5/16 at 12:30 and 2. Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. (971-9500).●

Carrots, No Stick—No need to battle bridge traffic to get to the **STATEN ISLAND CHILDREN'S MUSEUM**—you can always take the ferry, followed by a bus. But once inside, kids will likely insist on driving pedal cars over replicas of the Bayonne, the Goethalls, and the Verrazano-Narrows. Fortunately, in "Bridges," one of several interactive exhibits at the museum, tollbooths are outfitted with E-Z Pass technology, preventing lengthy tie-ups. Make orange "14 Carrot necklaces," using Fimo clay, at walk-in workshops 5/15 and 5/16 at 1, 2, and 3. 1000 Richmond Terrace (near the Clove Road exit off the Staten Island Expressway). Admission for children over 2 is $4, with an additional $2 workshop fee.

Chinese Circus—In a tradition that's 2,500 years old, the 21 highly bendable members of the **NEW SHANGHAI CIRCUS** make balancing china on long sticks look easy. Through 5/23. 209 W. 42nd St. (239-6200); $10–$25.

Yellow Brick Road—Travel back to Munchkinland in a lavish production of *The Wizard of Oz*, starring Micky Rooney. **THE THEATER AT MADISON SQUARE GARDEN**; through 5/16. Seventh Ave. at 32nd St. (265-MSG1); $29–$59.

cue

Ethan Brown
Nightlife

Barbara Ensor
Kids

Patricia Falvo
Movies

Sam Grobart
Sports

Nick Meyer
In Concert

Ariel Levy
Books
Events
Radio

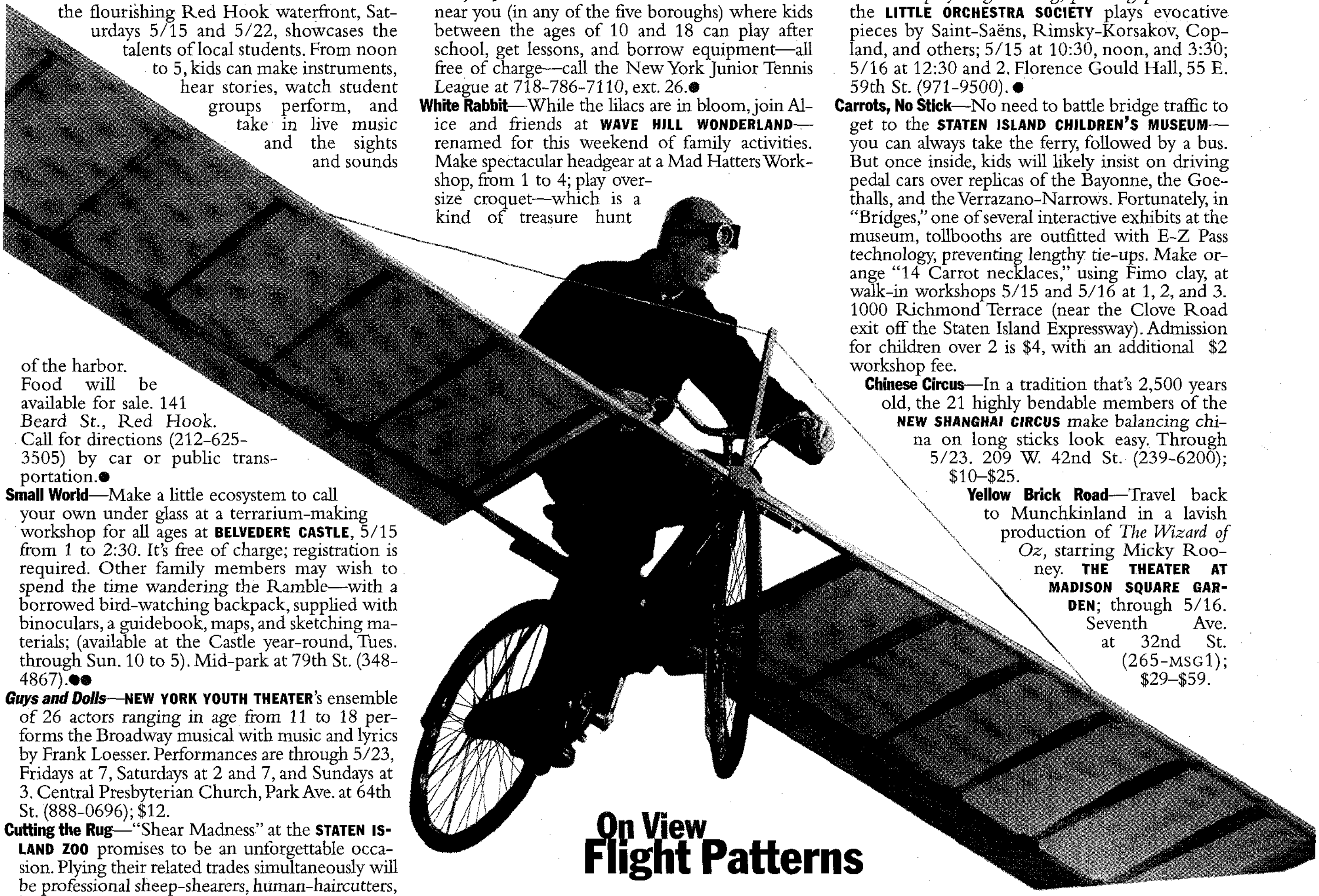
John Leonard
Television

Edith Newhall
Art

Robin Raisfeld
Restaurants

Stephanie Saulmon
Online

Jennifer Senior
Theater



On View

Flight Patterns

Do you have the muscle power to pedal the Gossamer Albatross off the ground? Could you safely land an A-6 on the deck of an aircraft carrier in foggy weather? The hardest part could be elbowing your dad out of the cockpit—*at several new interactive exhibits at the Intrepid* Sea Air Space Museum—so you can at least have a go.

Photograph by Brent Stirton/Gamma Liaison.

in concert

Romeo et Juliette Retold...Resurrection

Classical Music

Tuesday, May 11

New York Philharmonic—Performs R. Strauss's *Burleske* for Piano and Orchestra, Rouse's *Seeing* for Piano and Orchestra, and Sibelius's Symphony No. 5. With pianist Emanuel Ax. Leonard Slatkin, conductor. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 7:30; $14–$73.*

St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble—Performs triple concertos by Vivaldi, Telemann, Pachelbel, Handel, and Bach. *Temple Emanu-El, Fifth Ave. at 65th St. (594-6100), at 6:30; free.*

Wednesday, May 12

American Symphony Orchestra—Performs works by Zemlinsky, Fuchs, Schreker, and Mahler. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 8; $18–$45.*

Previews
Perfect Game

When violinist Robert McDuffie was 6 years old, he hated to practice—"but once I heard the applause, I was hooked." At 16, he arrived in New York to polish his fiddling at Juilliard, and he's never left—save for his ample performance-related travels abroad and his penchant for opening ball games across America (always evoking patriotic tears from the bleachers with his Guarnerius del Gesu). This week, years of fine-tuning pay off when the Macon, Georgia, native shares his impeccable style with audiences at Avery Fisher Hall in his New York Philharmonic debut. (See listings for details.)

New Millennium Ensemble—Performs works by Villa-Lobos, Salinas, Bartók, and Revueltas. *Americas Society, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. (935-6075), at 8; $25.*

The Sylvan Winds—Perform "Piano and Winds," including Barber's *Summer Music,* Mozart's Piano Quintet in E-flat Major, Harbison's Quintet for Winds, and Poulenc's Sextet. Featuring pianist Elizabeth Difelice. *Weill Recital Hall, 154 W. 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $15–$25.*

Thursday, May 13

Bargemusic—Pianist Edward Auer, violinist Ida Levin, violist Ryo Sasaki, and cellist Ronald Thomas perform Beethoven's String Trio in E-flat Major and Chausson's Piano Quartet in A Major. *Fulton Ferry Landing, next to the Brooklyn Bridge (718-624-2083), at 7:30; $23.*

New York Festival of Song—Soprano Ainhoa Artera, mezzo Mary Phillips, baritone Dwayne Croft, and others perform a program of classical and contemporary love songs. *Sylvia and Danny Kaye Playhouse, 695 Park Ave., at 68th St. (772-4448); $28.*

New York Philharmonic—Performs Harrison's Suite for Violin, Piano, and Orchestra and Brickner's Symphony No. 5. With violinist Robert McDuffie and pianist Christopher Taylor. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 8; $14–$73.*

Thomas Buckner, Baritone—Performs works composed by Larry Austin. *Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. (501-3330), at 8; $10.*

Friday, May 14

Brooklyn Philharmonic—Performs Mahler's *Resurrection,* with soprano Janice Chandler, mezzo-soprano Nancy Maultsby, and the Dessoff Choirs. Robert Spano, conductor. *Brooklyn Academy of Music's Opera House, 30 Lafayette Ave. (718-636-4100), at 8; $17.50–$35.*

New York Philharmonic—See 5/13.

Saturday, May 15

Misha Dichter, Piano—Performs works by Beethoven, Schumann, Chopin, and Prokofiev. *92nd Street Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (966-1100), at 8; $30.*

Elizabeth Gex, Violin—Performs works by Bach, Hindemith, Deak, and Piazzolla. *Weill Recital Hall, 154 W. 57th St. (247-7800), at 5:30; $16.*

Yo-Yo Ma, Cello, and Jeffrey Kahane, Piano—The duo performs the New Goldberg Variations and Rachmaninoff's Sonata in G minor. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 7:30; $18–$75.*

Brooklyn Philharmonic—See 5/14.

New York Philharmonic—See 5/13.

Sunday, May 16

American Composers Orchestra—Performs works by Bolcom and Hindemith, with baritone André Solomon Glover and mezzo-sopranos Emily Golden and Milagro Vargas. Dennis Russell Davies, conductor. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 3; $15–$45.*

Canterbury Choral Society—Performs Verdi's *Requiem,* featuring soprano Jennifer Barron, mezzo-soprano Adria Firestone, tenor Scott Flaherty, and bass Ding Gao. *Church of the Heavenly Rest, 2 E. 90th St. (289-3400), at 4; $15.*

New York Philharmonic Ensembles—Perform works by Shoenfield, Kjell Mørk Karlsen, Hindemith, and Schumann. *Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. (501-3330), at 3; $18.*

Bargemusic—See 5/13 at 4.

Ground Rules:

This section emphasizes classical concerts, recitals, and public outdoor performances (but only the premeditated ones), and includes the occasional jazz concert if it is held, say, in a public space. For rock concerts and club information, see "Nightlife."

Opera

La Gran Scena Opera Company—The all-male opera company performs a revival of popular scenes from opera to celebrate their 200th (and 201st) New York City performance, 5/14–5/15 at 8. *Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. (840-2824); $25–$100.*

Opera Orchestra of New York—Performs Bellini's *La Sonnambula,* with soprano Ruth Ann Swenson and tenor Gregory Kunde, 5/12 at 8. Eve Queler, conductor. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800); $20–$85.*

Dance

American Ballet Theatre—Performs Prokofiev's *Romeo and Juliet,* 5/11 and 5/13 at 8, 5/12 at 2 and 8; and *Le Bayadère,* 5/14, 5/15, and 5/17 at 8. *Metropolitan Opera House, Lincoln Center (362-6000); $18–$115.*

New York City Ballet—Presents a "Stravinsky Festival," including *Apollo, Orpheus, Agon, The Cage,* and *Four Norwegian Moods,* among many other works, 5/11–5/14 at 8, 5/15 at 2 and 8, and 5/16 at 3. *New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center (870-5570); $25–$70.*

Bebe Miller Company—Performs *Going to the Wall,* 5/11–5/16. *Joyce Theater, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. (242-0800), at 8; $28.*

Dance Sampler—Twenty modern-dance soloists, choreographers, and companies (including Ronald K. Brown, Donald Byrd, David Dorfman Dance, and Doug Elkins Dance Co.) perform twenty works in a single evening. 5/15 from 6 to 11. *Symphony Space, 2537 Broadway, at 95th St. (864-5400); $10.*

Dancing in the Streets—Presents the "Young People's Performance Festival." 5/15 at 1 and 3:30. *Beard St. Street Pier, Red Hook, Brooklyn (625-3505); free.*

John Jasperse Company—Performs *Madison as I Imagine It,* 5/11–5/16 at 8. *Dance Theatre Workshop's Bessie Schönberg Theater, 219 W. 19th St. (924-0077); $15.*

Les Ballet de Monte Carlo—Performs Jean-Christophe Maillot's *Romeo et Juliette,* 5/12–5/14 at 8, 5/15 at 2 and 8, and 5/16 at 3. *City Center, 131 W. 55th St. (581-1212); $25–$58.*

Photograph by J. Henry Fair.

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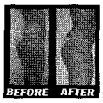

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Be Prepared To Lie—About how we met. 5'10", 30, Jewish female, outgoing, down-to-earth, slim, striking redhead, seeks tall, caring, intelligent, athletic, Jewish man, 28-36, to laugh with/wander about NYC. Note/photo. 8317 ✉

Gorgeous, Redhead—Great legs, size 4,/ Seeks lifelong partner, lover, friend, more. A Midwestern Manhattanite, 5'4", 105/ Fun, passionate, present, vibrantly alive. Forthright, unencumbered, Jewish, bright/ I'm, romantic, sincere - let's do it right. I love to cook, hike, and I'm wealthy/ A nurturer, adventurer, happy and healthy. Indeed gracious, grateful, spiritual, kind/ With wonder, wit, a well-educated mind. A gentle beauty, sensual, lithe, fit not fat/ I'm a good kid, loyal, risible - what's that? A Renaissance woman with zest for living/ Sensitive, caring, I take pleasure in giving. You're 42+, a kindred spirit of the above/ Seeking intimacy, inspiration, abiding love. If you're a terrific person, with grace+style/ Openness, integrity, and an easy smile, Speaking with you will be so much sweeter/ Than trying to express myself here in meter. Who knows, I could be the love of your life! Photo, note, or call. Thanks. 8321 ✉☎

Priceless 1962 Model—Slim lines (5'8"/135 lbs), exceptional exterior and interior, made in Russia, driven in Europe and now garaged in Brooklyn. Looking for experienced driver who knows his way around dangerous curves. Preference given to successful Jewish professional, 6' plus, to 47 years, with killer smile, marshmallow heart, above-average looks and wisdom. 8315 ✉

Exceptionally Pretty—Gracious, successful, smart, fun woman, in great shape, desires to meet unencumbered, upscale gentleman, 55 plus. 8275 ✉

Blind Dates Always Call Back!—Very pretty, sexy brunette, 5'4", 110 lbs, 36, Jewish, well-educated (Ivy/MBA), athletic, fun, and a lot more down-to-earth than I look! Can sometimes be a pain in the ass, but kind heart, big smile and good nature make up for it. Like most sports, chocolate mudcake, stimulating conversation, adventure, a quick wit, travel, and people who, while they fit in with the best, don't take themselves too seriously. Seeking very good-looking, intelligent, genuine, well-rounded, dynamic guy (to 44) with great sense of humor. Note/photo/reference from ex-girlfriend. 8306 ✉

South Florida—Pretty, Jewish registered nurse, well-educated, 40, 5'2", slim, seeks professional male, 40-50, for fun, friendship and romance. Note/phone. 8295 ✉

Single Irish Female—37, never married, values family, laughter, sense of humor... likes animals, outdoors, the Yankees; seeks male, 35-45, with similar interests, for fun, friendship, possible romance. 8279 ✉

Warm, Dynamic CEO/Inventor—A communicative, handsome, sincere, old-fashioned romantic, with much humor, passion, joie de vivre - gentle, 5'10", soft heart, hard body, 43, fun. Seeks sensual, educated woman under 37 for the real thing. Phone/photo a must. 8319 ✉☎

Spring Flower—Blond/blue, pretty, 5'7", professional female, 40, thin/fit, smart, active and fun. Seeks similar all-American guy, 37-45, for a potential romance. A fit, kind, spirited guy with a sense of humor welcomed. Recent photo, please. 8301 ✉

Pretty CT Socialite Seeks White Knight—(60-75) for fun and future. A Wasp (type) preferred. Let's be honest. I am elegant and proper yet sexy and passionate...own a vintage waterfront home and enjoy membership in an exclusive yacht and country club. In return, please be very generous, patient, open-minded, willing and able to afford this wonderful lifestyle. No response without a photo!! 8293 ✉

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I Can Find Sunshine—On the darkest day...a cute, slim, single white male, 39, 5'10", General Manager in the restaurant business, with an outgoing personality - great listener, funny, spontaneous, confident and understanding. Enjoys scuba, Caribbean, the outdoors, beaches, concerts. Looking for a committed relationship with a white female, 32-39, nonsmoker, slim, cute, affectionate, playful, sincere. The only thing left is me. Note/photo, please. 8324 ✉

Tall, 47, Catholic Woman—Looking for worldly gentleman, 50-55. Loves cats and passion for fashion. Note/photo. 8273 ✉

Beautiful MD—Petite, dark-eyed, foreign-born, Jewish, gourmet cook in 50s (looks 40). Enjoys home, Wall Street, NYC culture. Seeks her Mr. Right. 8283 ✉

Well-Bred, Spirited Redhead—Educated, very successful, personality plus and beautiful, looking for worldly, affluent man with a sense of humor and a good play level, 54-70. Photo a must. 8288 ✉

Take A Chance On Romance—Slender, attractive, witty and often wise woman with elegant taste and lifestyle, wishes to meet attractive, sweet and upbeat Jewish man, 60s, to share the joys of the seasons, arts and leisure of the city, news of the day and the times of our lives. Photo/note/phone. 8311 ✉

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Strictly Personals

I Live In San Francisco—With a wonderful man. But I have a dear friend who lives in New York and, more than anyone, I know she deserves a wonderful man in her life too. Perhaps she doesn't now because she wouldn't be caught dead in a singles bar and has no interest in the superficial chitchat that so often pervades social events. She's a tall, striking 35-year-old European woman with a charming smile, huge heart and a great sense of humor. She's sophisticated and intelligent and has a unique sense of style. She's direct and honest, believing life's too short to be anything but. These qualities and her competence at just about everything in life (from facilitating legal transactions to baking bread) can be a little intimidating for a man who is not very sure of himself. My friend has so much to offer the right man that I couldn't stop myself from placing this ad to see if I could find him for her (what are friends for?). So, if you're a single man (maybe 40-55) who is articulate and expressive, can love passionately a strong yet sensitive woman, and, as she often puts it, "wants to make life stories" with her, please write. 8289✉☎

Good-Looking, Engaging Woman—Slim, youthful style, innovative, loving, passionate about work, life and loving, wants seasoned, single, insightful, warmhearted, sensual man to share and enjoy the good life. 8299 ✉

Springtime/Lifelong Romance—Handsome, sensitive Jewish male, Ivy MBA, financially secure, 6', 195, brown hair/eyes, looking for sexy best friend - pretty, curvy, 27-35, to share long soulful talks, adventurous days, warm nights, marriage and family. Note/photo, please. 8326 ✉☎

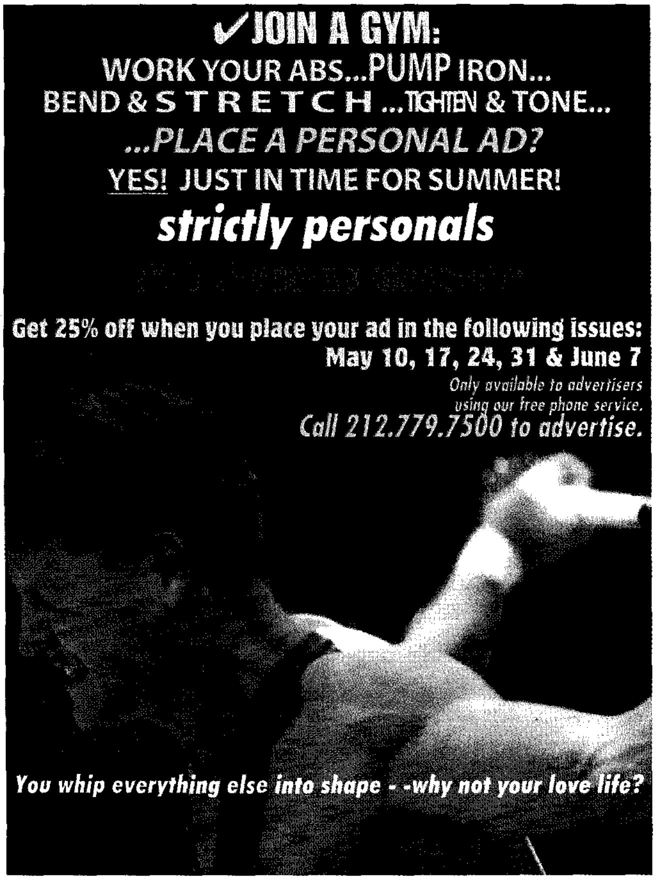
Operation Millennium—Single Jewish male, 33, 155, 5'9", journalist in DC, handsome, athletic, seeks very cute, single Jewish female, 25-35, for Y2K date change. Let's dance by candlelight when the power grid blows! I'm a big-city gentleman with small-town values. You're smart, slim, very fit, soft-spoken, 5'-5'8", nonsmoker, wholesome, unpretentious, silly. Photo (returned)/letter only. 8325 ✉

Tall, Slender, Sexy—Vital, verbal, active and attractive female seeks white male, 60-65. 8296 ✉ ☎

Down-To-Earth, Handsome—Professional, divorced Jewish male, 6'1", 51, honest, sincere, intelligent, with good sense of humor - enjoy movies, dancing, sports and quiet evenings of home. Seek intelligent, tall, attractive and caring lady, 40-48, for long-term relationship. 8330✉☎

Great Catch—Single white male, very handsome, Ivy-educated, senior investment banker, 6', 165 lbs, blue/brown, excellent health, runner, world traveler, 45 (look considerably younger), strong, sensitive and affectionate. You are gorgeous, intelligent, good-hearted and balanced, 26-36. No smoking or drugs. Seeking a serious long-term relationship. If you have never answered an ad - neither have I. Take a chance. Thoughtful note/picture a must (returned). 8287 ✉

Retired Lawyer—Late 60s, truly looks younger, slim, fit, good-looking, warm, witty, wealthy, cerebral. Seeks pretty, slim, well-educated, cerebral woman with time to travel, etc., 58-60, nonsmoker. Clear, current, full, up-close photo a must, plus note. No response without. 8284✉



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Committed Idealist—48, male - Legal Aid criminal appellate lawyer - idealistic, politically progressive. Confident and self-assured professionally but shy and inexperienced socially. Star Trek fan, Ivy-educated. Would like to meet professional woman to explore a relationship. Photo/note/phone. 8274 ✉

Very Pretty, Interesting, Outgoing—Well-educated, green-eyed blond, 46, would like to meet a mature physician for coffee and conversation. Will answer all notes. 8316 ✉

Great Catch—Me: 47, Jewish, very attractive, vivacious, sensual, independent yet nurturing. You: emotionally and financially secure, divorced, positive attitude, ready to share life and laughter. NY/NJ. Note/photo. 8314✉☎

Latin Babe—33, gorgeous, successful, tall and slim, wants successful, handsome, athletic, 35-47 man with class - at least 5'11", nonsmoker. Latin or European man preferred but not necessary. NYC resident only. Note/photo. 8308 ✉

Incredibly Attractive—Warmhearted, slim, funny, highly successful businesswoman, early 40s, has spent so much time achieving that she forgot to find lasting love with a good man. Looking for it now with male counterpart, 45-60. Photo appreciated. 8303 ✉ ☎

Sexy, Blue-Eyed Blond With Brains—And a heart of gold, seeks a lifetime of mutual spoiling with a fit, ambitious, adventurous, loving, really nice guy over 48. 8271 ✉ ☎

Retired Black Lady—Attractive, nonsmoker, enjoys travel, the arts, music, movies. Seeks caring gentleman, 60-70, similar interests, pleasant personality, for friendship and maybe more. Race unimportant. Note, please. 8312 ✉

More Cranium, Less Curves?—Erudite gentleman, trim, late 30s, 5'10", single white male, seeks petite, skinny, articulate woman for friendship, partnership and romance. City weeks/country weekends, tennis, biking, cooking, conversations. Letter and photo to: 8292 ✉

Irreverent, Unstudied Humor—Still a kid at heart, loves to have fun, sometimes naughty. Radiantly attractive, trim, Jewish woman, 38. MD. Easygoing nature. International, European - born overseas. Intellectually curious, open and warm. Gets on well with guys, has three brothers. Classy style. Gentle, ambitious, feminine. In good shape: squash, cycling. Likes to cook, play in the kitchen, entertain with good wine, good music. Penchant for modern art, African art, relaxed vacations. Seeks smart, secure-about-himself, 36-49 Jewish man with some irreverence, ready for relationship. 8323 ✉☎

Are You My Guy?—Pretty, petite (size 4), blond, blue-eyed, Catholic, Irish descent, MBA; sweet, smart, sincere, never-married professional female who enjoys skiing, biking, weekend getaways and simple times with family and friends. Seeks honest, handsome, educated, established, healthy, professional Christian man, 34-44, with traditional values and a good sense of humor, for fun, friendship and more. Photo/personal note, please. 8291✉

Glamorous Vixen—Sexy, athletic, independent - want handsome, rugged man, 36-48, successful, self-invented and offbeat, for adventure. Photo/note. 8278 ✉

Gramercy Park Lady—Tall, attractive, accomplished, 50-year-old professional woman, vivacious, very bright, humorous, seeks male companion, 50 plus, to share her passion for life. 8318 ✉☎

I Need A Man To Love—Artistic, successful PhD, deeply spiritual, fabulous lover, ballroom, truly beautiful, Jewish. I crave a God-centered, normal-weight, professionally secure single man, 53-63, for splendid possibilities. Photo? 8302✉☎

Comely, Classy, Caucasian—Hazel-eyed redhead, sultry good looks (Sophia Loren - and I cook too!), loves first-class indulgences and down-to-earth, simple pleasures. Seeking LI, successful business or professional man, 55 plus, caramel complexion, with loyalty, monogamy, passion and dreams that can all come true. Letters/photos exchanged. 8305 ✉

Petite, Cute Asian Woman—Seeking caring, professional, athletic man (35-42) with a sense of humor. Note/photo. 8290✉

Grown Woman Wants Grown Man—For "growing" and all else. Bring history, leave baggage; children and dogs welcome. Flexible New Yorker (spiritual, mentally, physically), willing to travel (no trips). Looking forward to your letter. Photo helpful. 8276 ✉

Professional, Attractive Woman—My interests are golf, tennis, travel and the arts...that is, after the law. Seeking a kind, self-assured gentleman, 45-60, to share similar interests. Sense of humor is a must. Note/recent photo, please. 8297 ✉☎

Westchester Family Man Without Mate—47 years young, handsome, 5'7", divorced, Jewish, financially secure homeowner with two children who visit. Seeks attractive, slim, caring, 39-44, "Westchesterite" only. Recent photo a must with written reply. 8310 ✉

Can You Imagine—Yourself enjoying the company of a slender, petite, sophisticated and professional, youthful woman in her 40s? I'm an adventurous soul; creative and deeply appreciative of many of life's wonders. I'm open to a relationship of rich and deep sharing. Are you a Jewish male, 45-52, who responds to my call? Then reach out! Letter/photo. 8267 ✉ ☎

Very Cute MD—Sexy, fit, witty Jewish male, 33, seeks smart, passionate, thin yet curvy lady to spoil. Photo. 8246 ✉ ☎

No Ordinary Woman—Glamorous, kind, loving, terrific sense of humor - classy, white professional woman, 5'2", 105, long dark hair, seeks successful, educated white male with integrity, 40-55, to share a beautiful dream forever. Photo. 8304✉☎

andsome, Tall Professional—Very fit, m, 53, 6'1", 180 lbs. Interests include ovies, music, travel and dining out. ɔoking for beautiful, slim, tall, bright, ccessful woman (40-48). Photo/phone/ ɔte, please. 8327 ✉

rooklyn—Retired professor, 60, tall, im, affluent, Irish, reads a lot, owns rge beach house near subway. Seeks tired lady. 8322 ✉

erpes—Late 30s, looks late 20s, very hletic, fit, loves to dance and have fun. eeks woman with same qualities. Note/ ıoto. 8285 ✉ ☎

rainy Blond—Slim, pretty professional, 0, seeks secure, dynamic, romantic man ɔr life, love and laughter. 8270 ✉☎

uccessful Entrepreneur—Widower, 66, uropean background, seeks to meet ultural lady, early 50s. Proper reply to: OB 1100, Briarcliff Manor, NY 10510

rown-Eyed Girl—Jewish businessowner, exy, affectionate and bubbly, loves ennis, dancing and volunteer work. Seeks male best friend, 40-50, who is sensitive, ith a sense of humor and a passion for fe. Nonsmoker. Photo. 8313 ✉ ☎

lothing Ventured, Nothing Gained—2, 5'7", blond, attractive Wasp looking or a fun, attractive, athletic guy (30-40) vho is as hesitant to answer this personal d as I was to write it. Photo/note. 8286 ✉

Bright, Pretty, Slim—Jewish, divorced 48-year-old professional. An avid reader, I love theater, art, travel, hiking and the beach. Seeking warm, well-educated man with integrity and sense of humor. 8277✉

Asian Sophisticate—Shapely, desirable, professional, well-educated lady, with long hair, 5'5", early 30s, sensual, feminine, seeking man of means. 8307 ✉ ☎

If One More Person Says...—"How could you not have a boyfriend?", I'm going to go out of my mind. Ebullient, beautiful, compassionate, petite, successful film industry professional, 32, seeks a great guy. 8272 ✉ ☎

Are You Trying To Achieve—A "full life"? Are you independent? Confident? With a sense of humor? Are you a people person? I am interested in a professional single male, 35-50. I am a single, attractive female in my late 30s. Warm, thoughtful, friendly, creative, good-hearted are words that describe me. I have been told I bring out the best in people. Hopefully, you have similar personality traits and answered "yes" to my questions. 8269 ✉☎

Pretty, Vibrant Westchester Widow—Sensual, elegant, blond, blue-eyed, fit, shapely, artistic, articulate, loving - enjoys golf, Puccini, Picasso, travel, laughter. Seeks romantic, cultured, caring, youthful senior of substance with similar interests, family-oriented. Note/photo. 8309 ✉☎

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It's Time—Widowed white Christian man, 5'9", handsome, well-groomed, resides NY/Fla - Renaissance man - loves dancing, traveling and the arts. Active and successful businessman. Looking for slim, attractive, Christian woman with similar interests, 45-55, well-dressed and pays attention to detail. 8331 ✉ ☎

NYC Blond Beauty—Former model (truly), very tall (leggy), slim Wasp, optimist, seeks warm, affluent, generous, NYC/Hamptons man, 60-80. 8328 ✉

Downtown Mensch—Bright, successful 40, emotionally secure, who vacations often in classic Europe, seeks slim, refined, caring, very curious, (212) Jewish woman under 38, with an extreme sense of humor, for solid relationship. Note/photo. 8294 ✉

Fit And Fun—Very cute, energetic lawyer, 41 - enjoys skiing, windsurfing. Seeks smart, outdoorsy and confident guy, 35-45, for friendship and possible long-term relationship. 8282 ✉ ☎

I Want To Be Mad About You—Single, attractive, intelligent, very active woman with diverse passions, seeks an intellectual, honest, kind and caring, single Jewish man of wit, character and *integrity, 42-55 years young, who has a* spirit of adventure, can make me laugh and wants to fall madly in love. 8280✉☎

Single White Female—49, professional, attractive, good listener/communicator, hopes to meet single male, 45-59, who is pleased with his accomplishments and who values communication, kindness, curiosity and sharing. Nonsmoker. 8298 ✉

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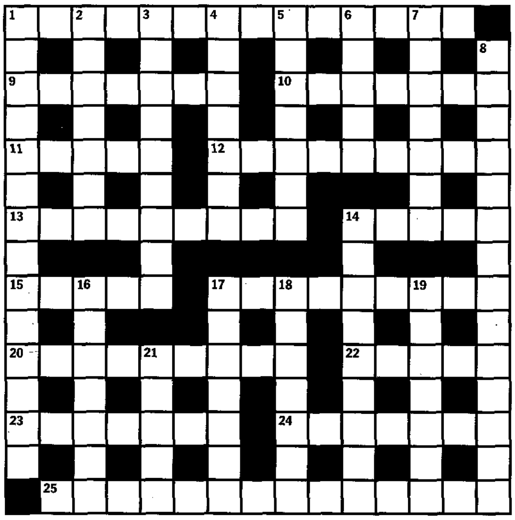
The 'Guardian' Crossword

ACROSS
1 Short note of death on the road—question and make statement. (14)
9 Singer carrying weapon is the winning type. (7)
10 Old composer and princess in Bury. (7)
11 Ladies almost moved by vision. (5)
12 'New Tony' outflanks Conservatives with no end of a bad name. (9)
13 Have guests come in backwards at home. (9)
14 About to revise convictions. (5)
15 Hanky-panky in the corner's unknown. (5)
17 Science in space leads Scotsman to Irish county. (9)
20 Make Gallic cook embracing chef in confusion . . . (9)
22 . . . burn outside of pig's head on skewer. (5)
23 Pin securing alias on point of escape. (7)
24 Returning 101 to Amin?—that's stupid! (7)
25 1 down attending 8? (5,2,3,4)

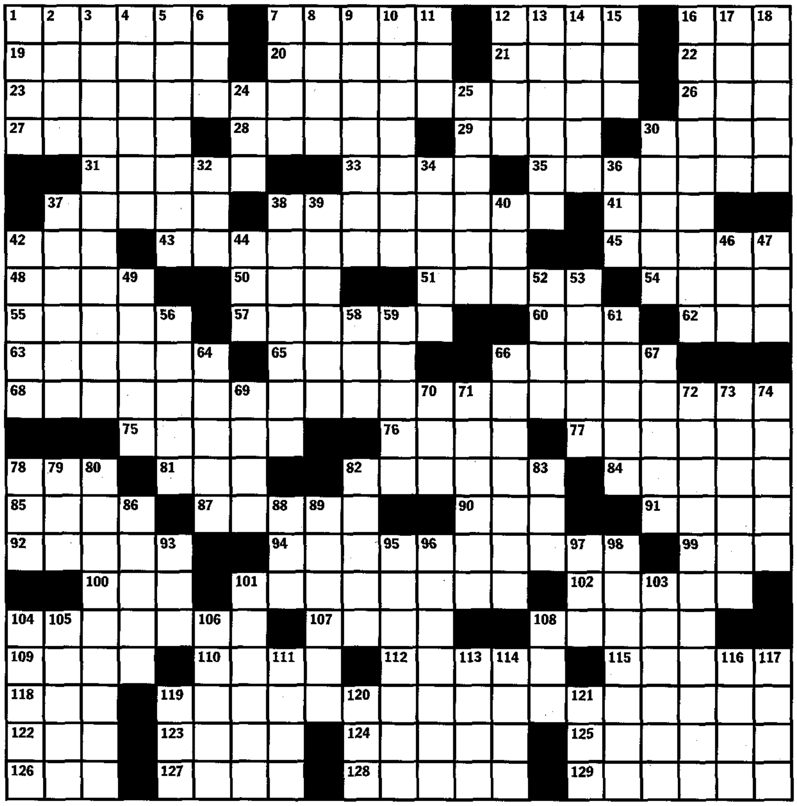


DOWN
1 It might be called final end of Empire? (7,3,4)
2 Supremely stingy compiler acquires a home. (7)
3 Poor Mary is ill likewise. (9)
4 Shakespearean daughter's mother accepting one goldfield. (7)
5 Calm at the tee-off, interrupting on of five. (7)
6 Snake or its headless converse. (5)
7 Taken to the limit during sex? Tremendous! (7)
8 Track events, exceptionally horny, due to feature in classical trio. (9,5)
14 Two-way bombardment of KKK emblem. (9)
16 Seasoning Shakespearean daughter between rounds. (7)
17 Minaret's alternative garb. (7)
18 Polished writer's catalogue of slums. (7)
19 West's remnant picked up by conductor. (7)
21 Feature without a series. (5)

'Numbers, Please': 'Cue' Crossword • By Maura B. Jacobson

ACROSS
1 Brought into connection
7 Sing carols
12 Start of a Marx Brothers movie title
16 "Little Indians" #
19 "One world ——": Elmer Davis
20 Entrance courts
21 Amusement-park attraction
22 Teeny
23 Gettysburg Address #
26 Muff it
27 Not yet encountered
28 Fritter away
29 Milkmaid's need
30 Author Bagnold
31 Internet correspondence
33 Julie's "Zhivago" co-star
35 Wars of words
37 Broad smiles
38 Seventh heaven
41 Clinging vine
42 South of Ga.
43 Hitchcock "Steps" #
45 Cat calls
48 There are six in an inning
50 E, in Morse
51 Beaver's acquaintance
54 Ginger cookie
55 Hogs' habitats
57 Twitches
60 Hither's go-with
62 Rival of Ben and Jerry
63 Military guard
65 Pinnacle
66 Columbus's birthplace
68 Sum of all the #s
75 Ointment
76 Tour city of China
77 "Monkey trial" defendant
78 Short authorizations
81 Mineral spring
82 Occur
84 Heroic tales
85 Street urchin
87 Annoy other sleepers
90 "One —— Lonely Number," 1972 film
91 German duck
92 Thirty-seventh President
94 TV "Hours" #
99 Scottish John
100 Three, Italian-style
101 Workmen
102 Galahad's strong suit
104 Southern auto-racing Speedway
107 Red-coated cheese
108 Not give ——
109 Suppositional
110 Teen——
112 Keep away
115 Deep ravine
118 Carioca's city
119 Discovery #
122 Capote, to friends
123 Discontinued Dodge
124 Three-tone chord
125 "Count me out"
126 "Get —— Ya-Ya's Out" (early Rolling Stones album)
127 Menotti's first name
128 Ruby Dee's husband
129 Scoop up sediment

DOWN
1 Health foodist's bean curd
2 Steam out the creases
3 Counting off numbers
4 "The Sound of Music" tune
5 Unbrewed, as some coffee
6 Japanese computer company
7 Fictional plantation
8 Mailmen's beats: abbr.
9 Speechmaker's specialty
10 Football-team member
11 Lass's brother
12 Phoner's code
13 Do a math process
14 One of the Astaires
15 Hankering
16 Blackjack #
17 Creepy
18 Wimps
24 Barn bird
25 MCI competitor
30 Roof overhangs
32 Rather like: suffix
34 Granada good-bye
36 Andy Gump's uncle
37 Buttocks muscles
38 Kind of gas
39 Tack on
40 Game, ——, match
42 "All That Jazz" director
44 Psyche components
46 Roll of bills
47 Keyhole peeker
49 Eve's third child, et al.
52 Gave the once-over
53 Jaffe and Barrett
56 Señoras, formerly: abbr.
58 Texas coll. letters
59 Brainy bunch
61 Time being
64 Hounds' sounds
66 First Book
67 Ali's "Rope——"
69 Designer Picone
70 Quick swim
71 Kin of an épée
72 Having stubborn convictions
73 Honeybee's quest
74 Ruhr city
78 Part of B.Y.O.B.
79 Between Chiang and shek
80 Dollar-question #
82 Salome danced for him
83 Badger verbally
86 "Life Begins" #
88 Two of a kind
89 The "R" in R.L.S.
93 Late-mode: prefix
95 Wall Street in-and-outers
96 Saudi Arabians' neighbors
97 Taken for a sucker
98 Farm vehicle
101 California Beach
103 Dr. Jekyll's alter ego
104 Like Eastwood's Harry
105 Blazing
106 Mama Judd
108 Prince Valiant's son
111 Poet's Ireland
113 —— B'rith
114 Gal Friday
116 Pirate's loot
117 C.I.A. infiltrator
119 Denser than a mist
120 Gen. Eisenhower's post
121 Apt word for this spot in a puzzle



Solutions to last week's puzzles appear on page 102.

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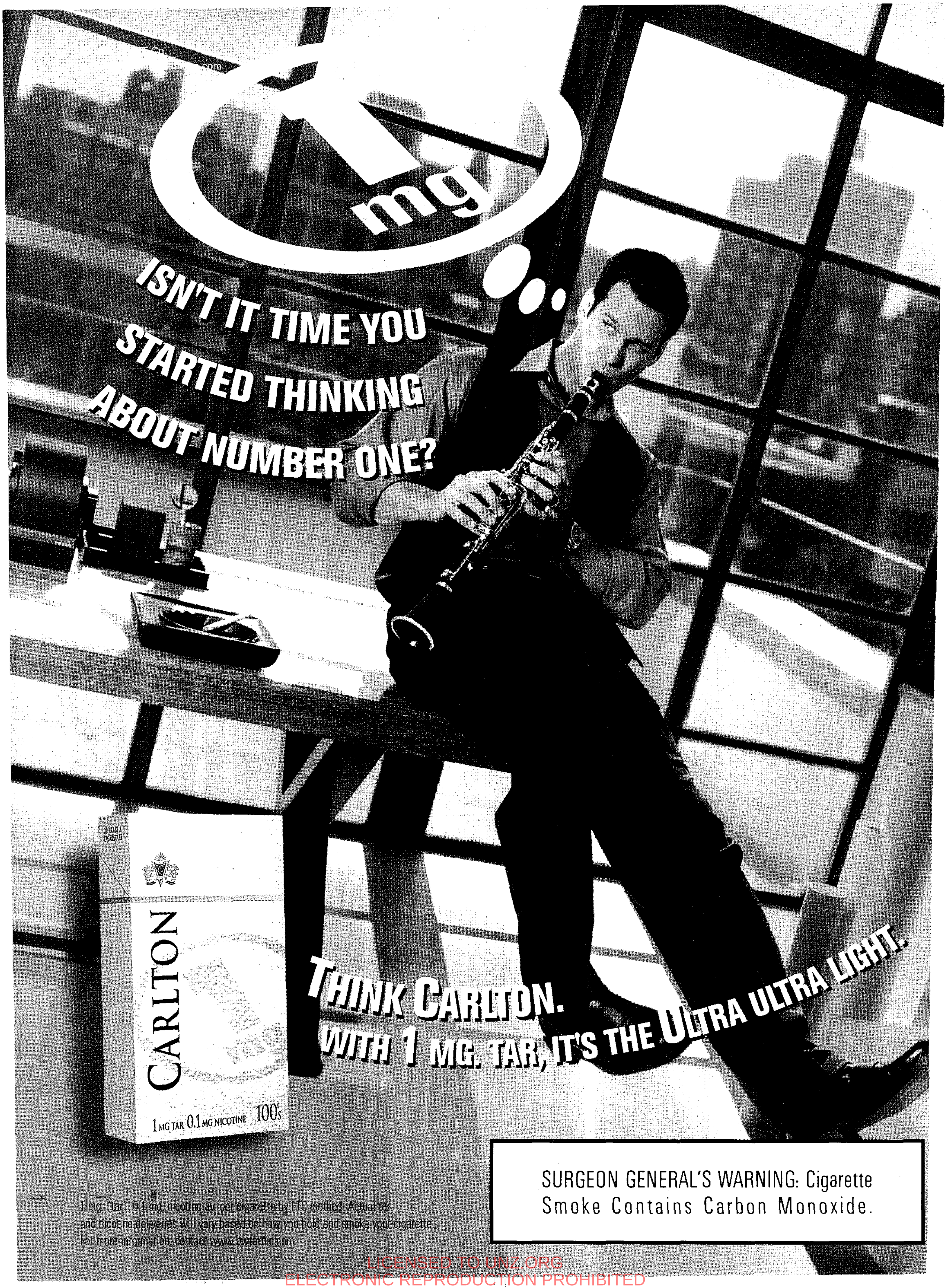
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